LIGHTS ALONG THE WHITE WAY

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SAM JORDAN WHITE

ALONG THE WHITE WAY

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Lights Along the White Way

BY
SAM JORDAN WHITE

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By Sam Jordan White

DEDICATION

To my Father and Mother, who are responsible in a great measure for all that is good in my life, who walked in the way of righteousness and never faltered in their devotion. Respectfully dedicated by

The Author.

17,904

PREFACE.

This book is written not with the hope or thought of creating any sensation; but with the idea that the young might be stimulated to greater service, and that the old might draw some consolation therefrom.

The wayward and sinful may find the way to Christ if they will read and study, while the righteous and godly will draw nearer to the Savior divine. The object is to get young men and women to think and instill into the minds of the poor that there is a chance for every poor boy and girl. The best thoughts of the writer's life have been concentrated in this volume, and he lends them to the world in the hope to make it better.

It is given with the hope that many a schoolboy will find in it something to put in his mind to carry through life and make him a noble man, and that many young girls will find in it lessons to make them better women and lead them to higher usefulness and ideals.

Critics may regard this volume as imperfect. The writer himself is aware of its shortcomings. It has been written during the spare moments of a busy life. But if only one is made better by the writing of this book and helped in the race of life to where he or she can be of greater service to man and God, then the writer will believe that he has not written in vain. Therefore this volume is sent forth upon its mission.

SAM JORDAN WHITE.

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LIGHTS ALONG THE WHITE WAY

The Influence of Books.

Extract.

Books are of greater service to the human family than almost anything else. Through books we can live the past over. They are our true friends. We can use them as we please, and they are not offended. A good book is to be appreciated and loved. The prophets and sages of all the past stand around us as we pause on the pages of history. Through the reading of good books we may travel the long lanes of the past. We behold Adam in that land of new made glories and we see Eve as the wicked serpent whispers to her the words that spoil her soul and make life dreary. Through the Book of Books we behold Noah as he builds an ark to sail the floods and watch the dove as it returns with an olive leaf. We see Joseph sold by wicked brethren into bondage and are made glad at his exaltation to a throne. We can trace the footsteps of Moses from the slaying of an Egyptian to Nebo's lofty summit. We see Joshua as he marched around the walls of Jericho, hear the bugle blast, see the walls fall down and his triumph over a city.

We march with Gideon, the chosen of the Lord, and behold him victor over thousands. David with harp in hand passes before us and we hear the sweetest music. Solomon with his rich stores of wisdom, his coffers of gold and his temple of gorgeous splendor, stands ever before us. Elijah, with his prophetic vision and his farewell to earth, is again in the mind's eye, and we see him as he goes home to God, leaving his mantle with Elisha. Daniel stands in the lions' den unharmed, while mad beasts circle around him. We hear John in the

wilderness as he tells of a coming Messiah and see the multitudes as they go from Jerusalem to hear him. We are filled with wonder at a star in the East as shepherds feed their flocks and we follow wise men to the cradle of an infant Redeemer. Through the Book we stand beside a tempest-tossed sea and see it obey the voice of Jesus Christ. We follow him to Jordan, to the temple, by the roadside, in the wilderness, on the mountain top, by the grave, in the Garden, before rulers, to Golgotha's brow, to a tomb, to a hillside, where he disappears as he goes into heaven. Books immortalize the deeds of men. The joys and sorrows of the world come to us through this medium. If we read good books, then Greece lives again with her wealth and learning; Rome is a city of splendor and power.

Through books we converse with the sages and prophets of every age and draw lessons of wisdom from their example. The thunders of Demosthenes' eloquence are again heard and we are lifted with enthusiasm as Julius Caesar passes over the threshold of the Roman Forum. They bring us a message from distant lands and we hear the shouts of the joyful and the weeping of the sorrowful. We are again in the march with warriors passing through tangled brushwoods or dark ravines. We may sit and hear the eloquence of the orators of the past. We may with the poet dream of hours past and gone. We may accompany Napoleon from Corsica to the battlefield, hear the sound of shot and shell, see the dying and hear the groans of the wounded. We may follow him across the Alps; see him as he escapes from his first ocean prison and return while millions greet him a welcome home; behold him repulse the mighty armies of Europe at Waterloo and then see his star of hope go out as fresh troops arrive and deal death to his already worn and wearied army. We live with him on the island of Helena, and hear the breakers of the sea as they moan around his lonely home, and we watch him die an exile, broken hearted. Through books we are with Columbus as he begs for help

to cross the seas to a New World. We are with him on the tempest-tossed ocean and on the shores of a strange land. We live with the colonists along the wilderness that skirted the shores of a New World. We go with Washington through the seven years' conflict and to his triumph at Yorktown. We are with the pioneer of every settlement in America and live with the Indian in his wigwam surrounded by warriors gallant, tried and true.

If we read good books then the past is revived and lives again. The nations and peoples of every clime and age pass in vivid review before us. We live with Antony, who flung a crown aside to rejoice in the love light of Cleopatra, the woman of marvelous beauty. We see Samson, the man of masculine power, become a weakling before a woman whom he had learned to love and who in the end was a traitor. Through books philosophy spreads out its limitless treasure; astronomy pictures to us the wonders and beauties of solar systems, sun, moon and stars. Through biography we live with the noble men and women of all the past and gather lessons from their every word and act. The breathing thoughts and burning words are brought before us and they live again. It is brought to us in tenderness, beauty and power.

No man or woman can fail in life who reads good books. There is a charm in books. They lead us silently, gently beside the stream of the dead past, and to us the heroes of other days live again. We are touched and moved by their message of fire brought to us on threads of gold. They touch our heart and mold our lives after them. They take us to the top of the mountain and we view the landscape o'er. We are led upward and onward and far away by the lessons they so imperceptibly bring to our lives.

They delight our fancy and appeal most wonderfully to our inner nature. If we live with our books, then Shakespeare, Milton and Longfellow are brought before us in all their won-

derful power and sublimity. Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster and Robert Hayne speak to us in all their marvelous eloquence. Lee and Grant and Jackson move before us like embodied spirits of battle.

With books we live in the past and the future. We can sit down with a good book in hand and while we read walk the valley of the Nile or climb the lofty peaks of mountains, as it were. We can stand before the pyramids of Egypt and gaze upon their wonders. We can sit in the evening hour by the fireside and with a book in hand dash through polar snows or travel through the sands of southern deserts. We can lift our eyes to the painting over which the brush has been swept by the artist's skillful hand or to the rock cut into human form by the sculptor's chisel. We can wander in the garden of blooming flowers or on hillsides covered with spotless snows. We stand beside the ocean as her mighty billows roll shoreward and watch the ships as they ride the crest of angry waves. The whole wealth of literature comes to us through this channel enriched by minds of purest culture. The greatest characters are those who in early life make companions of good books and mold their lives accordingly.

Evil and Good of Human Passions and Emotions.

Lecture.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am to address you on this occasion on the subject I have just named, and one to which you, perhaps, have not given much consideration. I will turn aside from the pulpit and from the line of thought which I have been following to that of the lecture, which I trust will be no less interesting to you; believing, as I do, that there are those present who need help and will appreciate the words I speak at this time. The subject may not be difficult enough to delight a great many who would make themselves believe that they know enough about the good and evil of their own natures. But, my friends, the trouble with the human family is, they do not study self enough.

I see before me young men and women just blooming into manhood and womanhood. Their hands may reach out and pluck the rarest flowers that grow to enrich their souls, or they can put forth their hands and partake of forbidden fruit. I see little boys and girls here whose lives are just budding, as it were, and who stand ever ready and willing to receive impressions from the outer world. I see aged fathers and mothers here, who have walked the long and dusty path of life, and whose footsteps are now tottering as they tread toward the setting sun. It is to one and all of these I speak today. And I hope that each one may gather a lesson that will be like a ray of sunlight to their lives. It will be my object to look upon the bright side of life and direct your minds to the same.

I believe that it is wrong to teach young children that they must continually keep their minds on the most difficult problems, and that they should never for one moment take an idle hour, to stray where bright waters ripple, where flowers bloom, where

birds sing, and where the lambs skip and play. It is true that the youthful mind should be taught to gather sheaves while in youth, so that in the years to be the garner of the soul and heart will not be empty. But while they are doing this, let them take an occasional excursion into the idealistic realm in search of joy, laughter and comfort.

While I speak of passion, and the evil and good of it, I will ask you to follow me wherever I may lead you; whether beside the ocean roar, as the storms sweep the sky, or down by the sunset sea; whether I climb mountains or wander in the shady dells; whether I push through brambles and briars or gather roses in the garden; whether I watch the raindrops as they patter, the snowflakes as they fall, or the golden sunlight kiss the earth—where'er I wander, there I hope you will follow me.

I do not have any praise whatever for the lower passions in man's nature. Man is the most wonderful creature that the Master Architect has created. He can attain or climb to the height of angels, or he can drag himself down to the lowest depths of shame. These two natures are his, and he has the power to use the one he chooses. There lie within his soul love, joy, hatred, bliss, emulation, strife, and ambition; all of these are good if used right, but wrong when misapplied. When man allows any of these things to run uncurbed or unchained, they will contaminate his life, poison his finer sensibilities, impair his memory, dethrone his reason, and blight and curse his life. It is the highest duty of every parent to instill into the youthful mind the importance of curbing the appetite, and restraining the sentiments and affections. These things sometimes break from their channels, like a river from its course, and destroy with their floods the flower gardens of life. Therefore, it is the duty of everyone into whose hands are committed the young souls for keeping to instruct the tender budding life in the channels of right and duty. Many a teacher has gone out, and is going out now, to teach the children, and build their characters, who knows noth-

ing about restraining himself and keeping his mind in the proper bounds. How can such an instructor teach children when he needs to be in the school of reform himself?

The principles of our natures have been fixed by an Infinite Hand. They are wise and good, we know, for he pronounced all things "good and very good." These principles which our Father placed in us need to have our assistance. They need to be taught and controlled, and when they are, they become a beautiful stream from which a thousand valleys, teeming with golden harvests, are watered and nourished. A man without resentment is a very tame being, and cannot hold the respect even of the dumb brute. He is lifeless and ignorant and hardly worth his place in the world. He is looked upon with shame and contempt. On the other hand, if he allows his passions to be aroused too quickly, and he becomes violent and stormy, rushing into warfare with his fellow-man upon every little offense, he is justly regarded as disagreeable and not worthy the respect of honorable men and women.

Joy, emulation and ambition have made men what they are. The life devoid of these is dull, cold and stagnant. To such a one the social world has no charms, happniess is an idle word, and life is meaningless. Every noble deed and lofty thought owes its life to the burning soul within. Every appeal to man that has aroused his nature to a more elevated and refined action came from passion, which is that mysterious something in man's soul. It was that which aroused the apostle Peter to lift his sword in the garden while at the Savior's side. It gave him courage to enter the silent tomb from which a Christ had risen, and where an angel sat clothed in white garments. It gave him courage to tell the world that they had crucified Jesus, and to preach that He is now Lord and Christ. It enabled the apostle Paul, after he had thrown down the garments of sin and had donned the robes of righteousness, to stand up and plead in the Savior's name. It enabled him to

march to Jerusalem in the face of opposition. It enabled him to stand before that memorable council in Jerusalem and plead for Christ. It enabled him to bear stripes and affliction. It gave him power before Felix to reason of righteousness, temperance and the judgment to come. It was that passion and zeal for the noble cause that encouraged him to stand before Agrippa and draw from him those words, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." What must have been his reasoning and manner of speech? His eyes must have flashed with truths divine and his countenance resembled the features of an angel.

Every reformer has been aroused to action by passion. Martin Luther could never have aroused the world from its long sleep in Roman Catholic clutches save by that power of passion in his work. He showed to the world that his heart and life were in his message, and by this he lifted the door of Catholicism from its hinges, broke down the barriers between ignorance and learning and invited the world to hear a message from God. From his teachings sprang that splendid Temple of Protestantism, in whose bosom nestle the children of God who have "escaped the bondage of corruption." The influence of Luther will live until it has wrested from the hand and clutches of Catholicism that power to corrupt the world and degrade humanity. It will live until every convent is converted into a church where the Bible can be preached in its fullness. It will live until the world learns that the Pope is only an educated man, and that every priest is a money making machine and lives and feasts upon the ignorance of humanity.

The Wesleys were stirred by this something that moves men toward the better element in life, and they directed the world to a higher spiritual realm. It was from a desire for truth and righteousness that Alexander Campbell came before the world with a message to return to the Bible. His soul was full of passion for the cause of right and truth. He was willing to at-

tack Catholicism, infidelity and sectarianism. His was not a dull, cold style, but instead, he was full of enthusiasm, zeal, ardor, and emotion, which, like a mighty hurricane, swept everything before it. He gave to the world a message, and that message will sweep on to the end of time and gather thousands of souls for truth as it goes.

All who would preach the unsearchable riches of Christ must have a message and a desire for the world to hear that message, and then put the very soul of passion in it as it meets the one who is to receive it. This was the secret of success with Spurgeon, Talmage, Beecher and Moody. There was a powerful impulse within and it took in everything in its reach.

This is equally true with the men at the bar, on the rostrum and on the hustings. Not one word or sentence is remembered unless it is fired and warmed by emotion. No speaker can attract his audience who does not feel the very thing he is trying to instill into other minds and hearts. He may give facts and figures, but rarely will he convert a soul to the cause he believes to be right, unless he lets go electric force set in motion by the dynamo of passion in his own soul. He who achieves success is he who, unflaunted and unmoved by the passing throng, presses toward the goal in view. He leaps over the heads of men and alights toward the front amid dangers, kindles a light and calls to the weary world to follow. It takes courage to build bridges across yawning chasms, and to lean ladders against frowning mountains and then climb them. Energy has felled the forest, has tunneled mountains, has delved into the bowels of the globe; has chiseled the ugly stone into an object of beauty, crossed seas, and whitened them with the sails of commerce, has built cities and lives in the whirl of busy industries.

In everything there must be emotion or there cannot be success. He who undertakes to live for his Maker in the Spiritual Kingdom will surely find that it requires as much energy as in any other work, and perhaps more. There moves before him

a world of sin and corruption. The hands of temptation are ever beckoning him into its embrace. The luring voice of pleasure is whispering "Come, and you will receive houses and lands." The man who is thus tempted needs to have an earnest desire and passion for that work and life that will make him better and nobler. Emotion is that which inspires the orator and gives him power to lead his audience wherever he chooses. Have you not heard a speaker and been aroused by his appeals, and yet you knew but very little of the words which he uttered? The fire and emotion came from his look, his gesture, and that passion with which his very soul was aflame. When he spoke of battle you seemed to see the glitter of the bayonet, to hear the roar of the cannon, the shrieks of the dying; you heard the strains of martial music; you saw waving banners; you could see the proud step of returning conquerors, and the weary march of defeated thousands. You followed him wherever he went, but you knew not why. His soul was aflame with passion and it had aroused your soul and you were willing to go with him. Your hair stood on end. You listened in breathless silence, or stood on tiptoe, while your very flesh was moved by the mighty impulse like the crust of the earth is moved by raging volcanoes beneath.

You have heard some enthusiastic minister of the Gospel and followed him, unheeding your surroundings; you may not have believed one word of his doctrine, but you hung silent upon his words. He took you from Calvary to judgment. You saw the new-born babe in the manger, could hear the songs of the heavenly chorus. You saw the Child taken to Egypt; you saw him at Jordan, his locks dripping with baptismal waters. You could see him heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead. You saw him on the cross, heard the thud of the hammer, saw him die, the veil rent, the sun grow dark. You saw his tomb, his ascension and Peter preach to the thousands that "Christ is risen." You went with the speaker through the

dark ages through reformations, through wars, temptations, sorrows, to the grave, and to judgment. You awoke as from a dream and wondered why you had thus followed him. The only explanation is the orator was full of his subject. His emotion had led you.

The love for country, for home and freedom is a passion. I would make no apologies for what war has done in bringing misery and want upon the human family. I do not desire to instill in the youthful mind one sentiment for war. It is usually wicked and in most instances cruel. It crushes the weak, makes thousands poor. In war they plunder, they rob and steal. Fair lands grow desolate and beautiful homes are laid waste. Corruption and immorality follow in its train. But there are times when man, if he loves hearthstone and native land, must unsheathe his sword and strike for home, fireside and freedom, and the purity of the life of the nation. There is a God of Battles as sure as there is a God of Peace. He made strong the arm of Abraham as he marched to the slaughter of the kings. He crumbled the walls of Jericho before his warrior prophet Joshua. He gave Samson power to slay thousands. He helped David to sever the head from the proud and boastful giant. He walked with Gideon in the stillness of the night and awoke thousands of warriors from slumber and drove them in wildest confusion before the blaze of a candle. He swept the kingdom from Nebuchadnezzar and drove him out to eat grass with the brutes. He wrote the fate of Belshazzar on the wall and gave Darius power to take the kingdom. He bowed Israel in meek submission to the nations with whom they struggled, when they heeded not the voice of God. Again he gave Israel, with hundreds, victory over thousands with whom they measured swords, when they were willing to heed the message of inspiration. The God of Battles has ever blessed the sword of the patriot who unsheathed it in the cause of right.

Patriotism is an emotion or passion of the soul. He whose

heart does not beat faster when he reads of the struggles of our fathers in their efforts to free themselves from the yoke of oppression is not worthy a place in this great republic. Every man should be full enough of patriotism to remove his hat to the Stars and Stripes, whether at home or on the high seas. This is a debt that we owe our country. There were thousands of men who lost their lives for our freedom. They endured hardships, they suffered untold misery. They sacrificed not for themselves, but for posterity. They sought liberty and it was dearer to them than life. They longed for freedom, and staked their all to gain it. They left homes, climbed mountains, waded marshes, and returned not until their homes were secure and the dove of peace had settled with outstretched wings over our country. Should not those of the present love this freedom enough to cherish the memory of those who struggled to gain it and let their hearts swell with joy at the thought of a home of liberty?

Young ladies and gentlemen, I could not go further with this lecture without speaking to you of ambition. Ambition is a passion, and without cultivation it is ruinous, but with a prudent control it is a pathway to success. When we speak of ambition the mind at once falls upon the vices and sins of our race; and ambition in that sense will ruin man in this life and condemn him in eternity. But, my friends, ambition has a higher and holier meaning. It means, in the better interpretation, a desire to be distinguished for one's real worth. It longs for the true and the beautiful. If every young man and young woman in this country were ambitious, and desired to make distinction in some noble calling, what a change there would be in society! If everyone would seek to develop that spark of intelligence in the mind, and not be satisfied for it to lie dormant and dead, this nation would soon become a nation of Solomons. It seems that ambition has lost its real, true meaning to many. Young men think that if they can

learn just enough of an honest calling to draw a salary they are all right for life. They seem to have no desire to lead in that calling.

The proper ambition does not lead young men to take a drink; it does not lead them to gamble; it does not lead them to vaudeville theaters, and, last but not least, it does not lead them to smoke cigarettes. Young men, did you know that when you smoke a cigarette you lower yourself in the eyes of intelligent men and women; you are considered a weakling among men. The one who is willing to dwarf his own brain, body and soul is calculated to dwarf society in the same way. Tobacco is a filthy weed and should not be used in any form by man or woman. Tobacco has a place in the world and was made for a purpose. It is good for horses and mules. It is a splendid remedy for sheep with the rot, but it was not made for man. Of all the filthy, dirty and contemptible things is to see a man or woman, who is in the image of God, and then sit up and take a great wad of tobacco or the contents of a snuff-box in their mouth. The juice runs down and stains their chin, they spit on church floors, on sidewalks, in their own homes, and say, "I can't help it; I just can't quit." God pity the poor, insignificant, dwarfed soul that can't control the body.

"Come one and all and hear me tell
How strong tobacco smoke will smell,
All those who like a pipe so well,
And carry tobacco there to sell,
And write to social unions.

"Tobacco is a filthy weed,
And from the ground it grows to seed;
It will spoil the boy and burn his clothes,
And make a chimney of his nose,
From this tobacco union."

The ministers are afraid to say anything, because some of the good old brethren and sisters use it, and, above all a great

many ministers use it. That poor preacher who don't know enough to realize that he is ruining his influence, injuring his body, sapping his intellectuality and failing to control his passion and appetite, can't see three inches ahead of his nose. But one of the saddest things is to see a "dudelet" go down the street smoking a cigarette. His head is the shape of an Irish potato, the inside of his head full of emptiness, his mind like a piece of paper that never had any writing on it; his neck like a pencil, his legs like bean poles, his body like a fountain pen staff, his arms like fishing rods, his eyes flash intelligence about like a marble. [Laughter.] His nose like a smoke-stack, turned upside down; his teeth like gourd seed, his lips the color of butter made six months ago, his fingers like frog toes; his breath the odor of limburger cheese; his hair about as fine as that of a mule's tail; talks as intelligently as the inmate of an asylum; acts as wise as a heathen; his soul large enough to rattle in a thimble—it looks like smoke at one end of the cigarette and a fool at the other. [Laughter.] But I must stop, for I can't say anything more about nothing. [Laughter.]

Young men, do not cultivate an ambition for wealth and worldly pleasure. Such an ambition is ruinous. There was a time when men sought usefulness first, then wealth, and then pleasure in the right channel. But it seems that now they seek riches first, pleasures of the world next, and, last of all, they may try to help some one else if it comes handy. Worldly pleasure will not satisfy. Wealth cannot make you happy. The gambler is not happy with his ill-gotten gains. Every evil thought, every idle word, every sinful act, will come back upon you and you will have remorse of conscience. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Have an ambition to live for something. Set up a standard and then press upward to it. Don't mind if the wicked world does sneer at

you. Do not pay any attention to dog killers; they do not hurt men.

You need not be afraid of noble work; it will not hurt you. If you are ashamed to plow or hoe in the field, then you are not fit to go before the world in any honest calling. Toil is honorable in all, and he who laughs at the honest sons of toil is he who has never benefited the world by having lived in it. The wisest and greatest men the world has ever produced have come from the farm. They knew how to work and do something for themselves and not rely on father or mother, or beat their way through the world at the cost of others. When the world grows dark and gloomy, and life seems a shadow and the earth a wintry vale, guide your boat to the channel, and with your eye ever on the beacon, know that the dark and murky tide will sometime and somewhere mingle with the bright river of hope.

Young men, never try to drown your cares in the wine cup. Never take the first drink and you will never become a drunkard. The brightest intellects among us have been wrecked on this fatal shore. Let your ambition lead you to something higher than to satisfy your thirst for strong drink. God gave you a being in the world, young man, for a purpose; seek out that purpose and honor God. If you have an ambition for distinction, whether it be right or wrong, it will lead you to sorrow in the end. Those who attained distinction in noble thoughts and deeds among the ancients, and even of the present, are those who sacrificed and were willing to give up pleasure that they might be useful. In the days gone by men would shave their heads and retire to caves and continue their studies for months and years in order that they might accomplish what they undertook. Their heads were shaved so they could not appear in society for awhile. Demosthenes and Cicero are examples of such culture.

Ambition has done everything, temporarily speaking, for the world. It has dug the ore, harnessed the lightning, leveled

the mountain, watered the deserts, sailed the seas, whirled the mills, bound the earth with steel, tunneled under the rivers, spanned them with bridges. It has drawn cars, driven ships, printed books, and dug canals. It has made airships, explored unknown lands, found the North Pole, measured the distance of the stars, built cities, developed countries and drained lakes. I say ambition has done this because it was the motive power which enabled man to do all these things. Ambition lived in the breast of Scipio, that Roman general who captured and destroyed Carthage. It glowed in the breast of Seneca, that statesman, philosopher and moralist of Rome. It blessed Richelieu, the Frenchman, to curb the nobility of his people, to restore power to his subjects and grant religious toleration to Protestants. It pushed Joan of Arc to the head of an army and gave her victory which crowned Charles VII at Rheims. It gave Hannibal a strong arm to subdue the mighty Spanish forces and compel Rome to retreat. It blessed Melancthon to lead the reformation after Luther's death. It guided the hand of Michael Angelo to throw upon the canvas the objects of beauty, and cut into mimicry the cold and pulseless stone.

It gave Robert Emmett courage to stand unmoved in the very shadow of death, and to meet it as submissive as a lamb, and yet as brave as a lion. It was the secret of Mirabeau's oratory, and the foundation of Milton's poetry. It enabled Shelley to carry his thoughts skyward, and Shakespeare to give to the world the most wonderful vocabulary of words that man ever saw. It was ambition that made Napoleon victorious and enabled him to conquer almost all the world. It was ambition that fired the heart of Patrick Henry when he uttered these memorable words, "Give me liberty or give me death." It gave Washington that stormy courage in the darkest hour of the Revolution. It made Daniel Webster the champion of constitutional rights. It made Robert Young Hayne the Hercules of debate. It gave Abraham Lincoln that heroism to stand for liberty and union.

It gave to Jefferson Davis that bravery, that fearlessness, that valor which enabled him to carry out his conviction of right in the face of an opposing world. It was the promethean fire that helped General Lee to move to the front of command and distinguish himself as one of the world's greatest generals. It glowed in the breast of Jackson and enabled him to stand unmoved like a "stone wall" when swords and cannon flashed and roared around him. Ambition has given to the world her greatest generals, her most distinguished statesmen, her wisest philosophers, and brightest intellects.

But I have been speaking to the young men. I have something I must say to these young ladies. You should have an ambition the same as man, but, of course, not in the same direction.

The first thing, young ladies, you should seek is to be useful. Help your mother and don't think it is a disgrace to work. Try to have practical knowledge. Learn to keep a house. You may never have to work, but you should know how. Resolve now not to grow up in idleness. Take the burdens off of your mother, and some one will help you to bear your burdens in old age. Begin now to be useful in domestic life. It is right to have an education in the sciences; a knowledge in books is good; but it is not all you need. Kitchen culture is also useful and good.

If you are too proud to help your mother, then you are too proud to be useful to the world. What is your ambition, girls? Is it to dress up and gad up and down the streets in the afternoon? To powder your face until you look like a six months' old corpse? Is it to tangle, fluff and mix up your hair until it looks like a scrub-brush heap? Is it to lace yourself so tight until you look like a pillow with a string tied around the middle? [Laughter.] To drink cold drinks, and court every boy you meet, whether he is good or bad? To read the very lowest of novels and then sit up and talk about what a beautiful

story, and at the same time your little weak mind would not contain for three minutes anything that is calculated to help you to become a noble woman? Is it your ambition to get married, just as soon as you can to one of these little pale-faced dudelets? If this is your ambition then life holds no treasure for you.

Some young girls go off to college, and come back thinking they know it all. They are "educated." They are too good to help poor old mother; they sleep until nine or ten o'clock in the morning and get up and grumble because mamma did not have the house cleaned, and breakfast ready. She is "educated" now and of course must be waited on. She will have to sit up late again tonight with one of these dudelets who is fit for nothing but to lead a billy-goat about town, and then if the goat had any sense he would go into the butter business. [Laughter.] These little educated girls sit up in the parlor and play the piano; they learn to sing with a round tone (stage voice) if you please, and it has as much melody as a screaming panther, or a fussy guinea. They scream in the parlor and their poor old mothers are down in the back yard, stooped over a wash-tub, singing "rub-a-dub-dub on the old wash tub."

Little sister, if you love to sing, go down and help mother to sing "rub-a-dub-dub on the old wash-tub." Make it a duet instead of a solo. [Laughter and hand-clapping.] Some girls are too smart to go to church. It is too old fashioned. They want to go to the theatre or moving pictures. That is where all the "Its" go, you know.

Some others go to church only when they can go late. Sometimes they go to sing a solo, and you wish it had been so low you could not have heard it. Such women never sang religion into any one, because there is no religion in such a singer.

Woman, don't you think the world knows you? You may believe you have them fooled, but you don't; they are wiser than you thought; that is, if you ever had a thought. You can't conceal hypocrisy; it will come out and show itself; it is

just like the one who is trying to conceal it—it wants to be seen. Go home and look down into your little heart and say, "Does the world know I am a hypocrite?" and then answer, "Yes, they know me," and you will do better and be wiser. A pure, sweet, noble woman is the best gift that God ever gave the world. A pure girl who honors her mother and father, worships God and loves His service, is a model for all the world. The world must have been a dark and wintry vale before woman smiled and blessed it; hills were bleak and the valleys black as midnight darkness.

Before woman came earth's forests and flowers were but mockery to man. He heard the turtle dove whispering love songs. He saw the panther fondling her cubs. He felt a loneliness, an aching void that had not been filled. Man slept, God took from his side woman. He touched the wound and healed it. He kissed the flesh He took from man's side and woman was. She was to be man's helpmeet, and indeed she has been. Her destiny is higher than that of man. Her prayers in the ears of the infant have guided nations to honor and fame. Her lips kiss away tears, and in their stead give smiles. Her love is enduring; it follows man from early infancy to old age with its griefs and tears. She watches over the babe in the midnight hour before sin has marred its form, and prays for a wayward boy who is away in sin and crime. Her prayers have guided weary feet over rough roads in life's weary pilgrimage. Her love has stayed the hand of crime. She is the queen of our homes, a jewel to life, a pearl of great price, the fairest rose in the garden of earth. Her courage never fails when she watches at the bedside of sickness. Childhood goes to her with its griefs, and she is the comforter of sorrows. She heals the wounded soul, and kisses away bruises from baby's dimpled hand. She was the first in transgression, but she was the last at the cross and the first to an open

sepulcher. She was no worse than her accusers. She bathed a Savior's feet with her tears and wiped them with her tresses. She ministered to a baby in the manger and gave Him a home of comfort in manhood. She instructed man in the "way of the Lord more perfectly." She met the Master on the way from the tomb, held Him by the feet and bore a message to heart-broken disciples.

She led armies to victory and followed them to minister to the wounded and dying. She has blessed the world with the purest culture, the sweetest peace, and the happiest life. She has been the warmest friend to liberty—the truest to religion. She makes home all that it is, and gives to the child something to carry to old age to bless and comfort in the twilight of life.

The future of our republic rests upon the mother's shoulders. Woman controls, but she does not command. Her authority over us is in gentleness and meekness. Every field of learning has been enriched by woman's mind. Everything that is ennobling has been blessed by her tender touch. In those things which pertain to the elevated and refined in life, woman stands far above man. Painting, poetry, science, literature, and art, owe some of their best contributions to the world to woman. Woman has gone through many isles of knowledge and gleaned treasures of gold. She is in the forward movement to Christianize the world. Her sacrifices are the greatest, her religion the purest, and her teachings the clearest. She writes songs, and their melody is divine. All honor to woman. May the Master bless the daughters, wives, sisters and mothers of this fair land!

With all her accomplishments, should woman take part in the political world? I do not believe that woman should mingle with the world in this respect. Nature teaches us that hers is a higher, holier and purer life. She is more refined than man. She has a home to keep, characters to build, lives to guard. Woman was not made to make political speeches. She

was not made to plow in the field, to work at the anvil, to run street cars, to superintend dredges, to construct railroads nor dig in the mines, be sheriff, judge, magistrate, nor president. She is builder of these builders and constructor of these constructors.

When James A. Garfield took the oath of office as president of the United States, he turned and kissed the furrowed cheeks of his old mother at his side, while the thousands who stood near applauded. She had made him what he was. Ladies, let your ambition lead you to the highest and holiest life on earth and to cloudless climes in eternity. Strive for that noble womanhood spoken of by Byron:

> "She walks in beauty like the night,
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
> And all that's best and dark and bright
> Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Before I close this address I must notice one more passion, and that is the tender passion. Well, you might know what I mean if I would say love. Look at the eyes of the old men in this audience brighten up. Listen at the young men sigh, and see the young ladies look silly, and old sisters look solemn when I say l-o-v-e. There is not one in this audience sixteen years old but what knows all about love. You old rusty looking fellows out there need not look sour when I say you know, for you do. You have told your boys and girls that they should not fall in love before they are twenty-five, but you have kind-er forgotten about yourself, have you not? You ought not to forget, for you should love that old soul by your side better than you ever did. You remember when you went to see her—I mean went courting—and how one look from her gentle, mellow eyes almost knocked you down. Hold on, old man; don't be nudging your wife with your elbow. [Laughter.] You remember how one word from her sweet lips and your heart almost burst. You remember how you sat down at one

side of the room and wished there was some power for you to get closer to her without your moving yourself.

Yes, you remember the sad, sad moments and then the happy ones. You remember that dimple on her cheek—it's gone now—but the memory is sweet. You know how all the day long you thought of her, and you could not work. Your parents thought you were sick. You looked more like a sick kitten hugging a warm chimney jamb than anything else. [Laughter.] Your hands were unwilling servants. You loved that girl, and well you did, for she has proved a blessing to your pathway.

Look up, old men; I am telling just the way you did. Oh! you remember how you finally managed to get your chair close to her, and how the perspiration flowed down your cheeks and wilted your collar. You remember how cool she looked. It was a summer day and not so very hot, but you thought it was. You finally managed to lay your rough hand on the chair-arm and how soft and white and chubby her hands were. Young men, don't faint. [Laughter.]

I must stop here long enough for these young men to get their breath. I am reminded of the young man who went to see his girl and took a seat on the opposite side of the room to her. It was seven o'clock and he said, "It is fine weather," and she said, "Yes, it is fine weather." At eight he said, "It is fine weather," and moved closer to her; she said, "Yes, it is fine weather." At nine he moved closer and said, "It is fine weather;" she said, "Yes, it is fine weather." At ten he moved closer and said, "It is fine weather," and she said, "Yes, it is fine weather." At eleven he moved real close to her and said, "It is fine weather;" and she said, "It is fine weather." At this point her mother looked over the stairway and said, "Sal, is that young man there yet?" and Sal said, "No, mother, but he is getting there." [Applause.]

You remember, old man, how you, like this young man, found a lump in your throat when you tried to speak. You

remember that when you did speak and asked her to be yours for life, and she said "Yes," your heart almost leaped out of your mouth. You, at the marriage altar, remember that you promised her to always love her. You told her every day for two months that you loved her. How long has it been now since you told her that you loved her? I think now of the old couple that heard a lecture on love. He had not told his wife for twenty years that he loved her, or called her a sweet name, and when the lecture was over, as they went out at the door, he looked down and said, "Honey, won't you take my arm?" She wanted to call him something sweet, but, of course, not the same, and she said, "All right, old beeswax, I will." [Laughter.]

I hope you will do the same way when I shall have concluded. [Laughter.] Tell your wife that you love her, if she is old. You say, "Well, she knows I do, without my telling her." There was once a time when you did not believe that way. You went to church with her. Why don't you go now? You sat by her side at any gathering. Why don't you now? There are many who make great promises before marriage, but don't keep them. You promised that you would not drink, and if you love your wife you won't. You told her that you would not use tobacco, and if you respect her you won't. You told her that you would not stay out late at night, and if you are not a liar you won't.

That girl whose hand and heart you won left all for you. She loved you best of all. She went with you because her heart was yours. He that is mean enough to trample on a sweet wife's heart, blight her fair young life, nip hope in the bud, blast the flowers of joy, drive her insane for the lack of affection, deny her comfort, banish contentment from her home is worse than a brute. Try to please your wife now as you did the day after your marriage. Tell her that you love her. Draw her close to your bosom and hear the quick pulse beat of

her heart. See her eyes brighten. Watch the color come to her faded cheeks. Love will live again; the dove of peace will hover over your lives, and sweet angels will turn aside into your home, as they did when they entered the tents of Abraham of old. They will guard your dreams as they did Jacob when he laid down to sleep beneath the stars, the earth his bed, and a rock his pillow. They will lead you and guide you as they did Lot of old, when they took him by the hand and led him from a burning Sodom. If love is in your home, then angels will sing their songs and their music will be as sweet to your ears as it was to the ears of the watching shepherds.

Take your wife by the hand and lead her to some grassy mound where flowers bloom, and beneath heaven's stars and the moonlight's glimmer, tell her that you love her as in the days gone by. Tell her that she is kind and good, fold her in your arms and kiss her lips, call upon heaven to witness your love and sing that sweet old song:

> I have wandered away to the hills, Maggie,
> To watch the scenes below,
> Where the creek and the creaking old mill stood, Maggie,
> When you and I were young.

If you will only do this your life will be blessed, your pathway will be strewn with flowers and hedged in by roses.

If your wife has followed you all the way of your life's journey and been your best counsellor, why not love her? She has stood by your bed in sickness, when you had a feverish brow. She has shared every sorrow and been your partner in joys. She has never faltered—her love has been constant as a fountain. Love her now in life's day before the sun of life sets. Then, when the final summons comes and she is called, there will be no regrets to flow back upon you.

Some old folks tell the boys and girls that they must not love. You had as well tell them that they must not eat. It

is natural to love. You loved little girls when you were only seven or eight years old, and you know it. Sit up here now like an old stump and tell these boys that it is wrong to love. Some school teachers separate the boys and girls; they are afraid that they will love one another. Those teachers need to be pitied, instead of our scolding the children. The noblest thing that boys and girls can do is to love each other. It teaches them good manners. It makes boys nobler and more refined. It makes girls neater and more accomplished. Teach your children whom to love. Instill into the young girls' minds the lessons of purity. Teach them never to fall in love with any young man who drinks, chews, gambles, curses or smokes cigarettes. It is within the power of young women to reform the world. When they set themselves against immorality it will stop.

I see some old bachelors and old maids here and must say a word to them. God bless them, they need sympathy! Poor souls, they look as long-faced as some of the henpecked men.

Old bachelors, did anybody ever love you? Is that an old bachelor crying? Will one of the best looking old maids go 'round there and comfort him? You would not cry, maybe, if you knew what you may have missed. [Laughter.] You have missed several good lickings, perhaps. You have missed a bald-head. You have missed many curtain lectures. You have missed walking the floor with a crying baby and being scolded every step you took. You have missed being kicked out of the bed on cold mornings to make a fire. You have missed a runabout woman, who had rather be at a frolic than to be in your home, making it pleasant for you when you come. You have missed a tattling tongue. You have missed a meddler in other folks' business. You have missed a don't-care woman, who will sit around in the house and let it go to waste rather than turn around to help you. You have missed having a woman to call your own, who had rather stay with her

mother than you. You have missed a quarrelling, scolding, provoking mother-in-law. You have missed buying twenty-five dollar hats when you had only ten to your name. You missed all this when you failed to marry some women I know. [Laughter.]

On the other hand, if you had married some sweet, noble girls I have seen! Then you have missed a cheerful, bright and happy home. You have missed sweet, laughing baby voices; you have missed knowing a father's love. You have missed the companionship of the dearest creature God ever made. You have missed the constant affection of a sweet woman. You have missed a smiling face to greet you when you come home. You have missed a friend in sorrow. You have missed a partner in joys. You have missed the greatest blessings of life. You have missed a friend at your bedside in sickness. You have missed a dear good wife who weeps at your failures and who rejoices at your success. You have missed a sweet woman's life being moulded as you would have it be to your life. You have missed kisses from the sweet lips of a pure woman. You have missed the affectionate embrace of a wife who would willingly give her life for you. You have missed a bright countenance to gladden your weary steps in the toils of life's rugged journey. You have missed the love of a woman who was made to bless your lot and to make home happy.

I see in this audience some men who are wounded; they have had "fowl" play—well, they are henpecked. The little boy said to the man who had come into the home, "Where did the chicken bite you?" and he answered, "Nowhere." "Why," the little boy said, "Mamma said you were henpecked." [Laughter.] You men are sad, but you are brave to put on a good face before the world and say that it is liver trouble, and make us believe it. Your bald head shows that your wife feels where you think. [Laughter.] Let us relieve your mind by singing

"Row the boat lightly, love, over the sea,
Daily and nightly I'll wander with thee,
On its fair bosom contented I'll roam,
Ever, my darling, to dwell in thy home."

It is said that true love "is an all-over outwardness, an ever inwardness, an everlasting sweet, aching pain." It is also said that the test of true love is this, if the bull dog can bite a chunk out of the calf of your leg while you are bidding your sweetheart good night, and you never know it until you get home, then you are really in love. [Laughter.] Old bachelor, repeat these few stanzas and see how you feel:

"I've wandered through the heather wild,
My bosom light and free from care,
Yet wretched felt because there was
No kindred heart the scene to share.

"I've stood upon the lonely hill,
And watched the evening glories shine,
And yet was sad because I had
No gentle hand to hold in mine.

"I've traveled far life's shadowy path,
And hoped and sought in vain for rest,
And found it not for want of some dear head
To pillow on my breast."

I hope that you old bachelors and old maids will remember these lines, and at this time start on the matrimonial chase. I know some of you old maids can catch some fellow, for you are cross-eyed enough that he can't tell which way to run. [Laughter.]

I know you old bachelors can find a girl, for some folks don't care whom they marry. [Laughter.]

"O, west wind, whisper lowly; tell me
Warbling through the sighing grove,
Are thy harp-notes sweetly singing
In the ears of one I love?"

"Dost thou know her, didst thou pass her,
In the pale moon's glimmer?
Was she watching, musing, thinking,
'Neath the starlight's shimmer?

"O, wind-harp, wind-harp, wild and sweet,
Just whisper now and say
If a dear one thinks in this lone hour
Of one that's far away.

"O, harp of mellow, golden strings,
Canst thou, wilt thou be
A messenger to waft her thoughts,
Her spirit-tones to me?"

Let me now have your attention for a few moments while I speak of mother's love. No love among human beings is greater. From the dawn of life's early morning to the sunset of life, a mother's love goes with her child. She prays at night time for her children before she sleeps. In slumber she dreams of them, in daylight her thoughts wander to them. It goes with them even to the gallows. It is her child and she loves her own. Young men, don't forget mother, she loves you and prays for you wherever you are. Write her a letter and tell her that you love her. Let your minds stray back to old home and live again at her knee, hear her advice, heed her voice, recall the old songs she used to sing. Do not only let your mind wander to her, but go home yourself and talk to her; press her to your heart and tell her that you love her, and I will promise you that you will leave her a better boy or man. The men who have made distinction in the world are those who have honored mother and father. Tell your mother how much you love her, for she will not be with you always.

Young girls, be obedient to your mothers, you can never hope to be anything unless you are. Look well to your future. Protect your character. That man who has blotted and blurred the character of young girls is not fit to keep company with you. Shun him as you would a poisonous reptile.

He is a demon let loose among the inhabitants of earth. He abuses the very word love. He loves only lust and would feast upon character quicker than vultures upon the carcass. He is a sore upon decent society; he is a cancer upon all that is good.

A girl who has fallen usually needs our sympathy and help, for she naturally believed man, and in her innocence she was betrayed. But instead of help she is shunned, but the man who betrayed her is respected and welcomed to decent homes, when he ought to be kicked out at the back door. He is a thief, a liar, and an abuser of mankind. May the time hasten when the man who rings the doorbell will have to be as pure and virtuous as the noble girl within if he is to have admittance. Love is a noble passion, but it can be easily abused. Young girls, listen to your mother's advice, and I would say to mothers to look well to your daughter's protection, and never let a young man enter your home who is seeking to win your daughter's love until you know him well. May heaven's blessings be upon the daughters of our land and guide them to usefulness.

Love is the strongest and noblest of all passions. It is the morning sunbeam that trembles through young hearts; it is the noontide ray of life's mature vision; it is the sunset kiss to old age. It is always sweet and beautiful; it never grows old. It brings smiles to the baby's rounded face; it gladdens youth, it blesses mature manhood, it is the dream of old age. It is the sweetest joy of earth. It took a miracle to create the world, but it took love to redeem it. It blooms at our fireside, grows in the church and matures in heaven. It is a rainbow of promise to every life, arching time and spanning eternity. It is the source of our happiness; no home can be complete without it. It blooms as a flower in our heart, it wastes its fragrance on every life that passes. When crossed by no unpleasantness it is bliss on earth, but when it is scorned it breathes woe and is like a tempest to the soul. It is nourished and fed by the

elements of grief, or the elements of joy. Love fills the soul with hope, it hides a multitude of sins. It brought a Savior from the sky. It led fishermen to follow a Christ.

It is a ladder to the child, a bulwark to the mature and a staff to old age. It is a dew-drop from heaven placed in man's soul. Its thoughts are pleasantness, its language is gentleness, its deeds are acts of compassion, and its footsteps are paths of peace. Man never hid himself behind a stronger fortress than that of love. He never drank at a deeper well, nor fed himself from a fuller garner. It will outweigh all the mountains in the world. It is taller than the stars and deeper than the sea. It is a greater mine of wealth than all the riches of the universe. It is stronger than all the armies combined.

"Love endureth all things."

Abuse cannot overcome it. Temptation cannot mislead it. All other things may fail, but love will not. It will abide for time, and live in eternity. It has conquered the drunkard, it has reformed the gambler, it has stopped the robber from sin.

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

The Disciples of Christ and Their Plea.

My subject for today is a broad one. Perhaps in the hour that I have allotted to myself I cannot say all that I would like to say, but I shall be able, I hope, to present to you some of the principal things we, as a people, stand for. The people I speak of are the Disciples of Christ, a people of whom I am proud. This reformation had its beginning about one hundred years ago, but the principles for which it stands are almost two thousand years old. Thomas Campbell made a declaration and address in 1809. This was the first time in hundreds of years, if not the first time since the church had gone wild after creeds, that any one had asked for a return to the Bible as the only rule of faith and practice. He made this address in the face of opposition and sectarian hatred. The years passed and finally a little church was organized at Brush Run with only a few members.

Alexander Campbell, that mighty man of intellect, that man of debate, that man who had not been surpassed at that time and who has perhaps not been surpassed yet in a knowledge of literature, strength in debate, and an understanding of God's Word, was now before the world asking and pleading that all Christians accept the Bible as their rule of faith and practice. New churches began to spring up. Organizations were perfected in many states until in October, 1909, in Pittsburgh, Pa., thirty thousand Disciples met to celebrate the one hundred years of marvelous growth of this great movement. In less than one hundred years from the time the first church was organized this body of people had grown to almost one million and a half—the most wonderful growth, the greatest development and the purest evangelism the world ever saw. The question comes, why have they grown so rapidly? Why does it take so little money to win a convert to the Church of Christ? The great

army of men and women who go out to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ are no more talented than are other men and women of other religious bodies. But the reason for the success of this movement is the simplicity of the plea. There is only one book to present and that book is the Bible. We are not hampered by disciplines, creeds or dogmas made by men. Every man or woman accepting the Gospel and Jesus Christ as Lord is invited to come and join hands with us. The man with but little learning can understand our plea, for we have nothing but the Bible to present to the world.

The Disciples of Christ accept the Bible as their Book and Christ as their creed. They reject all creeds made by men, knowing that they "do gender strife." The religious world is not divided on what the Bible teaches, but it is divided on the creeds men have made themselves. One man has as much right to make a creed as another man has for the government of the church. One man or fifty men cannot make rules for governing the church and do it successfully and justly. The creed of the present cannot be the creed of the future. Man is fallible and what is done today must be changed tomorrow. We believe in every man thinking for himself and worshiping God according to the dictates of his own conscience and his conscience being taught by the Word of God. Every sane man should think for himself and not rely on another to do his thinking for him. Man is in slavery unless he does think for himself. Every church with a creed or discipline claims to be in harmony with the Bible. Can such be true while such a diversity of opinion prevails in the creeds? If creeds are taken from the Bible, and it is the father of them all, then you can get any kind of a teaching you desire from the Book of Inspiration. But they do not belong to the grand old book. If a creed has more than the Bible it is wrong. "If any man shall add unto these things God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." (Rev. 22:18). If a creed has

less than the Bible it is wrong. "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." (Rev. 22:19.) If a creed has the same as the Bible, accept the Bible, for God is the author of it and man is the author of a creed. Give to man the things that are man's and to God the things that are God's.

The church or man governed by man's opinions is on dangerous ground, for they have added to or taken from the Bible. Can one man be satisfied for another man to make rules to govern him in the church? The opinions of men do not suit all the world. If it were not for men's ideas given as rules of the church the religious world would stand together today. But there are many ideas expressed in these rules of the church that are entirely foreign to the teachings of the Bible. The Scriptures teach that we are not justified by faith only. "Ye see, then, how that by works a man is justified and not by faith only." (James 2:24.) In the rules of a certain church we have this statement: "That we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort." (1906 Discipline, page 5, Art. 9.) You can see plainly by these quotations the Bible and disciplines do not agree. Which will you take as being correct? Answer this question to yourself and act as a wise man or woman.

In these rules of church government men have gone so far as to write prayers to be read at the taking of the Lord's Supper. Ought not men to pray for what they want and not just read what others have written? There are also prayers in these creeds for the marriage altar. Any man needs to be pitied who will stand at the marriage altar and permit another to read a prayer from a book that was written probably fifty years before his marriage took place. None but our Savior was wise enough to make a prayer for all coming time. All creeds must perish

sooner or later; they can survive but a little longer. They must lay themselves down at the feet of the Bible. The Disciples of Christ take the Bible alone for their rule of faith and practice. They take it as being an all-sufficient guide from earth to glory. The men or women who permit themselves to be governed by creeds have their faith in men and fail to give God all the glory.

We spoke of revision. Some one may ask, "Has the Bible ever been revised?" We answer that words have been changed, but the great principles have not been. God gave them and they must stand forever. Creeds cannot stand, but the Bible will stand. It has stood through all the changes of time. The wicked have abused it; the vile have tried to corrupt it; power tried to crush it; skeptics scorned it; infidels mocked at its truths, doubting philosophy tried to undermine its stronghold; bigotry mustered its hosts; intolerance became its deadly enemy; persecution has tried to chain it and opened dungeons to confine it and kindled fires to burn it; books have been written to retard its progress and destroy its influence; mails have been flooded with literature to entangle its truth; but down through the checkered centuries, passing the ruins of temples old, through the storms of oppression and the floods of abuse, plunged into the waters of unbelief, it has emerged with divine glory and a star of hope for man. Every stroke aimed at its destruction has produced a contrary effect to that intended. Enemies have assailed it on the fields of conquest, but it has rolled in triumph over their armies. Through the freaks of change and the convulsions of time the Bible has arisen conqueror. Jesus is the foundation, and it cannot be overcome because God has stamped it with the seal of immortality. Nations have been born, lived and died; sovereigns have fallen, kings have been beheaded, thrones builded, governments torns to shreds and upon their ruins new empires have arisen. Babel fell, Babylon has perished and Jerusalem was destroyed,

but the Bible still lives. It will go on through the ages blessing the world as it goes. Its truths shame and bewilder irreverence; they sweep away the bulwarks of infidelity; they crush diabolism; they captivate our hearts and make us nobler, purer and better, wiser and happier beings. It will go on until every kindred and every people will hear its teaching and accept its truths. It is this book that the Disciples of Christ have accepted and chosen for the guide of life and conduct and to control the church. We commend it to the religious world. If other creeds are right, then the Bible is still right, and not one word can be said against it. If it is right to have only the Bible, then creeds and disciplines are most assuredly wrong. The Bible is the proper book to be governed by and the world is coming to know it. We as a people are willing to strike hands with any church or people on the Bible and in so doing take the Bible and it alone and reject all opinions of men as government for the church. It is not our book, only, to the extent that we have accepted it. God is its author and we are glad to acknowledge Him as such. The denominational world cannot consistently make such a proposition. Dogmas must be laid down first.

You have never heard a sectarian minister, from the pulpit, ask any and all to meet him on the Bible and reject the opinions of men; to lay down all and meet upon God's Word. Such a statement cannot be honestly made as long as churches are controlled by men's opinions instead of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Taking this book as our guide, we are willing to believe all it teaches. The first principles of the Gospel are easy to be understood and any desiring to come to Christ let him read the Acts of the Apostles; "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. 5:1.) We believe this because the Gospel teaches it. It is the first thing to do after hearing the Word of God. The

Scripture does not teach in this passage that faith only will save, but we are told plainly that we are saved through faith, and that is enough if we will believe God. "But without faith it is impossible to please him, for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. 11:6.) We might quote twenty-five passages more to prove that faith saves, but it is not necessary to do so here. Our position is that faith is the ground rock upon which our spiritual life is built, and that without it one could not even start to Christ.

We believe that repentance is taught in God's Word and comes after faith. "Repent ye therefore and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." (Acts 3:19, American Revised Version.) This passage is as strong in its teaching as any in God's Word. One must repent or he cannot come to God. Every one who comes must put his sins in the past, take hold of the hand of Jesus and let Him lead him. Repentance means to turn and face about toward God. Cease to love sin. Cling to God and His Word. True repentance means restitution. If any man has taken unlawfully from his fellowman, he must restore it or do all in his power toward it. "And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold." (Luke 19:8.) The next step toward God is confession. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10:10.) Peter confessed Christ, as we find (Matt. 16:16), and it was the foundation upon which the church was built. Christ said, "Upon this rock I will build my church." Then if the church is built upon this confession all who enter the church should come by way of confession. The Ethiopian nobleman came this way, for he said that "He believed that Jesus Christ was the

Son of God." (Acts 8:37.) We not only believe in the confession of the lip, but we believe that it must also be made by the life as well. Give Jesus your heart and hand. Confess Christ in thought, in words and deeds, and at last you will have a crown at God's right hand.

There is one more step to be taken in order to reach the spiritual kingdom. Baptism has a part equally as much so as faith, repentance and confession. Some one will say, "I don't believe that baptism has anything to do with our coming to Christ or that it is necessary to get into the kingdom of God." If you do not believe that baptism is necessary it is because you believe creeds and disciplines instead of the Bible. We are sure you never drew any such conclusion as that from God's Word. You may not know the reason that you reject baptism, but if you do reject it, it is because you have listened to men instead of God. We do not believe that literal water does save or can cleanse anyone from sin. The virtue is not in the water, but is in the obedience to the command of Jesus. The water did not open the eyes of the blind man, but his obedience to Jesus did—(John 9:1-7). Christ commanded his apostles the last time, saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:15, 16). We have another report of the same commission, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." (Matt. 28:19.) Matthew and Mark both say to baptize. Baptism is mentioned in the great commission twice, but faith is only mentioned once and that in Mark. Repentance is mentioned once in Luke 24:47, "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Jesus Christ never commanded anything to be done that was not necessary. He commanded baptism, why not do it?

There are some who would have us believe that baptism is not essential to salvation, but that it is "essential to membership in the church." Is the church better than heaven? The same thing that puts one in the church puts him in Christ, and whatever puts an individual in Christ puts him in the church. "Christ is the head of the body, the church." (Col. 1:18.) One man says he believes faith only will save him; another believes that repentance will save him; and another believes that baptism will save him. Which one is right? It takes all of these to bring one to Christ, but no one of them alone will do it. The Disciples of Christ believe all of these are necessary, and therefore teach them to sinners. Are we right? We believe when a sinner is seeking the kingdom of God and asks what to do to be saved that we should give him a scriptural answer, "Repent ye and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." (Acts 2:38 R. V.) or any other answer given in the New Testament. We believe anyone can come to Christ when he desires and that God is always ready to save. We believe that a burial in water is the only way to be baptized, that sprinkling and pouring are entirely foreign to the New Testament teaching; that the latter named ways of baptizing were originated by men and not by God. We believe Paul was right when he said, "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." (Rom. 6:4.) We believe that immersion is the only scriptural and universal ground of baptism. The Christian world can never be united on any other. All admit that immersion is right, but all do not admit that sprinkling and pouring are right. There are great numbers of those who have not been immersed who are not satisfied. Immersion satisfies because it is God's way.

We believe that the way for a sinner to come to God is to

read the Bible and do just what it says to do. Believe, repent, confess and be baptized. Neither of these will put one into Christ, but all of them will if the obedience is from the heart. We believe in the Holy Spirit; that it comes to the one who obeys the Gospel, not before, but after obedience. There is no such thing as the Holy Spirit baptism at the present time. The Holy Spirit comes into the heart and leads men and women and bears the fruit of righteousness in the life. "Love, peace, joy, long-suffering, gentleness and meekness" are the fruits of the Spirit, but it does not come independent of the Gospel. If men are baptized with the Holy Spirit today as they were in the early church, they could heal the sick, cast out devils, drink deadly poison, speak in new tongues and perform miracles. There are some who claim they can do this today, but it is not true. It is false upon the very face of it. Denominationalism is responsible for such a claim. They have taught that the Spirit comes down and cleanses the sinner from sin momentarily, and if that were true then it would make or cause men to speak in unknown tongues. But both are false claims. "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation unto every one who believes." (Rom. 1:16.) The individual who obeys the Gospel has the assurance of the Holy Spirit's guidance and of salvation at last. We believe that religion is practicable and that it has to be lived every day. We have to grow in the Christian life like we do in the physical life. First a baby, then a child, afterwards a man or woman.

After one has become a Christian by obedience to the Gospel, in order that he may continue to be a Christian and grow more like the Master would have him be, he must read and study the Bible. Jesus said, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28:20.) The Disciples of Christ believe that in order to please God we should meet upon the first day of the week as the early Chris-

tians did to break bread. "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached to them ready to depart on the morrow, and continued his speech until midnight." (Acts 20:7.) "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching." (Heb. 10:25.) The Lord's day should be observed not only in breaking bread and taking the juice of the vine, but in letting it be a day of rest physically. The Lord's day should not be called Sabbath unless we explain that we do not mean Jewish Sabbath, but only a day of rest. Meeting upon the first day of the week gives strength to those who are striving to serve God. Meeting together to partake of the bread and juice of the vine is one of the greatest privileges God has ever given to man. The mind of the worthy partaker goes back to the Cross of Calvary. It brings a suffering Savior to the mind again, and at the same time tells of an exalted and risen Lord.

There is no such thing in the Bible as close communion or open communion. These are foreign terms. No one has a right to invite any one, neither has he a right to reject any one. It is the Lord's table and not man's. The communion is between the individual and his Lord, and not with one another. So we should not judge as to who is worthy to eat. "But let a man examine himself and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." (1 Cor. 11:28.) We believe that meeting upon the first day of the week as the early Christians did will enable us to live nearer our Lord during the coming week. It makes one stronger and prepares him to meet opposition and temptation. The Disciples of Christ also believe that the church as a body should be known and called by the names found in the Bible. It is called "The Church of God"—(Acts 20:28); "Church of the First-Born"—(Heb. 12:23); "Churches of Christ"—(Rom. 16:16). Just be willing to take only the name given to

the body of Christ as found in the Gospel story. We don't need more than this. If we had needed more, the names would have been placed in the Bible. The great trouble with men and women today is they are looking to find Christ's kingdom somewhere beside the Gospel. There is another important thing to be done when we have accepted Christ; when Jesus is chosen as our Savior, and we lay down our lives in His service, we should accept the Bible name for the followers of Christ. The name Christian is the only name given in the Gospel for those to wear who follow Jesus. "And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." (Acts 11:26.) But some one may say, "there is nothing in a name." Let us see if there is. Ask the one who says there is nothing in a name if he had as soon be called by any of the denominational names as by the one he already wears. He will tell you in a moment that he does not like to be called by any name but the one he has chosen, because it has a significance, and another name does not mean the same. Ask a Roman Catholic if he is a Mormon and he will answer no at once. Ask the Mormon if he is a Roman Catholic and he readily answers no. When you accept the name Roman Catholic you accept the doctrine or you would not accept the name. When you accept the name Mormon you accept the Mormon doctrine. It is the same with other churches when you accept their name. You accept their doctrine also.

The same is true in the kingdom of Jesus. When you accept the name Christian it means that you have accepted the doctrine of Christ as found in the New Testament. I ask, is there anything in a name? Every name in the whole Bible has a significance. Abraham means a high father of many people. Solomon means wisdom. Samuel peaceful, and here we might mention a hundred names that have a wonderful meaning. If you wear a denominational name it signifies that you are a follower of that denomination, but it does not necessarily mean that

you are a follower of Christ. There surely is something in a name. One denomination will not wear the name of another, because the names do not carry the same meaning. How absurd it is, then, to say there is nothing in a name! When such a remark is made you may rest assured that the one making it is ignorant of the teaching of the Bible, or is holding to a creed more firmly than to the Gospel. When Paul pleaded before Agrippa he surely pleaded for the name Christian. "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." (Acts 26:28.) "Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God in this name." (1 Peter 4:16.) If you were to suffer would it be as a Christian or would it be under another name? The name Christian is the name the prophet spoke of. "And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory; and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." (Isaiah 62:2.) The followers of God were never called Christian until Christ came. This is the new name he gave his people. Will you take it and wear it? James speaks of that worthy name. "Do not they blaspheme that worthy name by which ye are called?" (James 2:7.)

Are you wearing that worthy name or are you wearing a sectarian name? You may be prejudiced until you will not wear the name Christian. If you are, let me say that prejudice will not take you to heaven, but obedience will. There was a blessing for the church at Philadelphia because it had "kept my word and hast not denied my name." (Rev. 3:8.) Christ is the bridegroom. "Can the children of the bridechamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them?" (Matt. 9:15.) "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom." (John 3:29.) If Christ is the bridegroom and the church is the bride then the bride should take the name of the bridegroom. It belongs to the church to accept the name of Christ. The husband would not love the wife who would not take his name or refuse to be

called by it. Can you expect Christ to receive you if you refuse his name? The name Christian is above every name. We stand united on the name Christian, but we are divided on denominational names. "United we stand, divided we fall." The name Christian is the only name that the religious world can ever hope to unite on. It is universal. It makes but little difference how much those are abused and hated who wear that name, it is a name that all the religious world has to submit to sometimes. Those who refuse to wear this name can make hours of argument against it, but every argument against it can be offset in five minutes by appealing to the Bible. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." When creeds and disciplines are laid down then denominational names will be forgotten.

Unity

We are asked, "Do you believe there are good people in all churches?" We answer yes. If we did not believe it we would not plead for the unity of God's people. We believe that sectarian names are wrong, and therefore we cry, "Come out of Babylon and be ye pure." Because there are good people in all churches does not prove that all churches are right in doctrine. When churches or individuals see and know they are wrong it becomes them as followers of God to get right at once. We do know that man-made rules for church government are not of God, therefore the church with these rules as government is not and cannot be wholly right while holding to them. They foster prejudice and keep up party names. We rejoice in the name Christian because it does not belong to a creed, sect or party. It is a name that we will not be ashamed of when Christ our Lord comes to claim His own. We shall own Him as Lord and crown Him as King of kings. It is a broad name. It is the name that will call the world to the feet of a blessed Christ. The divided state of Christianity at the present is deplorable. Christ prayed "That they may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may all be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (John 17:21.)

Jesus was here in the very shadow of the cross and in this prayer he asks five times "that they all may be one." In the face of this prayer some men thank God for the divided state of the religious world. If Jesus was sincere when he prayed this prayer, then we should seek to become one in faith and practice. We may not all see everything just alike, but we can in matters of faith. In things of faith let us have unity, in matters of opinion liberty, in all things charity. Let us pray God to drive out prejudice from our minds and hearts. We are proud of our plea. We are glad indeed to stand upon a platform that we are not ashamed of. Christ is our creed, the Bible our Book and Christian our name. We stand ready and willing to meet any and all on the Word of God, to accept it and reject men's opinions. Will the religious world around us do the same. If not, why not? Would it destroy their creeds? Surely it would, but let creeds go, the Bible is better. Men ought not to be willing to stand upon a platform so narrow, rotten and rickety that they could not meet any one on the Gospel of Christ. If we are ever to convert the world to Christ it must be done by a united effort and by preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ and not by offering to the world creeds made by men.

Every man should be willing to listen to the plea of another, accept what is good and reject all that is bad. We should be willing also to let our preaching be compared with the Bible. God speed the time when every preacher will urge the reading and study of the Bible and ask men to look in it for the kingdom of Jesus. If a minister's sermons will not stand the searchlight of God's Word they are not worth the time it took to deliver them. We would urge upon the world the importance of the study of the Bible and to compare every man's words with its teachings. We are in a conquest to win souls for Christ. The world of sin lies just ahead. Will we meet it with a combined army of Christians or will we meet it broken

and divided? There is strength in a united effort, but there is weakness in division and wrangling. Let us stand for the union for which Christ prayed. We cannot sweep the world for Christ until we are united. If the great ocean were divided into little squares and these little squares were separated from each other by ice walls, the storm could beat upon the bosom of the sea, but there would be nothing, only ripples on the surface of the water, because the little walls of ice would not allow a great wave, but let the sun rise and shine on these walls and melt them down, then the storm king holding lightnings in his fists would sweep the mighty deep and sea billows would rise mountain high and dash the vessels of rarest construction against rockbound coasts and wash the shores with the floods of the sea. As with the ocean so it is with the religious world today. Each little church to itself with denominational walls and opinions of men between them as cold as icebergs is what keeps the gospel from sweeping the world. When we will allow the Sun of Righteousness to arise and with love melt down these selfish divisions from between us, then one wave of Christianity will sweep the wide world and cover it as the waters cover the bottom of the sea.

The world is waiting for a message. Men and women are hungering for the pure Word of God. They are tired and sick of the doctrines of men. Let us feed them on the Bread of Life. Who will be weak enough and simple enough to continue to thrust his own opinions upon the world when the world is anxious for God's Word! "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." The great cities pulsating with busy life are calling for workmen. The stream of sin is flowing fast; its current is dark and gloomy; human wretches are continually leaping into its murky waters; they rise far out on its tide and rise and fall and fall and rise, but on they go. We stand by and see their frail barks drift slowly but surely to the sea of death. The young and the old, the rich and the

poor, the high and the low are rushing to its shores. Our hearts are sick and we are mad with grief to see the world rushing to death and despair. They need a Savior's love. He is within their reach, but they know it not. Their eyes are blinded by those with God's Word in hand, but who, rather than reveal it without addition or substraction, will suffer humanity to be bitten by the serpent of sin, stung by the scorpion of unbelief or sunk beneath the waves of infidelity.

Is this the part of wise men in the great struggle against sin? The call comes ringing from over the seas, from the islands of the deep and from wherever men and women are in the bondage of sin. The call is for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism cannot satisfy the longing, hungering, thirsting soul, yet they give as nourishing food to the thousands of heathens famishing for the Bread of Life as the dogmas of men give to the inhabitants of the fair land of America. Men and women should allow the Gospel of Christ to fall gladly into their hearts, and warmed by the sunshine of a Savior's love spring forth into an abundant harvest and go forth as workmen for the Son of God. The Disciples of Christ are trying to meet the needs of humanity by holding out to them the pure Gospel. We have entered almost every foreign field with this plea. We have entered Africa, China, Japan, Cuba, England, India, Norway, Philippine Islands and many other lands. There are now many hundreds of our missionaries at work over the seas. We have schools and hospitals at home and abroad. We care for the aged minister and the helpless orphan child. We have a Church Extension Fund of nearly a million dollars to help build churches in needy fields. We have ten thousand churches and six thousand ministers who proclaim the Gosepl of Jesus Christ. These men go out to preach not as the only Christians, but as Christians only. We ask the religious world to join us in this glad message.

The sectarian world claims today to be arrayed as an army against sin. They stand with sword by their side, which is the word of God. The banner is unfurled, it is that of the Prince of Peace. They seem to be ready for the conflict. Hear the music, the songs of redemption. Their battle cry is the world for Christ. The command has already been given to go. Look down the line and see how they are broken and divided. They do not present a solid front. They are not united enough to battle against sin. They are not marching under the same name. They do not read their rules of march from the same book of tactics. The commander-in-chief, which is Christ the Lord, has given a book of discipline, the Gospel. But every general is directing according to his own opinion and not according to the Bible. Heathenism scorns their attempts to Christianize the world. Mohammedanism winks at their staggering efforts to break down the walls of superstition and "let the King of Glory come in." Buddhism flings defiance at them and says that they are no better than we, for they are broken and divided among themselves. Roman Catholicism rejoices at their calamity and laughs in fiendish triumph when they fail. How long shall such a state of affairs exist? Let us arise from lethargy and go forth to do and dare for the right. Unite our forces and conquer. The time has come when if we will save the world we must show to them that we have faith in God, in Christ and the Gospel. He who is not willing to rely on God's Word and believe it sufficient to save the world cannot make the sinner believe he is sincere.

Now, as we close, we ask if there is one or any number here who desire to quit sin and come to Jesus, you are invited to come. "Now is the accepted time, if you hear His voice harden not your hearts." The hand of Jesus is reached out to you. Will you grasp it and let Him lead you? If there are those here who wish to meet us on the Bible and renounce human opinions and take your stand with the people of God who accept the

Bible and take it as their only rule of faith and practice, you are asked to come. Have courage to yield to your convictions. May God bless you and help you to accept the truth, that heaven may be your home at last.

Man: Where He Came From, What He Is, and the End to Which He Hastens.

There is a question in the minds of a great many people today as to man's immortality. Is he only a creature of earth and made only to live a few short years on this planet and then sink into the grave to rise no more? Was he created by an Infinite God, or was he created by chance? There is a theory that man sprang from an inferior being; that the great-grandfather of all human beings was a part of the animal kingdom.

If man originated in the animal kingdom and sprang from the ape, then the question comes, why has there not been more than one that came from them? If he could spring from such, then that same kind of an animal could be taken today and through cultivation produce man. Such a theory is an offshoot of infidelity. It is not really worthy of being considered by any intelligent man or woman. God says in His word that he made man "In his own image." Man had his origin in the mind of an intelligent being. He came from one higher than himself. All intelligence runs back to intelligence, or it cannot be intelligent, therefore man must have come from an intelligent Creator.

Man came from God after He had made all other things. Man is not made like any other creature. All others are subject unto him. He has power to think and give praise to the one who made him.

Over sixty centuries ago the God of this universe took of the dust of this earth and made man and "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." He first saw light in the midst of Eden's splendors. Around him were roses of rarest fragrance, broad areas of white lilies bloomed, poppies full blown swayed at the touch of every breeze, clambering vines clung to the oak, and morning glories with purple tints grew by

the wayside; hummingbirds dipped their tiny wings into seas of living beauty and drank in the fragrance from a thousand upturned roses. Songs of every sweet singing bird were heard in the bending boughs and their wings rustled as they played in the weeping willow and drooping cedar. Violets grew in fields that waved with flowers colored like the rainbow. Hillsides were beauty covered and sunflowers drooped their heads to the sun's kiss. Beds of daisies with a background of dark green grass bent to the kiss of every zephyr's breath.

Skies of azure beauty flecked by sunshine and clouds, bent over man in softened beauty. Streams flowed from hillsides, murmuring and playing as they hastened toward the bosom of the great sea. Stars shed their soft beams on man's pathway through the darkness of the midnight hours, and the dews from heaven dampened his brow as he slept under the arch softened and mellowed by star beams. The moon with her silvery light crept through clambering vines and wreathed-crowned rocks. Soft summer winds murmured as they gently swept through rose beds of sweetest fragrance. This was man's early home and it was a paradise made by an infinite God and clothed with beauty from his hand. Man slept and God took a bone from his side and made a woman. God led them to an altar there in that primeval beauty and with arches of bending flowers and half-opened rose buds scented with honeysuckle blossoms. Beneath their feet the softest grass that has ever grown, and by their side stood the innocent fawn and the harmless gazelle, with love-lit eyes. New born dew-drops sparkled on flower petals and crystal waters reflected the beauty of the heavens above. Sunbeams kissed Eden's splendors and there was beauty all around.

The heavens were vocal with the songs of birds and the air laden with the perfume of roses. God pronounced the first marriage ceremony and man and woman became husband and wife. Man is of divine origin and is not content without a Su-

preme Being to worship. There is within him an immortal principle. His mind if nothing more shows that he came from one more intelligent than himself. He is the offspring of a Divine mind and was created for a Divine purpose. Man has a nature different to all other beings God has created. He has a mind to reason with. His thought can rise and soar amidst the clouds or it can sound the depth of the seas.

It can outride the fastest meteor that ever flashed into view along the horizon or it can be concentrated in one single focus, upon one point until it solves the most difficult problems. It can traverse fields in the far distant universe, dash from star to star, encircle worlds, speed along their orbits, play on the outer circle of creation's boundaries, gather gems from flashing world systems, measure the most distant worlds and tell of the return of every wanderer in the skies. The mind of man has invented instruments by which he can call from their hiding the far distant worlds rolling in majesty in the circle of the before unknown. It has shoved back the curtain and brought to view systems of rainbow beauties; has turned the searchlight onto every wanderer of the skies and compelled them to say whither bound; has stood by the path of the comet and heard it as it dashed toward the outer bounds of the universe and felt the breeze upon his brow as it rushed on to the purpose for which it was created; has laid his hand on the rudder of the universe, as it were, and felt the pulsebeat of worlds. The mind has trodden the pavement of other spheres and grasped the immensity of other systems; has gazed upon the fast approach of the oncoming wanderer and watched it in its receding whirlwind dash; has inquired into the age and origin of earth's material and dissected the sunbeam; has discovered life in the atmosphere we breathe.

Man has two minds, or rather two parts to the one mind. He has a conscious brain and a sub-conscious brain. The conscious brain acts as the sieve for the sub-conscious. The con-

scious man reasons and the subconscious takes for granted that all things are true. The conscious brain is the material part and the subconscious the spiritual part. They are to a great extent dualistic.

Man's body is a complete system of nerves. It is a network and may be compared to a telephone system, the brain being the central office. Take the finest needle made and touch the body anywhere and at once it is telephoned to the brain. Electric bells are set throughout the body.

Man has appetites and desires. He also has a will power to exert in order to control these desires of his emotional nature. He can let his desires run uncurbed, and they will ruin him and wreck him, or he can control them, and they will bless him to the highest and holiest positions in life and to bliss and joy in the world to come. God made man and gave him these passions and emotions and He also gave him a mind to control them. If he will be safe let him exert himself and control with the spiritual man the animal desires of the carnal man.

Man longs for something higher than himself. He must have an ideal to which he may aspire. He has within him the qualities by which he may rise to the height of angels or fall to the depth of demons. He walks amid the scenes of earth, but it is not his home or resting place. He is not satisfied with this world. He seeks truth and to find out from whence he came and whither bound. There is an irresistible impulse that bears him onward. He rebels at the thought of death and the grave, but onward he is pressed toward that darkness and that silence. He cannot stop. He cannot linger one moment. He must go prepared or unprepared. Every minute and he is nearer the grave. It is the end of all living. It is only through it that man may attain to life. The existence of a God may be questioned. That Jesus Christ was the Son of God may be questioned and that the Bible is the word of God, but the grave cannot be questioned. Man knows that it lies at the end of this earth life.

Man's nature naturally calls for something to rely upon. There is but one safe thing and that is Christianity. Belief in the word of God is the only hope for man in this dreary world below. Take Christianity away and nothing is left for this world. It is everything to man. There is no use to question God's dealing with men. He deals as he will and man's questioning his right or his supremacy does not change God's plans in the least. The question is, "What will God have man do?" God made the world and all that it contains. He made the sparrow, beautiful, innocent, and with a sweet song. He also made the cruel hawk with sharp claws to catch the sparrow and take its life. No man knows why, but He did. God made the cat with plush feet and it can tread so lightly and softly that little mice cannot hear and the cat feeds upon the innocent mice. Why did he do it? No man can answer the question. He did, is all we can say. God made the innocent lamb and he made the wolf. The lamb has no defense and the wolf has sharp teeth and preys upon the lamb that dies without murmur. There is not a philosopher wise enough to answer why they were thus made. They were, and that is all the answer that can be given. No one can tell why God made man as he is. Man has to tread in darkness here below. He has to suffer affliction, pain, sorrow, disease, numberless in name, and at last to die. Why was man thus made? No man can tell, but he was. Why did Christ shed his blood upon the Cross. Not one can answer; he did and that is all. The Bible is the only book that tells about man, his origin, nature and destiny. From the tongueless silence came man upon this stage of existence, and from this stage he must step down to the night of death wrapped in a mantle of darkness with the promise of an awakening when he feels the touch of fingers softer than the downy feather and hears the voice of angels.

Man is born with a nature, and sometimes his nature is spoken of as fixed or immovable nature. There is no such thing as a

fixed and immovable nature. Everything in his nature and disposition can be cultivated. It can be trained up or down. The environment of the early life has a great deal to do with the life of the individual in the more mature years. Evil associates will degrade and drag down any character, it makes no difference how strong the character. On the other hand, good associates and noble characters will train the young life in the same direction. Every child has so much sense and you cannot add any more brains, but the knowledge it has can be drawn out and cultivated. The same thing is true with the nature and disposition. The nature can be trained and cultivated. The man with a thirst for whiskey can refrain from its use until he does not desire it, and on the other hand one who has no desire for strong drink can take it little by little until he gets to where he can hardly stop its use. If one can cultivate a habit downward he can also cultivate it upward with an exertion on his part. Environment has a great deal to do with our lives. It is not very satisfying to any one to claim that a certain disposition is born in him and he can't help it. If it was born there cultivate it out, rise above it. Throw the whole soul and will into the trial to overcome an evil and the victory will be complete.

He who overcomes the evil nature and lives an upright, honest life and honors God will at last attain unto eternal life with the blest and redeemed. Man's destiny is in harmony with the life he lives. If he lives a wicked and sinful life, then beyond, in the life that is to be, he may expect to reap of what has been sown here below. That long home to which man must go is a place of sin and sorrow or it is a place of joy and gladness. The place is determined by the life that is lived while here in this world. What must be the awful doom of the man who will not serve God, who labors for the devil and rejoices in sin? The present is a vale of sorrow and the future is dark and holds out no star of hope to such a one. The companions

in that future land will be lost men and women who have forgotten every trace of manhood and womanhood and whose lives are filled with the dregs of human sorrow. The destiny of every man who serves as best he can will be life amid the regal splendors of a heavenly paradise on the shores where no sorrow and trouble can ever come—that land where living is a treasure. He who spends his time in the service of God, hates evil and loves the good, is hasting on to that place where the skies are always fair. Man is not satisfied with this world. He longs for something higher and better. All men at times grow weary with the journey of life. There is a something they long for that they do not have. That something will be supplied in the eternal destiny of man in the love retreats with God. There and there only will he find satisfaction, and life be filled with all the riches he ever longed for in this world below. From God man came and to God he must return.

Dedication of a Church.

"Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God."—(Matt. 16:16.)
"Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."—(Matt. 16:18.)

The foundation of the Church of Jesus Christ is secure, for it is built upon the confession "Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Jesus is the chief cornerstone of the spiritual structure. It is not an earthly institution, for it was to break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms and would stand forever. When the Christ came among men and spake with power men were astonished and institutions hoary with antiquity trembled. His was a kingdom that would supplant all others. Its foundation is secure. Earthly kingdoms rise and fall, but Christ's kingdom stands unshaken. It was to be an institution that would take its place in man's heart and one into which man could enter. It is a kingdom for which man should not fight, for men cannot take it by force. It is a spiritual kingdom and those who reach it must do so through love to Christ the Lord. He who would be greatest in that kingdom must be the humblest. Every one who enters in has first to become like a little child, humble, meek and consecrated. The kingdom of Jesus Christ is one great institution.

This church building is not and cannot be the church itself. It is a place where those who love the Lord come to worship and serve. It is where songs of praise rise from the lips of those who are willing to honor God. This church building is today dedicated to the service of the Lord.

The great kingdom of Jesus receives nutriment and nourishment from these centers where we meet to serve, honor and praise our God. We might compare the Church of Christ to a vine. The vine grows and flourishes, but here and there is a place where it sends down a root into the earth from which the

whole vine draws nourishment. So is the kingdom of Jesus. This building is a place where the children of God study His word; preach and teach in his name. The entire kingdom will grow stronger because of this building having been erected. The church is a divine institution, but it must have these centers where disciples meet to give strength and life to the great body of Christ. The doors of this house may be shut and locked, but the doors of the spiritual kingdom are never closed and have not been since they were first opened on the Day of Pentecost. Men may become Christians without entering this building. Those who desire can claim Christ anywhere they choose. This house of worship is a center about which you cling. It is a place where the righteous may grow closer to God and sinners be led to Christ. If it serves the purpose for which it was built, then those who come within its walls must tell to the world through their lives that Jesus died to save sinners. It was not erected to shield the hypocrite or sanction sin in anyone. It is truly the house of God and is a place where those who love him and keep his commandments can meet and worship the Maker of all things. The gospel is to be taught here, the seed of the kingdom sown and the harvest reaped. No book but the Bible is to be taught and no way but Christ pointed to. Those who go out from this church are expected to give a message to the world through which men and women may find Christ.

Within these walls Lord's Day after Lord's Day those who love God and desire to show their faith in Christ, the Son of God, will meet to commemorate the suffering of him who died to save. The bread and the juice of the vine will be in evidence every time the followers of Christ come together on the first day of the week, as they did in olden times. This church is expected as a church of Christ to keep the death and sufferings of the Savior continually before the world and when it ceases to do this (if it ever should) it ceases to be the Church of

Christ in its fullness. The emblems are to be taken not only to strengthen those who are the children of God, but to be a reminder always to the outside and sinful world that Jesus Christ died to save men.

This church is to be a place of business for God. There are elders and deacons. They are the servants of the church, not to lord it over God's heritage, but humble men who serve God with all their heart. The elders are to have the spiritual care of the church and should be men who are honest, just and worthy the care committed to them. If there are those who are sick they are to look after them, help the needy, bear the burdens of the weak and feed the hungry; point the erring back to Christ the Lord; use discretion in teaching; know when to teach and how to teach; not quick tempered, using their office as authority to whip them into service, but to love and teach them into Christ; not quick to form an opinion, slow to speak, slow to wrath, easy to discern.

There are also deacons, who are to look after the Lord's business; have care of the finances of the church and direct the use of such money as may come into their hands and pass the emblems to the congregation or see that they are passed by others. The life of the deacon should be clean, against which the outside world could not talk; men who deal justly with their fellowmen and whose word is their bond. The life and success of this church depends largely on the elders and deacons. If they fail the church will likely fail. If they are wise and discreet then the congregation will thrive and prosper.

This church is a school room. It is a place of instruction. The Bible is to be studied here. There are to be teachers and these teachers are expected to so teach and instruct as to prepare others to teach. The Bible school is a part of the church. It cannot be separated from the church. They are one. The church will be built principally from those who attend the Bible school. In the Bible school the young life is moulded into that

higher and better life. The teachers of this school should be selected with the greatest care. It means much to the life of this church to have competent teachers and those who love their work. Those who study to show themselves "approved unto God" will study to be successful as teachers for God.

This church is a lighthouse. If the life of Christ is manifested in the life of those who make this church, then the outside world, steeped in sin and stained with crime, can and will see the light and be guided from amid the snares of this world to this lighthouse of Christ the Lord. There are many who are on the storm-swept sea today. They are rocked by the winds of temptations and dashed against the rocky crags of woe and sorrow.

Christ said, "Ye are the light of the world." You should then strive to be the light of the world, brethren, in the true sense of the term. You today are giving this house to God. You are saying now by these services that it is forever set apart to him. It cost you time, energy, prayer, faith and money. You have done your work well. You have sacrificed, and it has all been for the Master. There has been difficulty after difficulty arisen since you laid the cornerstone, but you have mastered them all. The house is complete, but your work has only begun. There are still greater tasks before you. There are those who know not Christ who stand at your very doors. There is a call to you to teach. Thrust in your sickle and reap the harvest. Let souls be your hire for all that you have done. Seek no honor only to live close to your God. Have faith and press forward toward the goal. You have erected this house of worship not alone for yourselves, but for all who will come to Him. It is for the unborn that when they do appear on life's dusty pathway they may find a shelter in the time of storm. Let no heart be sad today as you give this church to him to whom you owe your all, believing as you do that a rich reward will be yours in the bye and bye. Time will reveal what your hands

have really done for your God. If one soul shall have been born into the kingdom through your influence, then you will rejoice at the end of life's journey.

This is the place where the gospel in its purity will be heard, where men can hear the gospel story of the cross and know what to do to be saved. The first principles to be proclaimed and a true Christian life to be urged and insisted upon. Faith, repentance, confession and baptism, to be preached as the Bible way to Christ and his kingdom. These are the first principles of the gospel, and he who is afraid or ashamed to preach them, let him not desecrate this house by lifting his voice in it. This is the place to teach men how to live after they have entered Christ. The Christian graces must be added if heaven is to be reached at last. No man can claim heaven who does not obey God. There are many sorrows, trials, distresses and griefs as you tread this pathway here below. The way is often lonely and the steeps are so slippery. There are thorns among the roses. There are tares among the wheat. Some days are dark and dreary and you feel that you are not able to continue unto the end, but the light breaks through the storm clouds and you take courage and move onward. You may ask, Is life worth while? The answer comes, yes, it is more than you really know.

When you have passed this shadowland and have laid your armor by, is it not something to rejoice over to know that you have left something for others, a legacy for all who pass this way? Some soul will bless those who erected this house and dedicated it to God. Some life will be drawn from sin and its shackles and pointed to Calvary because of this church. You cannot tell how much it has blessed the world until when on the other side you gather with the blessed of all ages. This is an hour of rejoicing for those who have part in this work for the Master, but there will be a time of greater rejoicing when you see the souls who have been washed in the blood of Christ, influenced through the efforts of this band of believers. Angels

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witness your deeds here today and will for ages to come. Let each one here at this hour resolve to do his best for the Lord and his kingdom among men. You should grow in grace and in knowledge of his word and thus fit yourselves for that home on high. There is no reward without toil. Whatever the sacrifice may be, remember there is a blessing to reward for the sacrifice.

"The sparrow hath found her nest." And so have you found a place where you can meet and where you can consecrate yourselves and concentrate your efforts for God. This is your church home only for a while. It must be left to others in a few more brief years. The road is not long that you here travel. It is but a span. Those who are here today may not be here tomorrow. The influence of the life will live through all the years. Your lives will bless the infant yet unborn, will steady age with its tottering footsteps and lead the erring nearer to Christ. Some of those who are here today and who have watched with eagerness the progress of this Church will some day within these walls be brought to receive from others the last tribute of respect. One by one you depart this life as one by one you came into possession of it. Time will reap with its sickle until there is not one of all who are here today; but while you are here you should be training others to take the work when you shall have departed. This is a monument to the memory of all who have helped and who are willing to continue to help in the work of the Lord.

Those who come after you may not be able to know your names, but they will surely be able to trace your footsteps. Every smile, every word, every gift, every song will be remembered. They will not be remembered because they were seen and heard, but because they made impressions on the inner soul. You will not be remembered for the reason that this building arose, but because it lived in your hearts and was stamped on your soul; for this reason it will live in the memories of those

who come after you. The glimmer of the star cannot always be seen, for between that star and the traveler may come clouds, but the remembrance that the star once shone gives even the dark night a charm. The sunset with its beauty does not continue long, but the beauty lingers in the love retreats of the soul when the sun has gone down. The floods of the Niagara may be seen only once in a lifetime, but the thunder tread of the raging waters can be heard in the mind of the one who saw and heard many years afterwards. The flower sheds a fragrance on the soft breeze that cradles it and miles away refreshes some weary traveler. The singing of a song may only last a few minutes, but its melody lingers in memory to cheer and soothe the soul when the burdens of life press down. The great ship at sea with white sails and its flag thrown to the breeze may remain in view only a while, but the one who watched that proud vessel as it rocked on the billows bound for a distant port will in his dreams see phantom ships glide in and out on heaving billows.

Mount Shasta, reaching skyward with his snow-crowned cap, may only be seen a few minutes by the traveler who is seated on the fast moving train, but his snowy crest and giant form will ever live in the mind. The little bird that sang in the early spring morning at the cottage door has disappeared, but its song touched the harp strings of the soul and is not forgotten. So it will be with you when life is over. Those who come after you may not remember how you looked, but they will remember you for what you are and what you have done to bless humanity. Heaven is what we make it. You are laying the foundation for life. Put on the Divine nature here as far as possible and God will give you a crown of life eternal when you shall have passed to his presence in the afterawhile. Are there those here who will dedicate their lives to God at this time as we dedicate this building. Come, for all things are now ready. Heaven is yours, sinner, if you will have it.

In Company With Jesus.

"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Jesus taught his disciples to pray after this manner, and in this teaches us how near we can approach to our Heavenly Father. We can go to God as a little child goes to its parents and asks for blessings from them. God will always do for us that which we cannot do for ourselves, but he has never promised to do for us that which we can accomplish ourselves. When we pray for his kingdom to come, let us work that it may come. Many a prayer has been prayed and the Father asked for things that the petitioners should have done for themselves. Prayer was intended to give strength to the one who prays as much as to call down blessings from the Father above. It creates a confidence in one's self that cannot be obtained anywhere else only in the silent chamber of prayer. No one should pray to be seen of men, but if our hearts are right in the sight of God and we are seen of all the world, God will hear our petition. We may pray anywhere and anytime. It is always sweet to be in company with Jesus, our best friend. If we are wounded he is the balm of Gilead. If we are alone in the night he is the bright and morning star. If clouds overcast the sky he is the Sun of Righteousness. If we are lost in the wilderness he is the shepherd of the sheep. If we are tossed on the sea billows he is the one who can still the tempest. If we are sinking into waves of despair he will lift us up. It is good to be alone, for then we can look at ourselves. We then seem to know ourselves better than at any other time.

The secret chamber is a good place to be, for it is there that we can feel the touch of the Master's tender hand. We can in the silent hour hear our own heart beat, for we are conscious of our sins and our shortcomings. We then feel the need of his

grace and his love. No hypocrisy lurks in the secret chamber, for he who is there knows all our thoughts. We cannot hide or keep from him anything. There the wasted hours and years of our lives stand before us, and we cannot blot them out, neither can we deny them. We there pour out our lives in love to Jesus Christ and ask that he take our sins away. It is sweet to have some one to go to when we are in so much need. No earthly friend can help us, but the Divine friend will help in time of trouble. That one who thus keeps company with Jesus will soon find that the spirit of the great Teacher is finding its way into his or her life. Our best thoughts come to us when we are in secret and silence and when only God can see and hear. Here it is that we hold silent communion with God in Heaven. God speaks to us through his word and we talk to him through the medium of prayer. Here it is we draw nigh to him who created us. Here it is that the veil is almost lifted between this world and the next. We can almost hear the rustle of angels' wings and the shouts of the redeemed. We feel our unworthiness and our dependence on one stronger and higher than we are in the secret, with none to see but the eye that never sleeps and which has kept unslumbering watch over us from the dawn of time and still guides our pilgrimage feet in our journey below.

All thoughts of malice, hatred and wrath, jealousy and evil passion flee from the soul within and the dove of peace takes possession of the heart. In the secret, silent chamber of prayer is the place where we may rest assured that no lurking demon hides itself. It is a place where only the best in ourselves may hope to abide. We need not fear the one who prays in secret, for those who are wrong at heart seldom pray, if ever, in the secret place. There are but few in the world who pray, and those who do often spend more time in asking God for blessings than they do in thanking him for what he has already given them. "Let us count our blessings, name them one by one,"

says the song, but we can't count them, for they are too numerous to count. Our prayers are not always answered as we ask them, but God gives us the things we need and not every time what we ask for, "For he knoweth what things we need before we ask him."

"Give us this day our daily bread." We should not pray for this, expecting that God will give it to us, without our own labor to bring it about. It requires our own toil in order to have daily bread. God sends the golden sunlight to warm the seed dropped into the soil. The showers fall from willing clouds above and say to the seed that, "I am the resurrection and life." It springs forth from the dark clod of earth and lifts heavenward its tiny head to be kissed and caressed by sunshine and rain, nurtured by dews from above, lifted into the heavens by white hands of the mists. It is strengthened by every balmy breeze and wind from mysterious caves. Unseen hands of a mysterious providence establish it in the earth beneath and draw strength from the soil at its base; but man must labor that a golden harvest may reward him in the autumn time. We must forgive the one who trespasses against us in order that our trespasses be forgiven us. God only forgives to the extent that we forgive.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." We need not expect that God will keep us from temptation, if we do not try to keep ourselves from it. Prayer brings peace to the troubled soul, sunlight to darkened lives, hope to sad hearts, pleasure to the weary, strength to the faint, gladness to those in sorrow. It brings sunshine into gloomy cells; it paints rainbows on dark clouds; it brings peace to every soul. Let us pray that his kingdom come and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven. When we pray let us labor that his kingdom may come. God's grace is rich, but we must work that his grace may abound. The question is often asked, "Should a sinner pray?" Now we know that God heareth not sinners, "But if any

man be a worshipper of God and doeth his will, him he heareth." (John 9:31.)

This means a rebellious sinner and not one who has started to Christ. The sinner who prays to God in time of trouble and when the trouble is past continues in sin, need not and cannot expect God to hear him. Such a man is what we call a rebellious sinner. One who starts to the Kingdom of God to obey him, becomes a rebel in the kingdom of the devil, and is fleeing to the Kingdom of God. One like this will surely be heard. This is a penitent sinner. We have examples of such. Saul of Tarsus is one. (Acts 9:11.) The Lord said, "Behold, he prayeth." And this was before his pardon. Cornelius was another example (Acts 10:4). His "prayers and alms had come up for a memorial before God."

When a sinner prays he should seek to obey. There is no authority in the Bible for a sinner to agonize and beg God, and pray a week before he gets pardon. If you want forgiveness come with a prayerful heart, and obey the gospel and you are sure to get forgiveness of sin. Now as we close this sermon we ask if there is a sinner here who will come to Jesus? What can you promise yourself in this life or the one to come? What will you do when you stand before God? If you have not obeyed Jesus you will hear him say, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment." You will be cast from God into the world shrouded with blackest pall. The cursed and vile of all ages will be your companions. Demons will laugh in triumph at your sorrows. They will mock at your misery. No star of hope will greet your vision in that ugly and vile land of sin. Friend will forsake friend. When the clang of the mighty doors of woe are once heard all the demons of hell cannot unbar and unbolt. When life has closed your probation will have ended. No flowers will bloom and blush in that world of sorrow. No fountain will ripple in melody over golden sand. No birds of bright plumage and sweet songs will greet the eye and ear. The soul will be isolated from all that is good

and pure. The thunder's horrid breath will wither the roses of hope. Tempests will sweep over the soul and leave ruin and shadow. Love will prove untrue. Friendship will have no golden chain, and faith will be unknown. Each day will have its sorrows, and shadows and night will be filled with the ghosts of eternity. The soul will be cast into outer darkness, to wander forever in the unbroken night of sin. No bright rainbows will ever be seen in that ugly land. There your boat will be launched on the waves of ceaseless turmoil to drift on and on, to dash against rocky crags and disappear and then rise on black sea billows seething and boiling in that world of sin and despair. No smile from the Father will ever greet you; no kiss from angel lips will ever press your cheeks, and no sound of a loving Savior's voice will ever greet your aching heart. Waves of sorrow will ever roll over you, and you will be lost in the night of eternity shrouded in blackest pall. The best hell that we can imagine is a place where the Saviour never gladdened with his presence; a place where sin defiles; where there are nc blooming roses; where there are no homes made glad by a Redeemer's love; where temptations press upon you and no promise of brighter days. There the vultures of hatred will hover around your beaten path and feed upon your hopes. There the ravens of sorrow will attend you as you journey and gloat over your despair. The darkened world will open its chambers filled with wretched spirits, and they with burning whips will chase you through the chasms and darkened pits where thunders crash and lightnings gleam. From over the lonely hills where weeping spirits sit there will come no word of love. Sinner, will you thus perish? The Savior calls "come to me." Refuse not his mercy; slight not his call to the boundless realm of life.

Let him lead you to the fountain of all joy, safe to a sunny retreat of a heaven-kissed home. Jesus is your friend and your counselor. Reach out your hand and let him lead you. "Whosoever will let him come."

Who Are Called and Who Are Chosen.

"For many are called, but few are chosen."
—(Matt. 20:16.)

There are many perhaps who do not understand the meaning of the Bible in such a passage as the one just quoted. They do not stop to think for a moment. We can only understand the Scriptures by rightly dividing the word of God. If one passage seems to perplex us, turn to another one and see by comparison what the meaning is. There are many who are called, for all the world is called to work in the vineyard of the Master, but only few are chosen because only comparatively few obey God. Those are chosen who do God's will. Christ died for all, as is said in 2 Cor. 5:14, 15, "And that he died for all."

The whole world is invited to Christ as we find in the second chapter of Matthew and twenty-eighth verse, "'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Not one people or nation, but all those who labor and are heavy laden, which means all mankind. The life in Christ Jesus is upon condition. Jesus died for all, but those who would have salvation must comply with the requirements laid down in his word. He has never promised to save any one only on the condition which he has given. His blood was shed and in order to get under that blood one must obey the gospel. The wedding garment must be put on or the feast can not be partaken of, as we find in Matt. 22:12-15. Faith, repentance and obedience and a Christian life is that wedding garment. Without these no one can hope to attain unto life eternal. God has not chosen a certain few to eternal life and then decreed that all the rest shall be doomed to eternal condemnation.

God chose some men for a special work, for they were fitted for that certain work. He chose Judas because he had fitted

himself for the work. That work God gave him to do, but God did not make him a devil in order that he might use him for that purpose. Judas made himself a devil. Whatever a man fits himself to do that he is most sure to do. If we fit ourselves for debased and vile work then we are more than apt to do that kind of work. God never used a good man or woman to do evil work; neither has he used vile men to do good work.

No one is predestinated to go to heaven, nor is any one predestinated to go to torment. If God foreordained one part of the human family to go to heaven and another part to hell, then there must necessarily be infants in hell. If there are infants in torment, then the good as well as the bad go to destruction and there is no difference between hell and heaven. Oh, what an awful doctrine it is to teach that the innocent babe is in the world of sorrow! How absurd; how ridiculous! How foreign to God's Book. The child whose character is as spotless as that of an angel's, with no marks or stains of transgression upon it, and yet it must suffer untold misery! Such a doctrine is out of harmony with God, with heaven and with all that is pure and holy.

"For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." (Rom. 8:29.)

This passage here teaches us that those who accept Christ are made like him.

God, foreknowing the plan of salvation and that some would accept it, said that they should be conformed to the image of his Son. Those who are predestinated and called are those who hear the gospel and obey it. They are the justified and will be the glorified in his presence. One man can accept the gospel as well as another. "God is no respecter of persons." Those who want salvation can have it by accepting Christ. No man can stand justified in his presence only by doing his will. Our Heavenly Father has called all the world, and it remains for them to accept him now by obedience to his will. No one is

forced to serve him, for man is a free moral agent. He has the right to choose the path he desires to travel. If he chooses the one that leads to life happy is he, but if he chooses the one that leads to destruction then he is responsible for his own sorrow, We are admonished to be faithful unto death. There are pitfalls all along the way. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ. Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" (Rom. 8:35.) "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor power, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 8:38-39). All these things cannot separate one from God, but man can separate himself from the love of God. Of what use would it be to admonish men to faithfulness if there is no way for them to fall? The crown is promised to the one who continues faithful to the end, to the one who looks "into the perfect law of liberty and continues therein." We are admonished not to be forgetful hearers, but doers of the word. The individual comes to God by hearing, believing, repenting, confessing and obeying. Then when these things cease to be done the individual must necessarily get out of the Kingdom, for if doing them brought him into the church. when the person ceases to do them he must go out, therefore one can separate himself from the love of God. When men come to Christ they come of their own free will and when they get out of him they do so by their own acts. The old colored man in speaking of election said, "that the election is two-thirds over; that God had voted for you to be saved and the devil had voted for you to be lost. It is according as to how you vote as to the place you go." God never damns a man who serves him. All men have the privilege to serve him, for Christ died for all. There is no excuse for any one not serving God. Jesus' blood has been shed and he made the atonement for all. Can he do more than this for the hu-

man family? The one who will resolve in his heart to obey and then come to Christ the Lord is sure to find a welcome in the Father's house. He has never refused any one who has come. Can we imagine for one moment any one being lost who has sincerely repented and come to God? Can we think of a Supreme Being refusing mercy to an innocent babe? to a child who never did any sin? to one who is as spotless as an angel! No blot or blur upon the life, and yet to think of such an innocent being going down to night and darkness?

That person who teaches that the babe is lost is speaking blasphemy and God will hide him from his presence in that great day. The little baby who comes into this world and then dies before it comes to the years of accountability is as sure of immortality at God's right hand as the arch angels who bow at his feet and will wear robes of white and dwell in that celestial city forever and ever. Sinner friend, if you want life and life forever come to Jesus. You are one of the elect if you obey his commandments and are faithful unto the end of life's journey. In that great day you will be led through the gates of heaven by angels' hands and close beside the throne you will sit down there to drink of the fountain of life forever.

Where and What is Heaven?

"In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—(John 14:2, 3.)

Through all the ages past men have inquired concerning heaven. In this sermon I shall take up the thought as to where heaven will be. If there was not another passage in God's word save the one just quoted it seems that all could understand at once that heaven will not be on earth. Do not understand me to say that I am going to say and designate the exact spot of heaven, for no man knows that or can know it. The thought is, will heaven be on earth or somewhere in realms unknown? Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place, that where I am there ye may be also." This shows very clearly that heaven is not on earth. "He will receive us unto himself." This teaches us that heaven is not and cannot be on earth if this language means anything. Jesus is preparing that home for us, and if we do his will while here below in the after-while he will come for us to go home with him. If some friend were to say, "I am coming to see you and take you home with me," would we think for one moment that he was going to stay at home? Then why believe that the future rest for the people of God will be on this earth?

We shall rise to meet the Lord in the air and "so shall we ever be with the Lord" (I Thess. 4:17). The home for the righteous is now being made ready for our entering into that splendid realm of love and joy. Jesus came down from heaven and went back to heaven. Heaven to us will be the presence of God. Jesus will richly adorn that place with all that goes to make it holy and lovely. If Jesus came down and went back,

why should any one think for one moment that our abode through eternity will be here on this earth? It is not this earth that he is making ready for the home through eternity for his children, for he said, "I go;" not to make it here, but "I go." He has gone somewhere and in the boundless realms of God's great empire he is making ready that home for his children. From the fact that we read in the Book that "there is to be no more sea and there was a new heaven and a new earth" as in Rev. 21:1-4, the New Jerusalem is to come down from God. This has no reference to heaven being here on this earth. John saw this in his vision and this Holy City came down from God as a bride adorned for her husband. Jesus had made it ready and he will take to himself those who overcome here on earth and fit themselves for that city.

It will come from God and to be sure it will return to God, for we are to ever be in his presence. There will be a new heaven and a new earth, and that new heaven and new earth will likely be the abode for more intelligent beings than we are now, for when we have gone to take up our abode with our Savior, time may begin its revolutions again and God adorn this earth that has been purged and made new and clean by fire, with life, and those who live will give to him praise and adoration while they walk amid the changes of dull mortality. Our Father created this world for mortal beings, and for them it will ever be used and not for immortal. There is not one word or sentence in the Bible to justify one believing that this earth is to be our future abode when time shall have ended for us. Man longs for life beyond and is not satisfied with it here below. There is not one thing that points to this earth as the rest for the righteous for ever and ever, but everything from the least to the greatest in God's word tells us of a home somewhere else.

It may be that God made a home for his people on one of those splendid worlds created for that purpose ten thousand

times greater than this world and robed it with immortal beauty. There flowers may grow along its highways built of precious stones and graveled with diamonds. It may not be this. It may be a city with streets paved with pure gold, with glittering minarets flashing and sparkling in the upper skies of glory. It may be the metropolis of all heaven's land, where the splendor and beauty of all nations have been piled and the wealth of all empires has been unloaded and where kings and peasants meet on common ground. It may not be this. It may be a garden where flowers of fadeless beauty grow fanned by breezes made by the breath of angels, where birds of strange bright plumage sport and where leafy bowers make a shade of enchantment for all redeemed ones who walk in these courts of glory, where hummingbirds sip sweets from flowers cultivated by angel hands. There roses plucked by those who have had their robes washed and made white by the blood of the Lamb will adorn the forms of those whom they loved on earth before they donned the robes of glory. It may not be this. It may be a land lying out from all world spheres in the limitless, trackless pathway of stars beyond the outer realm of creation, where a sun of matter never shone and the music of spheres never was heard. There, far from the inhabited starry systems dotting space, may be a land made perfect for his children, where no clouds obscure the sky and no thunder's horrid tread was ever heard and where fiery lightning never flashed. There, far from where sorrows mar, and tears fall, and age creeps on may be a land of life and happiness. It may not be this. It may be a place where trades and professions are carried on as they are on earth only on a higher scale; where there will be no liars, thieves, gamblers, drunkards, whoremongers, sorcerers, no selfishness, hatred, malice, bickering, backbiting, but instead a place of purity, and all of those who are there will respect all others who have been made clean. Where the sinless and undefiled carry on their work in the home that knows no sin

nor deceit. It may not be this. It may be a land of social joy and where all of those who have met for endless praise will hold sweet converse with each other and with the angels always and walk hand in hand under arcades built by the builders of heaven. Where there will be no corrupt conversations by those who are to enjoy that association forever. They will walk and talk together in that land of love. It may not be this, but it may be all that we have mentioned and then more than all that the mind of man can conceive of.

Whatever is the most beautiful and pure in the eye of every human being, that same thing is heaven to them and heaven will be that and more than that. It is great enough, vast enough, wide enough, deep enough and high enough to contain all that can be imagined of it. It is said that you cannot tell where heaven is no more than you can locate space; no more than you could give physical boundaries to beauty and love. To this I would say that there must necessarily be an object, or there can be no space; there must be a being to love, or there can be no love. There can be no joy unless there is one to be happy. If this be true, then in order that there be a heaven there must of necessity be a place somewhere out in fields of glory where heaven is and there must be those who people that realm and rejoice.

Then it is heaven if God be there and angels keep its courts. God is everywhere, we are told, and he is. His spirit goes throughout all worlds and space, but God dwells in heaven as we dwell on earth. If not then there is no head of the universe. God has a being, but he is a glorified being having immortality and is a God of love. He was before a world moved, sun blazed, star sparkled, comet plunged through space; before an ocean roared, a sound was heard, a song sung. He was from everlasting to everlasting. He was then as he is now. There was no beginning and will be no ending with God. He alone heard the first sound that broke the stillness of eternity's

night and wielded the mighty hammer that struck the first blow on the anvil of eternity that sent worlds whirling and flashing into space. He saw the first ocean when he had scooped out its hollow and the first river as it wound its way to the sea and the first lake that mirrored the blue heavens above. He heard the first notes of the bird-song and the cooing of the turtle dove. God was then and he is now and will forever be. He is eternity himself, and what is eternity? Beginningless, endless, measureless, a circle, a day with nothing but noon. God must necessarily be somewhere in person in order that he may be present always throughout the universe. If there is no place where he is in person then there is nothing tangible to which we can attach ourselves. Heaven is a place and God is a personage. There cannot be a heaven only in imagination unless God exists. There can be no beauty unless a subject exists; so likewise there can be no heaven unless heaven exists somewhere. To say that heaven is no particular place and that it is everywhere is the same as saying that it is an imaginary thing and not real, and that is equivalent to saying that there is no heaven. We are told that heaven is in the heart, but that cannot be.

The love of heaven, the hope of heaven, the bliss of heaven, the foresight of heaven, is in the heart, but heaven itself is not in the heart; if it is the hope of heaven could not be there. Heaven is a place of rest, of joy, of life. Whatever would be the greatest joy to an individual that something will be heaven, for no man can think of anything that is good, true, honest, just and lovely that heaven does not contain. Therefore heaven is all that all the world can wish or even hope for. "The half has never yet been told." It will be a place where those who have toiled in this world below will rejoice forever. They will remember that they were redeemed by the blood of Jesus. They will have the same body, only immortalized. It will be a spiritual body and not a spirit. Those

who reach that blest home will know each other there. They will not only know each other, but will know the redeemed of all ages. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob will be known. This to some would not seem pleasing at the first thought, for the question is, What about the dwarf and the little child? What about our scars? Because one is a dwarf or dies in childhood is no reason that they will have to be the same in heaven to be recognized. The child grows to manhood or womanhood here below, and yet we recognize them as the same person only more fully developed, and so it will be in heaven. The dwarf will not have to be a dwarf through eternity in order to be recognized. There will be no scars to identify one by, yet he will be the same. No one will be unhappy either because some one else is not there, for we will shout amen at the judgment of God. We will know that if anyone is not there the condemnation was just. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God"---that is, naturally, but we can enter in by becoming sons by adoption into the family of God.

This body will come from the grave if Paul was right when he said that "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." There is nothing in the grave but the body, for at death the "spirit returns to God who gave it." So it must be the body that is to come from the grave, and if it does it will enter heaven if found worthy. Some people make heaven to appear so dreamy, so mythical and spirit-like, that it loses its charm.

Heaven is real---as much so as this life, if not a thousand times more. In that heaven-land we will live, love, rejoice, talk, learn, have our same bodies, our memory, our understanding, recognize all who are there and know that we lived on earth and were redeemed by his blood. It is asked often if there will be any difference in the enjoyment of those who are in heaven. The Bible reads that way. No one will know that another one is enjoying heaven more than he is nor will

those who are the happiest know that they are happier than others. Individuals will enjoy what they fit themselves for and what they are capable of enjoying. The one who uses five talents and makes five more will enjoy heaven more than the one who uses one, for the one who has the ten is capacitated so that he can enjoy more. We might illustrate. There is a beautiful flower garden and two people are taken into that garden to see its beauty. One's bosom heaves and swells with emotions of ecstasy. The other one walks among the flowers and appreciates them to a certain extent, but not one-hundredth part as much as the one who first entered the garden. One does not know how much the other one is enjoying it. Each enjoyed it to his full capacity and that was all. The one whose appreciation was so little thought that it was as great as the other, and after all to each individual the garden was the same, because one could not know the other's mind. "One star differeth from another star in glory." Heaven will be the same. There will be enough for angels to rejoice at and peasants comprehend enough to be made happy. Every one is to be judged according to his works. Just what heaven will be to each individual is not made definite. All shall praise him and rejoice in his presence.

Heaven is a place of service, and where each one will have a work to do, but never be burdened with toil, for all service will be glad service. Let us take all the aspirations and conceptions of all the world and put them together, and heaven is more than them all. Heaven is music, it is rest, it is joy, it is praise, it is shouting, it is crowns, it is roses, it is rivers, it is trees, it is flowers, it is rainbows, it is mansions, it is a land, it is a house not made with hands, it is fellowship, it is social joy. It is victory, it is truth, it is beauty, it is goodness, it is reality. In that heavenly city we shall walk and talk together with the prophets and sages of all the past. Melody divine will float out upon the upper airs of the home

of the soul. There will be no death there. We may well be glad that there is death here, for through it we pass to higher realms.

We stand now and know just out before us there is the dark door of death. How we shudder as we look upon that dark door, musty with the breath of centuries and gnawed by the tooth of time. We try to pause, but we are borne on by an irresistible impulse toward that dark and rugged door hung upon massive hinges. We try to halt, but the pressure of the waves of time's ceaseless flow hurry us on toward the brink, where the sands gradually melt from beneath our feet and the cold breath from that dim and dark chamber cools our brow. Over that great door is written "death" in bold, flaming letters. We tremble as we near it, yet we cannot resist it. "It is appointed unto men once to die." One step, and life is all over. And on the other side is written "Heaven" if we have served God. It is written in gold, and we shall hear the harps make divine melody as the Master sweeps his fingers across the strings. How necessary it is, then, to love and serve while it is called today. Let us give each moment something to carry to heaven's gates for us. Send material up there that our Savior may build for us a mansion in the skies. Every little minute that comes brings a blessing for us. What will we give that minute? It is ours only a little while and flies into eternity never to return again. It may condemn us at the judgment bar of God, or it may be there to bless us. What answer can we make for all the hours, days, weeks, months and years we have spent in idleness? The Judge will question us—what shall our answer be? How have we used our talents?

If we are prepared we will not dread to meet death so much, but we will if we are not prepared. What is death? and where are the dead? Death is ceasing to labor here on earth for Jesus or for sin, as the case may be. It is waiting for a brighter or darker day to dawn. As a man dies so will he be in the judg-

ment. There is no trial after death or rather chance after death. If he dies in sin, at judgment he will be found in sin; if otherwise, then the blood of Christ was shed in vain. When an individual dies his body goes to the grave and molders back to dust and the spirit is in God's keeping. We know nothing about it only it is with God and one day it will be given back to this body. The destiny of all is sealed at death and God knows what the future holds for them. The judgment will not be to say where the individual is to go, but it will be to show the world God's justice and vindicate his rights and the reuniting of the soul and body. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. "He is the God of Abraham and Isaac." Their spirit lives, but the body is dead. "David is not ascended into the heaven"—that is, his body has not—but his spirit has gone to God. Those who are gone on before know nothing of the toils and labors and sins and passions here below. Job says, "His sons come to honor and he knoweth it not, and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not." The spirit is waiting with God, and when the times comes it will join this body to live forever in a glory world. The tempest-tossed soul at last finds anchor in that haven of rest. Doubts will all flee and the mists of time be cleared away. If we are clothed with righteousness here then at last the banner of Jesus will wave victoriously over us in a world where there is no sorrow. Our defeat here, if it comes, is only temporary, truth and right will conquer in the end.

The arm of sin unveiled and bucklered may spurn the right for a while, but in the divine order of things it must be conquered and truth hold supremacy. We are hastening on to a more perfect day. Our joys are not complete here; life is not full enough; our aspiration and hopes die too soon. The dawn tells of a coming day. Through the bud we see an open flower; in the seed we see a harvest; in the river we see the ocean; in the acorn a giant oak; in the eaglet we see the screaming

bird of liberty. In man we see immortality. This world is but the beginning of a more splendid life. Then we shall see flowers of life eternal opened into full grown beauty and fragrance. The thought of life forever with God fills us with joy and hope. We sometimes live in the world above even as we walk here below. We revel in fancy's dreams; we breath the air from fields whose flowers are immortal; we hear music soft and sweet as the breath of summer flowers; we see white forms among the hills and in the dells. We hear hosannahs from far off shores; the strains are wafted to us on the wings of fancy. How thin is the veil that separates us from that home of life evermore! The star that sets shall rise again. The evening star is the bright morning star with its glittering beams. We stand amid the wreckage of time and see our fondest hopes fade. Life ebbs out and loved ones are gone; silent tombs mark their resting place, and fresh gathered flowers tell of love centered in the one who could no longer with us stay. Like a tender rose they could not endure the heat of the day, and like a dewdrop they vanished after brightening the world but for a while. We pause beside the grave a moment, but pass on to the cares and duties of life, never finding contentment, but ever longing for some place to rest and dream. We yearningly look across the sea for shores we cannot discern and in the shadows imagine that we see phantom ships gliding in and out on the restless sea. Will it always be this? No, the day will dawn when our hopes will be realized, no more dying, no more sighing for lost hopes, no more vanished forms, no more dreaming. Heaven will be ours in reality, and then we shall praise God forever and ever in his presence.

Tongues, Miracles and Sinless Perfection.

There seems to be a misunderstanding in the world of today concerning tongues. It is said, because they are mentioned in the Scriptures, that men can talk in other tongues today. I wish to notice a few passages. Take Acts 2:4: "And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Now it is evident that they spake in a tongue that could be understood. There were at Jerusalem seventeen different nationalities. When these disciples spoke they talked in their own language, and those who heard, heard in their own language. The language was changed from the lips of the speaker before it reached the ears of the hearer. It was not something that no one understood, but every one could understand and that in their own language. Those of the present time who practice this speaking in tongues do not understand it nor does the man who hears it. These men were baptized with the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost and they could naturally speak in tongues. There are two baptisms of the Holy Spirit recorded, one was on the day of Pentecost, when the gospel was first preached, and the other one was the acceptance of the Gentiles as subjects of the kingdom (Acts 10:44-46). The Holy Spirit comes to us through God's Word if we have the fruit of the Spirit as in Gal. 5:22, 23: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control." These are greater than all tongues spoken in ignorance in the present day. Those who teach the baptism of the Holy Spirit of today are responsible for the false teaching and ignorance concerning tongues. For if men are baptized with the Holy Spirit and it cleanses them from sin, then it would surely give them tongues to speak with. Such teaching is inconsistent. No man of today is baptized with the Holy Spirit nor does he speak

with other tongues. Those who practice and teach such are those who fall on a few passages of the Scripture to prove their point, and never look at the rest of the Book. 1 Cor. 13:8 says that tongues shall cease. I know no way to make it plain if that is not. 1 Cor. 14:22 says that "tongues are not for a sign to the believing, but to the unbelieving." How can it be a sign to an unbeliever unless he understands what is said, like the unbelieving did on the day of Pentecost?

Those claiming tongues of today make claims that they do not and cannot prove. Such a claim is false upon the face of it and reveals only ignorance of God's word, by the one so boasting. Of what use are tongues of today even if they could be spoken unless they teach, edify, instruct and become a sign to the unbelieving by knowing what is spoken? All this was true when the holy men of old spake in tongues. It is foolishness before men and before God for people to claim to speak in tongues at the present time. God wants things done decently and in order. No one has to wallow on the floor or ground to be religious; in fact if they are religious they will not do such things. God wants individuals to worship him in their right mind and not in a fit of insanity. The Holy Spirit teaches men, but it teaches through the word of God and not independent of it. It brings to remembrance all things that he has spoken. It brings these things to our minds through the written word. The Holy Spirit accompanies the word in man's heart. The individual who obeys can rest assured that Christ is with him through the Holy Spirit. When the Holy Spirit comes into the heart it don't make the individual jump up and halloo and act foolishly and claim to speak in tongues. The Holy Spirit causes men to tell the truth, makes them humble, well-behaved, polite, gentle, kind, modest and prayerful, study the Bible more and more and give the life into the service of Jesus.

Tongues were for a sign in the early church. The church was in its infancy and it necessarily had to have signs, but it

has grown out of infancy and does not need a sign. The New Testament was not written when men spake in tongues. The church is now established and we have the gospel and through it men and women come to Christ. The unknown tongue that some claim today would never bring anyone to Christ, for no one can understand what is said, not even the speaker. It is goose language and cannot edify in any sense. It is a shame to civilization to tolerate such nonsense. Those who speak in other tongues today different from their mother tongue must study to do so, and not depend on the Holy Spirit for such a gift. If the Spirit gives the gift of tongues today, then the same Spirit will give them the power to perform miracles, to drink deadly poison, handle serpents and heal the sick as we find in Mark 16:18. These signs were for the early church, as we have said, but they ceased with it. Can anyone perform miracles today? Do we see them do so? If there are miracles today show the world and convince them. Of course, some one is ready to say, "A wicked and an adulterous generation seeketh after a sign." This was said by the Master when people merely wanted to see the sign for idle curiosity and not in order to believe. But we find that Jesus healed the multitude as in Matt. 14:14: "And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them and he healed their sick."

Why do men not heal the sick today if they have power? If they can speak in tongues they have the power to heal the sick. The Mormons claim that they are the chosen people of God. If they can perform miracles and they who speak in tongues can do the same and yet they do it differently, who is right? Are there two gods? The answer is they both have false claims and cannot prove anything they claim along the line of miracles. If anyone could heal the sick he would have compassion on humanity and do so and when he refuses to do so the world knows the claim is false on the face of it. Great multitudes followed Christ and saw him heal the sick, cast out devils; there

was all manner of sickness that he healed. He did not wait to see their faith in many instances. He healed though he was far from them because some one came and asked him to do so. He healed them in the selfsame hour and did not do it by degrees, but at once, in a moment. There are people today who claim to be without sin. They claim to be wholly sanctified. Sanctification means setting apart. Anyone is sanctified who has set his life apart to the service of the Master and who is trying to serve him to the best of his knowledge and ability. But to say that one is perfect is not true, though we have in Matt. 5:48: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." All language has a meaning according to the subject to which it is applied. If perfect is applied to God then it means spotless, pure, and is unlimited. When perfect is applied to man or has reference to him it means as far as nature will permit of perfection, because he is not a creature equal with God. Let us take the word education. When we say that a man is educated we mean that he is versed in the sciences; he knows something about mathematics, and English, history and geography; but if we say the horse is educated, we do not mean that he is versed in the sciences; we mean he has splendid knowledge for a horse. The same would apply to the dog; he may be educated, but not know as much as the horse knows. It is the same way with the word perfect when it is used with reference to man; its meaning is limited and does not mean sinlessness on his part, but perfect as far as his nature will permit of perfection. Let us notice another passage (I John 1:8): "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." This passage is plain enough for any one to understand. The one who claims to have no sin deceives himself and the truth is not in him. When any one claims to be perfect and to have no sin then you may begin to watch him because he won't tell the truth, for the truth is not in him.

Let us notice I John 1:10. "If we say that we have not sinned we make him a liar and his word is not in us." The man who makes God a liar is surely not to be trusted in anything. Yet men who call themselves preachers claim to be perfect. Such men are mockers, defamers, deceivers and abusers of God's word. There has never been but one who walked among men without sin, and that was Jesus.

We should ever strive to be better than we are. Christ is our standard; he is the ideal character and we are ever working on toward him, growing better day by day if we are the children of God. One day we will be perfect with him in glory, but not on earth. We are not prone to sin every minute, hour nor day, but sometime at an unguarded moment we sin. In fact, no Christian wants to sin, but the weakness of the flesh causes us to transgress, and then we pray to the Father through Jesus for forgiveness. We know that he will forgive if we confess our sins to him. Let us notice the passage in I John, 3:9, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin because he is born of God." This passage is often quoted to prove that man may be perfect. The seed spoken of in this verse is God's word; now while the seed remaineth in him he can not sin. If a man remembers God's word and keeps it before him he will not sin but at some unguarded moment he loses sight of his word and the seed does not remain in him; he forgets and falls into sin. In that act he ceases to be born of God. The American Revised Version says, "begotten" instead of born, which is correct, and gives us more light. The moment that one forgets the word of God and allows himself to step aside from the path of duty, he is not begotten of God in that single act, because the seed did not remain in him and he sinned. This Scripture does not teach sinless perfection. Those who observe closely or to any extent will soon be convinced that there are none who are perfect. The ones who claim perfection are the ones who cloak them-

selves in their meanness with a form of religion. Without appealing to the Bible we know that there are none without sin. Common sense teaches us that much about man.

Christ died for us and stands as an advocate with the Father. He pleads for us when we ask him as we walk through this sinful world to a higher home; a home where there will be no sin nor sorrow. There we shall be like him when we reach the other side and stand among the sainted blessed. We shall then be without sin, in a world made perfect by his presence. We now love to sit and contemplate what we shall be when we have reached the other side. When the long journey of life is over and humanity has run its race and the time comes for all the world to give an account of its stewardship, then an archangel shall descend from heaven attended by a retinue of the royal sons of God. He will stand with one foot on the troubled sea and the other on the trembling land. He will sound his trumpet and sleeping nations shall arise from long lost and forgotten graves. The sun shall forget his splendor and refuse to shine, the moon with her beams of mellow light retire behind dark and somber clouds; the stars shoot wildly from their appointed pathway in the sky and launch out into the inky abysm of darkness. The world, reeling and rocking on its circling track, where it has trodden for centuries with safety, at last shall perish with other worlds lodging upon its great heart. Amid this confusion the thunder shout of Almighty God will be heard, and every nation, kindred and tongue will "arise, some to everlasting life and some to everlasting condemnation." Death will yield up its treasures. Those who have lived for God and his Christ will "rise to meet the Lord in the air." They are the trophies of his matchless victory. What triumph, what a procession that will be, what shouting and singing! It will be music sweeter than the song at creation's birth or at the cradle of an infant Redeemer. It will be the song of triumph sung by the grand

chorus of all the sainted blessed as they near the City of our Lord lying somewhere in the fields of light.

This will be the abundant entrance through the gates into the city. Then we may speak in tongues, understanding all miracles, and be spotless and pure. Then and not until then. The invitation is given for you to accept Christ now while we wait for you to come.

The Resurrection and Future Life.

"Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."—Ps. 26:19.

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Dan. 12:2.

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable."—1 Cor. 15:19.

Christ is the foundation of our hope for life in the future. We grope amid the shadows here below and we are indeed pitiable if for us there is no better clime. The present is all that we can claim. The past with its visions and dreams through the gateway of memory rises before us, and the joys and sorrows of other days are reviewed by the mind. We are glad because of the joys and sad because of the sorrows. Every moment, every hour and every day when they are over take their places in the silent chambers of the dead past. The events of yesterday are buried and have left no trace save the epitaph they have written on the hearts and tablets of those who live today. The future is hidden from our wondering eyes by a curtain whose soft folds can only be lifted by the approach of the hand of time. We hasten toward the pleasures of the future, grieve over the sorrows of the past and often forget our duty in the present. Are the past, the present and the future of this world all we have to draw our comfort from? If they are, then we are deprived of the greatest joy in time and of a blessed hope of life beyond this mystic veil.

The joy of a hope of life beyond death leads us from childhood dreams to old age with its griefs. Through the shadows and tears of life's pilgrimage it is a guiding star to a farther and far-away realm. We see upon the face of every human being

the pencilings of immortality. If it were not for the hope of the resurrection then would our life be vain, our fondest hopes perish, and our happy dreams be as a shadow and our strongest faith be nothing. "With what body do they come?" This question has been asked for centuries by men with broad brows. Will we live in that world to which we are hastening with these same bodies, or shall we expect a different body? The apostle says: "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption." It is sown a natural body; "it is raised a spiritual body." "It" is a pronoun and the antecedent is body, therefore we conclude that it must be the same body; otherwise it would not be a resurrection. If the same body we have goes to the grave and is never brought from the tomb then the Apostle Paul did not understand the resurrection. If we are clothed upon with a new body when we answer to the roll call in the skies and this body remains forever in the dust of earth, then there will be no resurrection, but the creation of a new body.

Some one may ask what Paul meant when he said that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." He is here speaking of the physical body without becoming an heir of the kingdom. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God until the man becomes a son by adoption into the family of God. In our Adamic state we cannot inherit it, but when once we enter the family of God and continue until the end with Christ as our leader then we shall inherit the everlasting kingdom. Paul says in the last part of the fiftieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians, "Neither doth corruption inherit incorruption," but we are expecting with all of our faults and imperfections here to at last inherit or be permitted to enter the land of joy. We cannot hope or expect to be incorruptible until we live with God. The apostle speaks of a "spiritual body" and we shall surely have a spiritual body glorified. The body will then be raised to a higher plane of life. It will not be subject to sin, sorrow, disease, hatred, death nor the grave. It

will be an immortalized body fashioned after that of Jesus Christ. It will be the same body only made spotless through the blood of Jesus. The body must die and moulder to dust. (I Cor. 15:35.) "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" The grain of wheat must die, but it rises in a new grain and the material and substance in the old is brought forth in the new. There is no more difficulty with God in bringing forth the human body long wasted in the earth than there is in quickening the little grain of wheat. In one sense the wheat has a new body, but in another it is the same body. It will be new, yet its former self. It will not lose its identity because of having died. One thing urged against the resurrection is that this body becomes new every seven years and that if a man lives to be old he has changed bodies several times. Then if all that has ever belonged to his body lives again what a great body man would have. If this argument were true man would have immortal youth. The body would never grow old, age would never steal in upon us, gray hairs would never be seen, time would not obliterate the tints of health and stoop age with infirmities. The man one hundred years old would be as vigorous as the youth at fifteen; wrinkles would not write the marks and lines so plainly on our brows. The body we have is the body we shall go to the grave with. The child grows and is vigorous until it reaches the years of maturity, we know, but it loses none of its body in youth or old age by being replaced with new material. If this theory mentioned is true, then it would call for our prisons and penitentiaries to open their doors and say to every man and woman who has been confined for seven years to go free, for they would have an entirely new body and it would not be responsible for what the other did. Who would be willing to turn all the criminals loose in this land who have been punished seven years and say that they are no longer guilty? If it is true of the body it is true of the mind, therefore we could not remember in old age what was

done in childhood. We find that this is not true of the body; it is the same mind and same body all through life. There has been much said about the body being dissolved and passing back to dust and being scattered to all parts of the world and that it is impossible for it ever to be collected or brought together again; but there is nothing impossible with Jehovah. When the voice of God shall call for the scattered dust it will gather at his bidding; and when His hand of love shall touch the long lost and forgotten ashes, that body, purified, redeemed and glorified, will rise in freshness and beauty like a tiny seed kissed by sunshine and watered by the dews of heaven, springs forth into the rosebud tinted with beauty and laughing with delight, even so will the body come forth in the land of new made glories.

There has been a great deal said and perhaps more written on the state of the dead than any other subject. There are none who can tell where the spirit of man is between death and the resurrection. "The spirit returns to God who gave it" (Ecc. 12:7). "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." It is in God's keeping and that is all we know. We do know that the body goes to the grave and wastes away. There are some who would have us believe that the body and spirit are one. But we need only a little knowledge to know better than to believe such a claim. If such is true then man is no more than a brute. We believe man to have an immortal principle. I Tim. 6:16 says, "Who only hath immortality." God does not have immortality by the will of another. There is an immortal principle in man though it cannot be said that man possesses immortality because he cannot give it or bestow it on another. We find in Rev. 15:3, "For thou only art holy." God is the only one who is pure and spotless, but it does not teach that none of us possess holiness and that there is no good in us because he only is holy. We may grow holy as far as our nature will allow,

but we cannot claim holiness to the extent that we are equal with God.

The same is true with immortality. We cannot bestow it upon another, for it was given to us. God breathed upon man and he became a living soul. That which God gave to man was a part of himself and must have an immortal principle. Has a baby an immortal principle? If not will it be resurrected? If it does have, at what stage in life does it lose the immortal part? If there is nothing lost from childhood to manhood or womanhood, are we not immortal beings? The little child nestling in the mother's arms, resembling a beautiful rosebud about to open in the spring time; golden curls drop from its temples, eyes expressing the innocence of an angel, hands soft as velvet, lips like the cherry, feet beautiful as an angel's, heart fluttering like the wings of a tiny hummingbird, its breath like the perfume of new blown roses, its voice like the murmur of soft waters. God kisses it and it sleeps that sleep that knows no waking until called to the home eternal; sleep kissed down to dreamless silence by angel lips. Its voice is hushed; it breathes no more; its smile, like sunshine, has vanished; its eyes are closed; its heart is stilled; the little hands and feet move no more in childish glee, unbelievers would have us believe that as the mother looks upon the lifeless form of her dear and precious child she must say farewell for time and eternity; that there will be no hereafter for the little one nor for her; that this earth is first and last of all mankind. We ask, is the life of the child no more than that of the brute? Was its voice no more than the lowing of herds? Was the touch of its hand no more than the foot of a lamb? Its curls no more than the fleece of the sheep? Its kiss like the touch of wild flowers? Its smile no more than a dream of pleasure? Its breath no more than the sephyrs in the twilight hour? The brightness of its eye no more than the glitter of a dewdrop in the early morning touched by mellow sunbeams? The beat of its heart no more than the rise

and fall of the sea? Its mind no more than that of the animal? Tell the mother as she touches its cold form that it will rise no more; that the grave is the last sad end of her baby, and that flower and tree will claim its dust never to give it up again; tell her that sea waves will roll over its ashes and sea-weeds will draw nourishment from its bones and that the sea will never give up its dead. As she treads life's pathway no joy will gladden her soul. She will sit in the twilight shadows with nothing but memories and no hope for the future. Her heart is saddened and grief will be her only portion. If immortality is only a dream of man and not real then our most gorgeous dreams will fade. The wise and good of all ages have believed that there will be a reunion beyond this veil of time. The little seed dropped into the soil decays after having sent forth a tiny stalk to produce millions of other seeds in the days and years to be. Will the soul of man be less productive? Not that it will send forth myriads of life, but will bring forth only one cut and chiseled after the ideal existing in the great Architect's mind. The dark clouds that hover over us here will be kissed away by the Giver of faith, hope and love. Toils, sorrows, cares and bereavements will die with the flesh and in their stead will be given rest, pleasure, joy and happiness. "Defeat of our brightest hopes will give place to victory on the farther shore." The music that floated in time to our ears through dreams will in that bright land be sung by angel choirs. Every fall tells us of the approach of death and every spring brings us the joy of a coming resurrection. The leaves and flowers fade, and in them we see the picture of our death and decay. The sunshine warms them into life again, and in them we see our own selves, brought forth for a land immortal. In that better land the aged will take on immortal youth and the child rise to maturity. The sweetest joy that ever came to man was the thought of a life beyond. The one who believes in the future and loves the gospel story, who obeys from the heart its commandments,

will when the end comes pass from time to eternity without a struggle. "The life of a Christian glides out like some beautiful, calm and silent river emptying into the great sea without a ripple or murmur. It will sweep from its narrow channel into the farreaching arms of the unruffled sea of God's infinite love. It will move calmly by passing flowers of hope as they lean from its shore. The trees shed their blossoms overhead, it flows on, leaving joys and griefs behind. It approaches the edge of the revealed. The waters grow calm, silent, placid and deep. The dark sea of death lies before, but the river of human life must flow into it for awhile, but will some glorious morning glide out of the sea of death into the sea of life, into the bosom of God." "Death settles down on the couch of a believer like a dove nestling over her brood when the storm sweeps the sky." Death to the trusting soul comes like the sun kissing soft clouds good night. Man passes from earth to rise in a land immortal. This teaching that man has no immortality except he accepts Christ comes from those who would have us believe that the wicked will be destroyed momentarily when they are banished from the presence of God. Of course the wicked could not be destroyed if they have an immortal principle. If man is not immortal then there is no difficulty about destruction. The very same argument that will prove the punishment of the wicked is only for a moment will prove that the joy of the righteous is but the same length of time. We know not what the punishment of the wicked will be, but we do know that they will be cast away from God. It surely does not mean that there shall be literal fire to torment man forever, but fire is used in the Bible because it expresses to man's mind the idea of the most severe punishment. "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" (Mark 9:44). "Their worm" in this passage means their body. The fire is not quenched because the wicked must be tormented forever. Now as to what that fire is we know not. The home of the wicked

may be a darkened valley where a flower has never bloomed, where no rippling streamlets flow, into whose dark expanse one ray of sunlight has never wandered. Where the debauched and criminal, whoremongers, liars and thieves are lashed by the fiery whip of conscience. There covered by night's ebon pinions and where no star of hope will ever shine, where friendship is a stranger, religion unknown and happiness forever banished. Where faith cannot grow, hope has fled, and love's joyful wings have never rustled. As man goes to the grave at death so shall he be found in the resurrection. There is no second chance after having passed through this world below.

If we go empty handed then we may expect the doom of the wicked, but if we live for Jesus while here below then at last palms of victory will be ours. The question may be asked, "Shall we know each other in heaven?" The argument against this is that if we do know one another and one of our loved ones should not reach that bright shore we would be unhappy because they were not there. But we surely will know as much as we do here. If there is no recognition in heaven, then we will need an introduction to our Savior when we go to that heavenly land. If we do not know Jesus we will not know that we have been redeemed by his blood. In Matt. 7:21 we learn that many will say, "Have we not prophesied in thy name and in thy name have we not cast out devils, and in thy name have done many wonderful works?" How would the wicked know to say this if they did not know Jesus and remember they had lived on the earth. If the wicked will remember having lived on the earth will not the righteous also be able to remember that they were redeemed here. If some of our loved ones are not there it will not take any joy from us. "Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John 15:13). Jesus loved the world more than you can ever love mother, but it does not take any joy from Jesus because the world does not follow him. He has given all a chance to

accept him. The way to destruction is crowded with human souls but it does not take one ray of joy from his presence or one drop from the ocean of his happiness. Your mother will be no more your mother in heaven than will be any of the other sainted blest. "The one who does the will of God is a brother, sister and mother" (Matt. 12:50). "For whosoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." If this is true here on earth will it not be true in heaven! We will shout amen at the judgments of God, for we know he is just. Would you pray for God to save your mother whether she does his will or not? If you would not pray such on earth, would you expect God to save her in heaven or be unhappy because she was not saved when she had failed to do his will on earth? These ties which bind us on earth to one another, such as exist between parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives will be swallowed up by an infinite love over there. "For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven" (Matt. 22:30). Yes, we shall know each other there, and not only those we knew here but that vast company on eternity's strand, we shall know. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob will be there, and we shall know and rejoice with them. Some would have us believe that heaven will be on this earth, but such a theory is soon exploded when we appeal to the Bible or even to science. Matt. 5:5 is often quoted to prove that the earth will be our abiding place. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." They will inherit the earth when the universal kingdom of peace ushers in. It might be said now that the meek inherit the earth; they have peace of conscience and live in the purest atmosphere and upon the very best things God has placed on the earth. Rev. 21:4 is used to establish this claim also. "The new heaven and new earth" is taken to mean this earth after it is purified and that the new Jerusalem comes down here and is forever on

this earth. We ask where the new Jerusalem is to come from if not from heaven? We learn in I Thess. 4:17 that we are "caught up to meet the Lord in the air." Everything that grows points heavenward. Jesus Christ came from heaven and returned to that home with the Father. Everywhere heaven is spoken of as the abode of the righteous. The angels are there now; Jesus is there and God is there. We know not where heaven is, only that it lies somewhere in the limitless, trackless meadows of the stars; somewhere in the untraveled space of God's great universe. There angels' feet press golden sands and their wings cleave crystal airs. There forms divine walk radiant fields. We believe that this earth is as old as any other world God has made. According to geological science it has been in existence for millions of years. It may have been peopled and repeopled a thousand times. There may have been a thousand Adams lived on earth. The Bible gives us a history only of one who is father of us all. It begins with Adam and reaches to judgment. Adam was the first man for this human age. But when this age ends and the world is purified and its inhabitants called to the place prepared for them, then God may make another Adam and repeople the earth again. We cannot believe that this earth was made for the human family to live on six thousand years and then take it for the abode of the few through all eternity. This earth is the dwelling place for the human and not the divine, and we believe that God will always use it for the dwelling place of the subjects he creates and that when an age ends he will take the few who are worthy to live with him in another realm and not on this earth. But our salvation does not depend on our belief as to where heaven will be. If we will live with God let us do his will. The Christian is looking with bright expectation to that glory world, to that time when those who love his appearing will greet one another in the bye and bye. The hope of the resurrection has kindled a star on the rocky shores of time, and its glory beams light the pathway upon

the threshold of an awful future about which we know but little. But we do know that we shall live again. We shall meet again after we have paid a brief visit to earth and rested in its bosom for awhile. We shall not meet as the wind and the sun and the rains meet on the plains, not as the flower and bramble meet in the waste places, not as the crystal of the mine and ore of the earth meet, but we shall meet in the presence of him whose heart is the home of love, whose smile is a benediction, and whose eyes are glittering star beams. We shall meet on those beautiful hills of God decorated with the roses of eternity (John 5:28-29). This promise has kindled a smile on the brow of sorrow and a star in the bosom of the homeless and deserted.

It is said that God cannot call together our scattered dust after we have lain in the tomb for perhaps thousands of years. God, who could call worlds out of nothing and robe them with unfading flowers, can surely collect our scattered dust whether it lies at the bottom of the deep or on the loftiest peak of the cloud-kissed mountain, whether on burning sands of the Sahara or on the icebergs of the North. The Erica heather of Scotland may bloom over our tombs; the voice of the rolling billows of a Southern sea be our funeral dirge. The wintry winds of the North may drive spotless snows and lay them as a covering for our graves, or the pine of the South may moan as the black tasseled horses take us on our last ride to the dark and silent embrace of the grave.

The giant oak may have claimed our body, the rose blossom may have appropriated it to its beauty, but in the resurrection the rose will give up its loveliness to baby dear and the mighty oak yield to the claim of the aged father. That God who commanded and worlds sought their places in the sky, who smiled and suns warmed into burning zones, who frowned and tempests gathered, who spoke and thunders rolled, whose eyes flashed and lightnings gleamed, who walked and earth trembled, can by the word of his power fashion our bodies like

that of our Savior. He who gave the ant its wisdom, the bird its music, the fountain its melody; who taught the eagle a path in the sky and gave the lion his strength; who gave the reindeer its fleetness and the tortoise its shell; who gave the lamb its innocence and the wolf its thirst for blood; who tempers the wind and speeds the storm; who holds the rains from thirsty earth and floods the marts of trade; who robes the earth with beauty, drives the sea-billows shoreward and calls them back to the bosom of the deep, writes with the lightning and sits charioted in the hurricane, gave the stars their twinkle and the sun its brightness, can bring our scattered bodies to Himself in the great resurrection. Commerce may build its marts of trade upon our graves; the whirl of busy cities' industries may hum in ceaseless activities over the spot where our tomb was made; the plowboy may whistle a merry tune or sing a happy song as the plow cuts the sod over the place where our ashes are, but when the angel of God shall sound the trumpet to wake the sleeping nations the great and small, the wicked and good, the king and peasant, will all be there. "The sea will give up its dead." The sailor will rise from his long sleep amid coral reefs. "The grave will give up its dead." The old churchyard will be torn by rising bodies. Heaven and earth will be vocal with life. The desert will give up its lonely sleepers. The dust of our streets will be claimed by human forms. Our bodies may be diffused in the water deposited in the rock and grow into trees to be consumed by animals, but the resurrection will find our dust. The day and hour that our Father will call no man knows. The mother may be praying for a prodigal boy or a wayward daughter. Ships will be sailing on the bosom of the storm-swept seas or on the glassy surface of a calm ocean and some will be anchored in port. Men will be worshipping God somewhere and some will be revelling in worldly pleasure. Some will be drinking when the call comes to lay down our armor here. The righteous will be called to a higher

realm, but the wicked will be banished to darkness and despair.

When the angel sounds the trumpet earth scenes will fade; stars tremble; the sun will refuse to shine and will veil his dazzling face from the scene of desolation. The moon will roll up in the heavens red as blood, the earth reel and roll as it speeds along its circling track, while billows of woe will beat against its bosom. Meteors will drag along the jarring heavens and refuse to shine. An angel whose face outshines the sun will reveal himself to old earth. He will tread upon land and sea. His wings of gold may fan the earth into a raging fire and his mantle of spotless white trail earth and sea, lashing the waves into seabillows and tumbling the mountains and land into anarchy. He will unchain the fires in the bosom of the earth and let them rend the feeble crust and vomit fire on sea and land; kiss mountain glaciers into boiling floods; continents and mountains dissolve into molten lava. The graves will open. "Antediluvians, postdeluvians, Africans, Indians, Caucasians, all peoples, all languages, all types, all sexes, will crown the judgment. The world's greatest battlefields will empty their millions into the lap of the judgment." Waterloo, Austerlitz, Marengo, Gettysburg and Shiloh will offer up their armies. The blue and the gray will stand side by side. The books will be opened. Your name will be written there. Your deeds will be made known. Your words will be heard. Your thoughts will be read. The righteous will pass through the gates of pearl to the sunny land of peace and joy, to learn more of heaven, to have the mysteries of earth made known. "They shall know even also as they are known." Mothers will know why babies were born but for a day; why the little one came like a rosebud half open on earth and arose to heaven to bloom in the rose garden of God. Mothers will know why their boys died at the battle front and were buried where their hands could not plant a clambering vine or a father rear a sculptured stone. Those who walk with him in white will wonder why they

thought the trials of earth so hard. "The toils of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way." That star shining yonder may be visited by redeemed saints. They may know and understand all the mysteries of all the worlds. Angels may take them by the hand and lead them to an extended arbor and explain to them the mysteries of life. In that land there will be no tears, no sorrow, no crying, no sickness, no fevers, no anguish, no death, no shroud, no caskets, no tombs, no graves. The star of hope will forever shine. The leaves will never fade. The grass will never wither; the sun of life never set. The tree of life will drop its fruit; the fountain of life flows through that heavenly land over pebbles of gold and sands of silver. There will be life forever, life with angels, life with Jesus, life with God. The soul will be filled with joy, filled with love, filled with hope, filled with praise, filled with music. Who will have this home? By the authority of Jesus I bid you accept the Gospel message now. Give Jesus your life and God your heart. Angels beckon you, the Spirit entreats you, and Jesus calls for you to come. The door of mercy stands open for you. Will you enter in? Angels rejoice when a sinner comes. Will you surrender to Jesus that heaven may be yours?

The Oneness of God's People.

Sermon Extract.

John 17:21.

My friends, I am before you to speak to you on the subject found in John 17:21. This prayer is the one Jesus prayed to the Father. The prayer he taught his disciples to pray is commonly called the Lord's Prayer, found in Matt. 6:9-15. There is no uncertain sound in the prayer before us. Jesus prayed for what he wanted and I believe the day will come when this prayer will be answered. Jesus says in this prayer "that they may be one" and then says why they should be one—"that the world may believe that thou didst send me." It seems that this would be sufficient to cause every man in Christendom to strive to become one with his fellowman in Christ. But in the very face of this prayer and in the light of inspiration, individuals are heard to say; "Thank God for so many churches, so all can be suited." I ask, does God's word anywhere sanction division? Do we find in the New Testament that the church is divided? Are any of the denominational names mentioned in the Gospel? If they are not found in the Bible, no man can successfully claim that they are sanctioned by Divine truth. The people of God cannot become united until they are willing to disclaim and deny creeds, dogmas and disciplines made by man. There is but one ground of union and that is universal ground. I plead for union upon no other ground or basis only universal ideas. Man's opinions have never been and never can be universal, for one man cannot claim superior knowledge to all other men in the world, hence he cannot make rules to govern the church any more than other men can. The laws made by this generation must be repealed by the next. The creeds of churches have to be changed, therefore the creed of

one church cannot be the ground of union for all other churches.

"Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. "They can only dwell together in unity upon a creed that is universal and which accepts the Bible. Every church accepts the Bible as a correct guide, but every church does not accept the creed of its sister church as being correct. You may ask a man who belongs to a certain church if he will accept the creed of his neighbor's church and he answers at once that he cannot, neither will his neighbor accept his, but both men will accept the Bible. Then I ask upon what have these two men united? Is it not the Bible, the only guide for the church? The Bible is infallible, for it came from God. It is universal, and the only universal creed that we do have. Why not lay aside all other creeds and take the Bible and that alone? Is there anything any better to offer the human family than the Gospel of our Lord? We cannot afford to accept a creed that contains more than the Bible, neither can we accept one that contains less. "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and out of the Holy City and from the things which are written in this book." (Rev. 22:18-19).

It does seem that men would be willing to accept the word of God as being sufficient and not try to improve upon it. What right or authority has man to read from a creed or a discipline in accepting members into the church? God does not approve of such a course, I am sure.

One ground of union is baptism. It is said that effusion is baptism, and I will not stop here to discuss this part of the subject further than to say that immersion was the ancient way, as all admit. We are looking for universal ground, and, taking for granted that sprinkling and pouring are permissible, the church could never unite on them, for there is no solid

ground, for half of the religious kingdom does not believe in sprinkling; while all who believe in the Divinity of Christ believe in immersion, or at least will acknowledge that it is right. If sprinkling is right, immersion is right also, while if immersion is right then sprinkling is wrong. Then what is universal ground? Is it not immersion? It is the only baptism upon which all the religious world can ever hope to unite. Half the church says sprinkling is wrong, while all the church says and acknowledges that immersion is the proper mode; why not be on safe ground rather than on a treacherous foundation? If union ever comes it must come this way. He who would be united with his fellowman must be willing to take the Bible without any comment from man.

The Bible is enough for the church. The church needs nothing more for government than the Gospel itself. It is the only book that has met the wants of the human race. Why no accept it then if we find in it all we need and all we desire When Paul said, "buried with him in baptism" let us take him at his word. We need no theologian to tell us what this means. It is so plain that "the wayfaring men, though unlearned, shall not err therein." Prejudice has led the world to reject the truth. The church is not divided on the Bible, but it is divided on what men say that the Bible teaches. It matters little what your creed or discipline teaches concerning baptism, the most important thing is what does the Bible teach?

Another universal ground of union is the name found in the book. There is but one name given whereby men may be saved. Churches cannot unite on denominational names, for one is as good as another, and not one of them can ever hope to become universal. One man is not willing to accept the name of his fellowman in the denominational realm, but both are willing to be called Christians because it is universal and means followers of Christ. We are united on this name, and there is no other name that the religious world can be united upon. Paul taught

this name, for when he reasoned with Agrippa this man said "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian" (Acts 26:28). Paul must have taught this name or else this man would not have known to have said Christian. Also in James it is said, "Do not they blaspheme that worthy name by which ye are called?" (James 2:7.) Again: "Yet if any man suffer as a Christian let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God in this name." (I Peter 4:6, R. V.)

Christ is the bridegroom and the church is the bride. Will the bride take the name of the bridegroom or not? Will we dishonor Christ by taking some other name than the one he has given us? I have heard men say: "I know that the name Christian is right, but I have been in other churches so long that I could not give up that name." "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." And it is sin when any one knows that a thing is right and will not do it. God will judge all such and banish them from his presence at the last day. That person who knows what the Bible teaches and then refuses to do it is in sin and flatly refuses to honor God.

People say, "Well, the church will not save any one." Why did Christ shed his blood then to establish a church if the church is no good? Just to have your name on a church record will not save, but to be in the true church of Christ, and honor him by doing his will and wearing his name, will save. Just to be in a church society will not save you. Creeds will not save nor teach you how to be saved, disciplines will not and cannot teach the way of salvation. The Bible does teach the way of salvation, and he who is guided and lives by it is sure to be saved if he continues faithful until the end. The trouble with the world is it listens to preachers too much and not enough to the Gospel. Every preacher ought to be willing for the searchlight of God's word to be turned on every discourse. Test every sermon by the Bible and if it won't stand **you** don't

need it, and if it will stand accept it. Just because a preacher says a thing does not make it true, but read the Bible and learn for yourself and do not depend on any man for your salvation. Creeds and theories cannot stand. They are now in the very throes of death and must soon die. They cannot meet the requirements of this age. Ecclesiasticism once ruled the world, but never can again. Let us exalt the Bible and place it where it belongs. It is the best and greatest book, and why not honor it as such? It has withstood revolutions and corrupting influences of every age; the changes of fortune have not marred its truths; the ages rushing on with their ruin and destruction have not marked their footprints upon its pages. It is self-propelling and self-perpetuating. The arm of power mailed and bucklered has attempted to destroy it; authority has made armies advance against it; but every attempt has proven a failure. Persecution has chained the followers of truth to the bloody chariot wheels and ground their life out in the dust, but others sprang up in their stead. The bigot has assailed it on every side, but it only enlarged the place of its tents. Intolerance has created enmity and hatred against the Bible, but it has lived through it all. Its march through the centuries has been grand. Foes have been pressed on before it, always retreating, but now and then springing from ambush upon it, but its broad carriage wheel has crushed every opposition and leveled the graves over their sleeping and forgotten dust.

The Bible has gathered up the broken links in the chain of humanity and welded them with its love. It heard the first troubled moan of humanity and promised a Savior to the world. It lived before an empire was ever established and a throne was ever reared. It has seen their rise and fall and the graves of departed kings and potentates. But its influence upon the world is as fresh and green as ever. Blackened ruins with tears and blood staining every milepost mark the path of its progress. Denunciations from royal priesthoods have slashed it with their

gleaming fiery blades, popes have tried to destroy it and priests to remove it from every household, but its banner of progress waves high above all human foes. It soothes the troubled soul of man with the lovelight of its golden charity.

All governments will be lost or swallowed up in the universal reign of peace. Nations have been born, rose, flourished and fell and are numbered among the long lost in the tomb of empires, while the Bible still lives. We might call the roll of nations. Egypt, whose founder was Menes, was a magnificent empire growing in beauty in the rich valley of the Nile, with Memphis the most flourishing city among the then known world, but Egypt is buried and Memphis is fallen. Greece, the mother of learning, and where the arts and sciences were cradled, sprang into life like a fairy, gave to the world some of her most magnificent armies, produced a Leonidas and a Socrates, and at last died by the hands of her own sons. Tyre rose and fell and is now only remembered in song and story. Her temples have fallen and time's corroding years have left but little traces. Thebes is no more only on the tablets of the memory of nations. Rome has ceased to be and now lies in ruins and tombs of the great of other ages and peoples. She perished by her own corruption. Babylon is destroyed and the place she occupied is desolate.

The fragments of thrones and empires are continually drifting by on the roaring and dashing billows of the stream of flying years to be lost in the grave of oblivion.

But the Bible, with God pledged to protect and sustain it, lives and will live through all the whirling scenes and changes. The dust of antediluvian generations may be fanned all over the world, priests, prophets and kings forgotten, the mountain tops crumbled and the valleys be exalted, but God's word will endure forever. Babel's tower has fallen, cities have been burned and rebuilt, lands made desolate and lands made to blossom as the rose. The Bible has a golden chain to bind it to-

gether. Jesus is its central idea. When the last shock shall come to bury the nations in ruins, the Bible will still live. "The word of God endureth forever."

It is more durable than the solid granite. It has blessed all peoples and all tongues. Its spirit cannot be extinguished above the wreck of dissolving star systems and the crash of colliding worlds. When worlds, suns, satellites and meteors shoot wildly from their path the Bible will stand out like a burning sun in the darkness of the night. Who will accept this truth and let the life be moulded by it? We invite all to take their stand upon it now.

Saving Others.

Sermon Extract.

"He saved others; himself he cannot save."—Matt. 27:42.

This language was spoken by the enemies of Jesus. He was hanging on the cross and the chief priests, scribes and elders cast this reproach upon him. They had likely seen him heal the sick, cleanse the lepers and raise the dead. They knew that he had power on earth to forgive sins. They see him now suffering on the cross and begin to say, "Come down from the cross." These wicked men did not know that they were uttering a truth so universal as this was. It was a truth then, is a truth now and will ever be a truth. Jesus had saved others, but he must now die that the plan of salvation might be made complete. As he died on the cross his last words were, "It is finished." He came to do his Father's will. He must die to save mankind. "He was the way, the truth and the life." No man can come to the Father except through him. If Christ had come down from the cross the human family would forever have walked in darkness. Death would not have been conquered. Jesus must die to conquer death. He met death in his own dominion and achieved a victory for our fallen and sinful race. It is only through death that one conquers. Jesus unlocked the doors of the tomb. He threw back the winding sheet for a vesture of immortality. He went through the grave to a mansion of glory. Instead of thorns he wears a crown. Instead of scarlet he wears robes of white. He conquered through death. "O death! where is thy sting?" We have promise of life eternal because Jesus conquered: The grave cannot always hold us captive. We are called upon to present our bodies a "living sacrifice." If this was a truth then it is now. You do not live to yourself. You have an influence and by that you help

others on up the slippery way. If one would be a hero he must be willing to give something of his life to help his fellow-man.

Every temporal blessing has come at the cost of others' lives. Others gave themselves for us. The mother gives her life that her child may live. She is willing to wear herself away for her baby. She listens tenderly at the midnight hour to its breathing; she watches the twitching of its eye and feels for its pulse-beat. She is not concerned about her own life, but about the life of her baby. She knows that without her exertion the child cannot attain to manhood or womanhood. Thus she gives her life that another may live. It is not only so in childhood, but true with the mother where her child is grown and she is old. She grieves at the misfortune of her child and rejoices at its success. She spends sleepless nights thinking of the child and its welfare. "No man liveth to himself." It is written upon everything from the shining dewdrop to the stars, that none "liveth to himself."

The rose that blooms in the desert wastes its sweetness on every passing breeze that fans by, so likewise we have an influence over every life that we come in contact with. If we are to have a good influence we must exert ourselves and in that exertion we wear ourselves out. Of what benefit would we be upon the earth if we could not live for others? That person who blesses another will in the end reap a reward for what he has done. We are only happy when we have helped others. The selfish person was never happy and cannot be, for it was not so ordered in the beginning in the Divine order of things. Give if you will receive, and the one who gives is the one who is happy. Christ was willing to suffer reproach to have a crown placed upon his royal brow. He was willing to wear a scarlet robe and to die that the world might be saved. If you have completely lost sight of yourself in your eager desire to help save some one else, then you are just where God would have you

be and where you can be of some benefit to the world. If there is one thing above all others that our Heavenly Father hates it is selfishness.

None can be true disciples if they are selfish. If you are selfish go now and pray God to help you get out of this sin, for you are surely in sin. Do not delay a moment, but ask now for a clean heart. Drive the devil out of your life. No man or woman can ever hope to enjoy heaven whose heart is defiled by selfishness. If you are selfish go and give of your substance to the orphan and the widow and see if you are not blessed in giving. Open your heart to those in need. You can only use what you have while you live. You came into the world with nothing and you must leave it the same way. You never gave anything to those in need without receiving tenfold for all you gave, and if you gave willingly you were then happy. Some people make themselves unhappy by pleading their poverty. If you have health you are rich. Do not insult God by always grumbling. Grasp not at all you see around you and wish for it for your own self. Do not be afraid of helping others; they may never help you, but some one else will. Live to benefit the world and not self alone. Selfish motives make thieves of men; it is greed for worldly wealth. Put yourself into the hands of Jesus and say, "Use me to help save some one for that upper kingdom." Live to bless those about you and those who are to follow in the race of life. All have to die, and when death comes happy is he who can look back and say truthfully, "I helped some one to a nobler and better life." There is nothing that is more commendable than to be watching and hoping to help some one in need. If they need a kind word, a smile, a morsel of bread, a prayer, a helping hand in some way help them today and you will be rewarded.

This great country of ours, with its vast resources, the land of our nativity, the land of our birth, the pride of our life, with her marts of trade, her cities of industry, her fields of golden

harvest, her bowels of wealth, her mines of richest ore, her mountains of grandeur, her valleys of smiling beauty, came by the sacrifice of others. Their blood stained the soil of a hundred fields. They met the army and were willing to die that we might live. "Liberty or death" was their battle cry. Not liberty for self but liberty for posterity. The work and blood of our fathers were not given in vain. We rejoice today where once there were blackened fields and ruins. The American eagle screams where once the British lion roared. The American flag waves where once the savage yelled. Great cities stand where once the owl hooted in dense forests. Millions of happy people do honor to the heroes of other days. That which we possess today is not the labor of our own hands but the fruit of the labor and toil of others. Every comfort and every blessing that is ours today some one had to pay the price to obtain. We should feel grateful to the leaders of any great reformation. It takes energy for one to stand up for a cause in its beginning, though the cause may be just and right, yet there will be persecutors of any just and right reformation.

Thousands have given their lives for the cause of right. Those who suffered for Jesus' sake have suffered that others might live. This is something that we should all look to and ask ourselves the question, "Are we living and giving our lives for our fellow man?" If you are a Christian you want to save or help save someone else.

You should not be afraid of the cost or the reproach of the world around you. Reach down your hand to the man in sin and lift him up. You are in the world to help make it better every day you live in it; if you do not, you fall short of what God put you here to do. If you wear out your life for others rest assured that God will bless you all through eternity for it. Don't be afraid of sacrifice. He who has failed to sacrifice for others has missed one of the greatest joys of earth. Joy only comes to you when you help someone else. Do you

want to be a Christian and then help others to come to Christ? If you do, now is the accepted time. You may wander around the world, but you cannot be completely safe, useful or happy without Jesus in your life. You can't live happy and you can't die in peace without Christ. Look upon the one who dies with a faith in the Son of God. Let us take for example a man who has toiled through long years serving God. See him as he nears the dark door of death. He tries to hold on to life, but an irresistible impulse carries him on. His brow is calm, lips half parted, eyes soft as the gazelle's, halting for a moment on the earthly realm before taking leave for the unknown. As the curtains seem to shut out earth and reveal eternity with its wonders there is a calm and quiet of the soul within. The spirit that returns to God, who gave it, leaps out from the body to fly skyward with the grand deputation sent down from heaven's realm.

The chariot is ready. Seraphims crowd the gateway. Archangels clothed with garments of light lead the way down to earth. In the rear is a chariot drawn by white horses flanked by legions of angels. They descend to earth faster than light, faster than the sunlight that pierces the darkness of the night, and as these royal messengers touch earth they clasp the spirit made white by the blood of the Lamb, and, ushered by angels, it goes up to God. It rises on the chariot above earth's scenes, passes the bold flight of the eagle, leaps out amid the constellations of worlds, speeds faster than if blown by a whirlwind of thought. It is lost from imagination in a wilderness of world zones. It stands at last before Him who gave and has taken it unto himself. At last when body and spirit shall have been reunited it will have an abundant entrance through the pearly gates into the eternal city. Angel bands with harps of gold will welcome that glorified body and sing hallelujahs while heaven's orchestra greet it into higher and holier realms. There in a land made perfect by the smile of God it will rest and

dwell with him forever who robed the earth with beauty and garnished the heavens with splendors. Come now to Jesus, who is able to save.

Monuments.

I have chosen for my subject, "'Monuments." A monument is always in memory of some one. When we look back upon it our minds go back to the life and death of the one in whose memory it was erected. We have monuments in our homes in the way of keepsakes. Some loved one has gone from us, and we hasten to erect a marble slab and lay aside something that was theirs by which they may be remembered. We want to think of them often for we loved them.

I have had the pleasure of visiting our capital city and gazing upon that shaft pointing heavenward in memory of George Washington. As I looked upon it my mind was at once carried to the life and deeds of the mighty man who never had a superior among men and but few if any equals in the world. This shaft, reaching five hundred and fifty-five feet into the air, is in memory of the Father of his Country. It is no higher than was his character nor broader than was his life. It is not more firmly and deeply set in the earth than is the life of him whom it commemorates set in the hearts and minds of the citizens of this great republic. It is not more unmoved and undaunted by storms and tempests than was he who marched with steady and heroic step on the British foe. It will not stand longer than his name and memory will last in the hearts of the American people. It stands like a sentinel overlooking a great city, but the life of him whom it commemorates stands out like a watchtower and lighthouse to the millions who follow in the race of life. As I approached this monument I saw many others from different parts of the country coming to see it also. There is an elevator on the inside that lifts the people to the top. It is open to the public at nine o'clock every morning. Almost every state in the union was represented there at that early hour in the morning. Myself and wife were among the first to gain admission.

As I looked upon this stone shaft I saw signs of decay and I thought how it must finally crumble into dust. Only a few hundred years and it will lay in ruin. Time will eat and consume it. All earthly things will decay. Time gnaws the epitaphs from tombstones, and they crumble and fall. Our cheeks are furrowed by age. It brushes away the rosetints of health. The mighty boulder on the seashore is washed and worn away by the never ceasing stroke of the ocean wave. So the blush upon the cheek of youth is made to fade and vanish by the chilly winds of time. Those we knew in early life are gone; many have ceased to be. They were, but they are not. Bleak winds and cold dews made them wither. Father is gone. Little ones are gone. Babies, like swift fleeting meteors, came and went. They flashed into view but a moment and then rushed out into the circle of eternity. The things of time are fleeting as a dream. We sometimes stop and think: Where are the friends of other years. Where are those whom we loved in early life? Where are those whose merry laughter gladdened our hearts when we walked with them in life's sunny morning? Many are sleeping in the tomb, and the grass grows green above them, and flowers bloom over their decaying and mouldering dust.

As those things passed through my mind I then thought there is one earthly thing that will buffet the storms and weather the gales; a monument that will stand forever; that monument or memorial which Jesus himself made. Wherever man is there will be bread and juice of the vine. The wisdom of God is seen in rearing such a monument.

Unlike a marble shaft, men do not have to travel the world over to see it, but instead it is taken to them. It is seen on the first day of every week wherever there is true discipleship. Time cannot wear it out or cause it to decay. This memorial is to be brought before us every first day of the week. The early disciples met together on every first day of the week (Acts

20:7), "And upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them ready to depart on the morrow." Again in 1 Cor. 2:26, "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show the Lord's death till he come." We are admonished "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together" (Heb. 10:25). If those who are following Christ meet together upon the first day of the week and hold up the body and blood of the Lord, through these emblems, are they not doing the Lord's will?

"Upon the first day of the week, let everyone lay by him in store, as God has prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come" (1 Cor. 16:2). This language clearly shows that they met upon the first day of every week. It gives everyone strength and comfort and better prepares them to meet and overcome temptations during the coming week. It is one of the greatest privileges man has. It is a joy and comfort to anyone who truly loves the Lord. Christ says, "Ye have no life except ye eat of his body and drink his blood" (John 6:53). Every man and woman in Christ can preach Christ through this institution by meeting on the Lord's day and holding the death of our Lord up before the world. That person or church who will not meet on the first day of the week to honor Christ cannot be doing very much in the Savior's name among men. No one can claim to honor Christ in life if he will bluntly refuse to meet and show the world that Jesus died to save sinners. There is no Scripture for meeting once a month or three months, or once a year; but we are admonished to meet every first day of the week. In Acts 2:42, "And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship and in breaking of bread and in prayers." It is the apostles' teaching then that we meet to remember the Christ on the first day of the week, and without this no church or individual can be in harmony with the New Testament order of things.

Sometimes it is said, "I don't want to commune with unworthy people." You do not commune with one another around this table. You commune with Christ the Lord, and not man. It belongs to Christ, for he instituted it. You cannot commune with an individual when you partake of these emblems (1 Cor. 10:16). "The cup of blessing which we bless is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we brake, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" This belongs to Christ and no man has authority over it. No man has any right to invite or reject another. He who does stands between his fellowman and God. There is no such thing as open communion or close communion in the Bible (1 Cor. 2:28, 29). "But let a man examine himself and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." I am only one of God's children and have no authority to judge others. Neither have others any right to judge me. There is nearly always some one in the congregation who is not counted worthy, but I am not partaker of his sin because he is not. Christ ate with the unworthy, and he knew that Judas was a devil, yet he allowed him to eat with him and partake of the bread and juice of the vine. It is said that he sat down with the twelve (Matt. 26:20). Are we better than Jesus? Are we to judge men and women and cast out those who are not worthy according to our knowledge? If so, we may be judged in the same way. The Lord's Supper belongs to all who are worthy and I am not to judge who that is, neither are you. I do not invite you and you do not invite me. The Lord has invited all who are worthy. In order for one to be worthy and his services to be acceptable to God he must be a servant of God.

Faith in God and his word, repentance and baptism are prerequisites to the Lord's Supper. An unimmersed man or woman is not in the kingdom and therefore is not in any sense worthy.

If they partake after these things are made plain they are then responsible for their own actions. Faith, repentance and baptism are necessary to bring one to Christ, and if these things are made plain they are then responsible for their own actions. If these things have not been done, one cannot be in Christ; therefore, they are not worthy. This should be explained each time that we meet around the table to commemorate the death of Christ. There is also a daily life to live in Jesus' name in order to be worthy. Sunday religion alone will not do. God wants your daily service. As one partakes let the mind be on Christ and not on worldly things.

Christ must ever be kept before the world if it is ever to be brought to him through this institution. We can and do keep him before the doubting world. The bread and wine is a perpetual monument. They are a memorial and should take our minds back to Calvary. Through these we see our Savior as he breaks bread with his twelve disciples in an upper room, as he prayed in the garden with sleeping disciples by his side. We behold him as he kneeled in that garden and great drops of blood, as it were, ran down his cheeks. We see him as he stands waiting for the cruel mob to take him. We see him there with an upturned face of love. We see him waiting his fate that was inevitable, and that he had come to earth to meet. How sad he was, and yet he longed to see the hour approach that he might bear the sins of the world. "His hour had come," and indeed it was "his hour." It was the time when he must suffer for all the human family, and it was truly "his hour." As we partake of the bread and juice of the vine we are carried by thought over the chasm of nineteen centuries. We see him as a treacherous Judas approaches him and imprints a kiss on his tender cheek, and a multitude follows after with swords and staves as if to take a thief by might and power. We see him as he surrenders calmly and quietly. We behold an apostle follow afar off and at last

deny that he knew him. We see him before a cowardly judge and see that judge wash his hands before a multitude. That judge tries to thwart the storm that is approaching. He knows that Jesus is not guilty of death. His wife sends word to him to have nothing to do with that just person. She had suffered many things in a dream because of him. She saw him as he walked among men. She may have seen him in that dream on the stormy sea; saw him as he bowed to kiss a maiden to life, and as he spoke to a sleeping Lazarus, saw him in the stillness of the night, saw him among the shepherds, saw him in the clouds among the stars, on land and sea; saw him on the wings of the tempest, saw him in the sunrise and on crimson and golden hues in the evening hour; saw him bleeding, heard him agonize, saw angels around him, saw a new tomb, saw a risen Lord, saw legions of angels dash down from heaven with white garments and bid him come home; saw a chariot and its flight through the stars. She might say she had suffered because of him.

We think of her vision of him as we surround this table. Through these emblems we see Jesus condemned to die. We see a scarlet robe and crown of thorns. We see a scourge. We see him buffeted, spit upon, smote; hear him cursed and reviled; see him in this hour of trial the same quiet and calm one who arose from the Jordan with the waters dripping from his flowing locks. In the hour of quiet around this table we can hear the hellish laugh and shout of a multitude as he is condemned to die. We see the cross and him nailed to it. Rugged nails driven through his tender palms, feet crossed and one spike serves to fasten them both. On the top of a hill a cross is raised and him with it. They mock him and tell him to come down from the cross if he is the Son of God. We hear him say, "It is finished." He dies, the sun grows dark, the stars hide themselves, and the moon retires behind dark clouds. The Jewish veil is rent. Angels weep and demons

laugh. We see him borne to a new tomb, the seal set and the guard commanded to watch it. In three days he rises a conqueror and commissions his apostles. We see him as he takes his last look at them as they press close upon him, despondent and heartbroken. He bids farewell to earth, and wrapping the clouds about him, his brow encircled by rainbow beauties, he turns his face toward heaven, while the eleven stand gazing at the fast receding King. Our imagination rises higher as in a vision and we see him as he passes clouds, suns, worlds, systems, hurried by angel pinions through the world systems, outriding meteors faster than the shafts of light flung by the god of day from his brilliant brow. He passes comets and whirling by worlds, dashing through deserts of space, he fans the face of the rolling orbs as they reel along their circling tracks. He meets and passes angel legions on their mission of mercy to other worlds and at last nears heaven's port.

The city whose walls are jasper is lined by seraphim legions to greet the King from earth and welcome him to his place in the skies and pass in with him to realms more friendly. Brethren and sisters, in this hour as we partake of the bread and juice of the vine, let us be worthy by setting our minds on the suffering of our Lord and his glory with the Father.

Against the Saloon and Intemperance.

Address.

While I speak to you tonight there will be hundreds who go down to the grave because of intemperance. The young and the old are alike entangled in this web of sin and shame. They seek to be free, but the fetters that bind them are too strong for them to break without help. Their cry has come to our ears and we blush in shame. Shall we open the door and invite them to freedom, or let them forever remain in bondage? Have we a heart that is tender to the cry of the needy, or have we turned a deaf ear to the supplications of all who cry for help?

The evils of strong drink are surely the greatest evils known to man. There are more widows and orphans tonight made so by strong drink than by any evil common among men. Man is one of the most intemperate beings God has created. He seems never to know when he has enough of anything. He is the most intelligent of all created beings, and yet he allows his intelligence to have but little control over his appetite. He chews, smokes, drinks and carouses, all to excess, and seems never to realize its awful consequence until his life is cursed and ruined. He justifies his own indulgence by his neighbor's example, who has not yet fallen a victim to the sin. The brute creation are not guilty of such excess in their lives; instinct seems to teach them better. There are thousands of men who are now poisoning their lives and blighting their prospects for future bliss beyond the tempest-swept shores of this life. They are not only ruining their own lives, but the lives of those about them. The wife is in tattered garments and the children without bread all because a man will allow himself to become a red-eyed demon.

Who is to blame with this evil? In a great measure are we

not "our brother's keeper?" We stand confronted with one of the greatest evils in the world. We are in a campaign now which means fight to the finish. We are called upon to say whether men shall be allowed to place temptation before their fellowman or not. Our decision means much to our fellowman. Shall we let the saloon go or stay? Men have a privilege to sell whiskey, ruin homes and damn the souls of men, but they do not have a right to do it. There is a difference between a privilege and a right. The man who votes for alcoholic beverages to be sold to his fellowman is guilty of as great sin as the man who sells it. You give him the privilege to commit the crime. We are told that the saloon business is legitimate. If so, why is the saloon keeper not on the front pew in our churches on Sunday morning? Why is he not interested in our missionary organizations. Ah! He knows his business is a nefarious one and merits the condemnation of all good men and women; therefore he shuns the church.

No man in a lawful business is ashamed of his work, but the saloon keeper is ashamed of his. Can a man in such a business point with pride to what he has produced? Almost one hundred thousand men in the penitentiaries in the United States. Almost sixty thousand of these can lay their confinement at the feet of the saloon. Are these sixty thousand men something to be proud of? Are they proud of the fifty thousand poor in the almshouses brought there through drink? Are they made to rejoice over the insane in the world made so through strong drink? Are they glad to point to the houses of ill-fame where young women have been brought to the lowest life by men whose lust was fired by the intoxicating beverage?

We are told "that we can't do without the saloon on account of the revenue it brings in." It is a source of revenue, to be sure, but let us count what it costs the state and county to convict the criminals that whiskey has made and see if it does not overbalance what the saloons pay into the treasury. Again,

if it be right to sell whiskey for revenue, it is a premium on sin. We then regard money more than life or character. Will we sell virtue for money? Will we barter away that which the Almighty has given us and for which only life is held dear?

We hear it said that prohibition does not prohibit; "that there is more whiskey sold in dry towns than wet ones." Strange, indeed, that the great liquor houses and breweries do not help us to run them dry so they can sell more whiskey. We are told that there are blind tigers in dry territory. I ask are there any in wet territory? There are over one hundred blind tigers in Jacksonville at this time, but they go unnoticed, unharmed and unmolested. The officers are surely aware of this fact, but they do not enforce the law. These blind tigers hold government license, but they do not hold state, county nor city license. Their names and addresses are known to all who desire to know. The government books are open for all who desire to see and read. Could it be worse if the city was dry? Many of the houses of ill-fame are blind tigers, but the officers do not disturb them. The saloon men do not want them disturbed because the saloons and blind tigers are both doing an illegal business. The leading papers of Jacksonville claim to be fair, but they have not mentioned, so far as I have been able to know, one word about these blind tigers in Jacksonville, neither have they mentioned the eighty-five indictments against the saloons. They know that this must be kept from the public or the saloon is doomed to die and that soon. These papers, together with some of the other large papers in the state, are promoting the work of the saloon and cursing the people. The people should wake up as to what these papers are doing. Let us cease to be dominated by them. They are leeches upon the public vein. They have too long controlled the public. Let us get out from under their influence. Let us realize that the teaching of a newspaper is the idea of one or two men. Many editors are influenced by money rather than by right. There are ques-

tions before us now for our decision. We are called upon to answer whether we shall have saloons or not. Shall we sell our boys and girls and sacrifice them on the altar of greed and lust? Have you a boy for the gallows or a daughter for the bawdy house? I appeal to the fathers to answer. Do you want wives to weep? Do you want girls to mourn the day of their birth? Do you want young men to become degenerates and reprobates? If not, then let the saloon go. Drive it out; kick it out; club it out; vote it out. Will we suffer the serpent of intemperance to coil around our homes, gather our young men and women in its clutches, and devour them, while we sit by without raising our voice or our hand against the evil?

Intemperance sits upon a high throne that is dark and moldy. Beneath it are the wrecks of human souls. There men and women rush to drown their cares and sorrows. There they go for happiness when distress is upon them. Instead of peace and safety they find war and crime awaiting them.

If you desire to find the gambler, the drunkard, the women of shame, the darkest of sin and crime, go to the saloon, look above, below, inside or near by, and there you will find these sins. There girls are lured and concealed until their characters are ruined and then they are driven out to seek shelter in the house of shame. The saloons are hell-holes on earth. I appeal to the voters and ask, Will you give consent to such sin and in doing so become partner in the sin? Or will you stand for the purity of your home and honor of your family? There is a cry today among the saloonists to cleanse the barrooms—"make them decent." But you can't make sin decent. There is no way to wash dirt. If you would be clean drive the filth away. Anything that defiles man, corrupts his heart, ruins his soul, dethrones his reason and clogs his memory cannot be cleansed. The only way to do is to remove it entirely. Let us ask God to help us free our fellowman from the clutches of sin.

Sweet angels with bright wings do not hover over the life

of the inebriate. They perhaps watch with delight the pathway of him who guards his life from the curse of drink, but they pass unheeding him who dishonors himself, his home, his family and the God who made him. I appeal to you young men, middle aged men and old men to help to strike a deathblow to the saloon, which breeds all manner of sin and crime. I appeal to you in the name of home, in the name of hungry children, in the name of weeping wives, in the name of aged mothers, in the name of gray-haired fathers, in the name of the homeless and deserted, in the name of country, and in the name of heaven to help us vote this awful evil away.

The saloon men would have you believe that the ministry is about all who are really against the saloon and that they are the non-producing class, therefore should have no votes or influence in the matter. Let us see. The ministry points with pride to the hearts, homes and lives it has blessed. The ministry has gathered diamonds from the rough and polished them by the hands of love until they glitter with golden deeds in a higher life. They have been instrumental in reforming the lives of men and women. The ministry has lifted from the gutter fallen men and led them to Christ. They are not ashamed of what they have produced. They should certainly have a voice against the greatest sin of the age. That to which we could not point with pride should be driven out forever. An illegitimate business cannot do a lawful business. The foulest crimes in our land are committed in the saloons. The white slave traffic, the most horrible among crimes and sin, is carried on the most successfully in these vile dens in the city. All that may be said of the bawdy house is traceable to the saloon. I have gone through the saloons in the cities. Language cannot describe the awfulness of the scenes that met my eyes behind the screens. The meanest, lowest and vilest of men and women are there. Serpents of sin crawl and hiss and spurt their venom. They lift the cup of beverage to their lips and it is the chalice of

death. There you find misery, poverty, shame, want, filth, sin, murderers, gamblers, whoremongers, liars, thieves and robbers.

We often hear it said that "If I don't sell whiskey some one else will." I may take the life of my fellowman and be justified. "If I don't some one else will." So you see there is no reason in such a statement as that. It is dishonest to sell whiskey. You take a man's money and give him nothing in return but heartaches, blighted life, cursed soul; that which makes a wife weep, a mother agonize, and children cry for bread. It is dishonest from the fact that the one who sells it is ashamed of his work after it is complete. The mechanic is proud of a well done job. The artist is proud of the picture he has produced. The sculptor is happy that his hand cut into cold marble the form and features so perfect. The teacher builds character for which he is called blessed. The minister rejoices that he has been instrumental in bringing souls to Christ. But stand upon the street corner and as that man with red eyes, bloated cheeks, foul breath, unkempt beard, tattered garments and ruined character passes by say to the saloon keeper, "There is your work and a well-done job." He will deny his work and grow angry. Saloons are too vile to be placed near a church or a school. If they are to be hedged about by such a strenuous measure is it best to have them among us?

There are many men who would quit drink if the saloon was not continually before them. It is not their desire, but they can't resist when they see the open dramshop. Will not those who are strong rush to the aid of the weak? Will you stand by and see men ruined and manufacture excuses for voting for the saloon? That man who gives his sanction to the saloon by voting for it to continue and liquor to be sold to his fellowman is as guilty of sin as the man who sells the accursed beverage. He will one day stand before the judgment bar of God and answer for crimes that he sanctioned by his vote. He may make false excuses now for his actions and be-

lieve he is right, but eternity will reveal to him that he must answer for crimes he helped to perpetuate. If you vote for the open saloon you are an accessory to every crime committed through the sale of liquor from the saloon. No one can be morally right and vote for the sale of liquor. Whiskey damns and defiles men's minds, souls and bodies. He who votes for it will surely be punished when God shall say, "It is enough."

Men, wake up and look around you and see where you are. Don't let the devil lure you into sin. Can you with a clear conscience vote to legalize any sin, and, if you could, would it be right to do so? That man who says, "I will sanction the saloon" and then does it will wake up in eternity to hear the cry of orphan children witness against him and the scorching tears of weeping widows to burn his soul in an endless hell. The man who sells liquor and the one who votes to give him the privilege to do so are guilty alike. You vote to build a town with blood, and upon such a woe is pronounced in God's holy word.

Shall a land be stained with blood by your actions at the ballot box? You surely do not want to have to answer for heart-aches, ruined lives, broken homes and blasted prospects, all from strong drink, and it is by your action, if you vote for the saloon. Take the young man who has won the heart and hand of some noble girl. She is willing to leave home and parents, all for him. If he succeeds she is happy, but if he fails all is lost and her life is ruined. They come to the marriage altar and there plight their faith. He is strong, stalwart and noble. His cheeks glow with the beauty of health. He is buoyant and joyous in life's May Day. Nature has lavished upon her its choice gifts of grace and beauty. Her features seem to have been chiseled by some master artist's hand. Her eyes are like the gazelle's. Her cheeks blush in maiden beauty like the new blown rose. Her bosom white like the hawthorne buds that open in springtime. The touch of her hand is as soft as a downy pillow. She is like some angel sent down from climes above

only a little marred. Here it is that they take the vow to protect and love each other through life. Their first home is one of love and joy. It is a cottage. Roses grow around it and vines clamber about the windows. Honeysuckles grow and bloom beside the path that leads to an open door. Hope fills their hearts and faith leaps out on joyful wings. Each one, confident of the other's affection and devotion, treads the path of life joyfully.

He grows to think there is no harm in a drink. He takes a dram. It calls for another and another. He continues to drink day by day. The rose tints of health are driven from his young wife's cheeks. Instead of a home of love it is a home of hate. Instead of pleasant words it is curses. The roses have disappeared. The cottage is rickety. The doors are down and the windows are broken. Love has grown to hate. Instead of kisses it is blows. He curses and threatens to kill the one he pledged to protect. She at last dies of a broken heart. He wanders life's desert alone and a sad wretch. He is not comforted and cannot be, for all his manhood has turned into brutish desires. He hates the good and loves the bad. He scorns nobility and tries to degrade the young. All that he cares for is to fill himself with the demon drink. He at last becomes a raging maniac and sees in his day dreams the serpents of sin and flees from his own shadow. He hears the wailing of the wretched and cursings of the wicked. His reason is gone and he is no more a man, but a fiend. The pictures on the wall move toward him and he draws back in anguish and cries for help. He sees robbers and thieves, murderers, and the sinful of every class, for they were his companions of other days. The wife he brought to her death through sorrow stands ever before him and he sees her in bitter remorse. He at last dies and passes on to the land of the sinful and damned of all ages, there to wander in sin while eternity lasts. His last hours cannot be described by words, neither can they be

thrown on canvas by the painter's brush. Such are the consequences of strong drink.

I may seem to speak to men, but I would not be unmindful of the ladies. You have helped and you are helping in this reformation. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has done, and is doing, a noble work. You have no vote, but you have an influence. You are the crowning work of the Master's hand. The sunshine is brighter when you are near. You were first in transgression, but last at the cross and first at the open sepulcher. Woman was taken in sin, but bathed a Savior's feet with her tears and wiped them with her tresses. She has been the brightest jewel in the diadem of learning. Her harp has made the sweetest music. A crown awaits her in the bright beyond for her efforts to help us get rid of the saloon. May Heaven's blessings be upon her in this life.

I appeal to one and all to stand for truth and right. Vote against the saloon and the time will never come when you will be ashamed. They would buy your vote if they could, just like they are buying the negro vote. They have qualified thousands of negroes in the state, and if we are beaten it will be by the vote of the colored man. The black man is not allowed a voice in any question in Florida until it comes to a moral issue, and then he is used as a slave by that portion of white people who care nothing for his uplift. Ninety-five per cent of the colored people will vote for the saloon. These very men who qualify them and buy their votes will in the next political election say, "Stand back, you can't vote." If the negroes could once wake up and see whom they are following they would surely change their way of voting.

I now leave the question with you. As you vote so will your record be. If you sanction crime can you be guiltless? The man who stands at the judgment bar of Almighty God stained with the blood of man will point at those who voted to permit

sin and say, "They are my associates" and then they must one and all fly to the blasted fields of sin to wander forever with the company that they kept on earth, in eternity's dark night.

Sinking of the Steamship Titanic.

(Extract from a sermon delivered only a day or two after the disaster. The only information was from the press reports.)

"For when they shall say peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape."—Thess. 5:3.

"But whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be saved."—Prov. 29:25.

The greatest vessel of the seas on her first voyage from Southhampton to New York struck an iceberg in the great open ocean. There were over two thousand people on board, including the ship's crew. Of these there were about sixteen hundred lost.

Imagine the giant vessel as she left port with colors streaming and banners flying, freighted with human lives, bound for a distant land which she never reached. There were men of all stations in life. Some were rich, some poor, some honored and some unknown. It was at eleven forty o'clock at night, April 14, 1912, off the coast of Newfoundland. The vessel was moving at the speed of about twenty-one knots an hour, on a smooth and quiet sea. There was no moon in the sky, but the stars shone with brilliancy. All was quiet save the muffled sounds from her mighty wheels and the pulse-beat of the enormous engines. Those on board were merry, happy and free. There were some, perhaps, who thought of God and prayed as they were about to retire for the night. Others were reveling, drinking, cursing, gambling. No one thought of harm as that mighty ship plowed the waters of the sea.

On a homeland shore friends and loved ones waited for the appearance of the ship in port where she never anchored. There were those aboard bound for a foreign land. They had lately bid adieu to those who were most dear to them, and who will wait for their return, but must wait in vain.

At almost the midnight hour, when there was a quiet and calm such as come often in the night time on the boundless sea, there was a crash, crumbling and a sudden stop of the engines. Massive doors were shut with a clang. Officers of the ship rushed to and from the bow to stern. There was a cry that an iceberg had been struck, but not one knew the peril they were in, not even the officers of the great vessel. In another moment the bow plunged forward and dipped low in the water. There was signal after signal given by those in charge, for help, from any vessel that might be in the near seas. Wireless messages were sent, and one great vessel heard and rushed to the rescue and assistance of the ill-fated ship, but arrived after the vessel had settled to the bottom of the sea. This great ship that had been so long under construction and was the pride of the seas, sank in two hours and forty minutes after striking the mountain of ice.

Some have thought that it was like the building of the Tower of Babel when God confounded their language and overturned their pride. That this was a special act of providence is hardly creditable. There may be special acts of providence at this age of the world, but no man can point to certain disasters and say for sure that they are special acts of God's wrath upon men. Any other ship sailing under the same conditions and circumstances, traveling at the same rate of speed, would likely have met the same fate.

They did not heed a single warning. They took a course on the sea where icebergs were the thickest and then traveled as fast as possible. The officers of the boat company, and those on board the ship who steered her, were responsible. God gives men intelligence and they have the privilege to use it; if they don't, then they must suffer. Man has shown himself to be master of many things. He has dug up the earth's bowels and sailed through the air like a bird on the wing. The achievements of man are truly wonderful, but he is not master of all.

Sometimes nature seems to laugh at his efforts, for they are so feeble. When man comes to the conclusion that he can accomplish all things then he fails. Empires may fall at his command and kingdoms rise at his bidding. Desolation may follow in the path of his army and his sword redden earth with human blood. He may cause the river to change its course and drain the lakes and lowlands until they are dry and productive. He may band the earth with an arm of steel and send his thoughts across empires and republics faster than the lightning's flash. His ax can fell the forest and his arm reap the grain where once the briars and thistles grew. He can drag the rugged rock from the mountain and his chisel cut it into mimicry. He can harness electricity and compel it to obey his will. He has caught the human voice and it speaks through the instrument in the same tone that came from human lips. He has turned his eyes toward the heavens and every star has become a familiar neighbor through the powerful telescope. With pick and shovel he has tunneled mountains through which dashing trains speed and emerge from the darkness like shooting meteors.

He has scaled mountain peaks in airships and soared like an eagle above the clouds. He has built trains that overtop mountains and rush with the traffic of nations under rivers. He has launched upon the seas and whitened them with the sails of commerce. Man has shown himself to be a genius in that which he has undertaken, but it has been appointed for him to go so far and no farther. He has just entered the door of God's great storehouse of science. He is a finite being and can never understand or overcome the infinite. His inventions are all toys compared with nature, and when he measures his strength with him who established the heavens and hollowed the depths of the seas, it is then that man realizes his littleness.

In that hour of peril what must have been the thought of those on board who were not ready to meet God? There were

heroes and heroines on that ship. Men were brave and fearless and did not tremble though death stared them in the face. With presence of mind and calmness of spirit they helped women and children on board the lifeboats and saw them ride safely away. The great ship all the while was gradually going down as the waters rushed in. One woman preferred to remain with her husband and die by his side than be saved. Her love could not be questioned. Her devotion to him is to be commended. She had lived with him and would die by him. There were men who helped to see others in safety who never for once thought of their own lives. They were helping to save others. What must have been the awfulness of that hour previous to the vessel's going down. Wives separated from husbands, children from parents. Those who were in lifeboats were to sit in the darkness and watch that giant of the seas take her final plunge, freighted with loved ones dear to them but beyond their reach with an arm of flesh. Their prayers went out to them as the monster ship quietly settled to dark sea caves. The waters swirled around her and all at once the mighty engines exploded as the cold waters rushed in upon them. The explosion was terrific and almost tore the vessel in twain. She rocked and reeled as the waters rushed with maddened violence toward her. The sound from the explosion shook the sea and added to the fright and terror of all who were in lifeboats. Those on board had already given up to die. The crew had done all to be done and not a hope remained. The band played "God be with you till we meet again," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." All honor to that gallant band, for they tried to give consolation in the very hour of death. They were nearing eternity and God. Well might they play in the last moment that world-loved and God-blessed song, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." One end of that mighty vessel dipped deep into the sea while the other reared skyward. The falling of machinery was heard, the lights flickered, went out and flashed

again. With star beams brightly gleaming she could be seen standing one hundred and fifty feet in the air black against the sky; rested a while in that position as if to give those who had been saved from her fate one last and lingering look at the greatest wreck of the sea. There were moments of suspense that lengthened into hours of dread and sorrow, then suddenly she plunged to the awful depths of the sea and nothing of that ship remained but memory. There was a whirlpool where she went down, but in a few moments all was still again. That mistress of the seas rests at the bottom of the deep. There will be hearts that ache at home and long for some loved one to return, but the sea will give no sigh and will only give up its dead on the morning of the resurrection.

That vessel was the pride of the world, but how soon is man's work destroyed and his fondest hopes made to perish. There were numbers who sprang into the briny waters at the very last moment and rose on the sea waves, many to die and some to live. There were cries for help, but the lifeboats were full. No helping hand could then be extended only that of the Divine. There they waited in the later night and early morning for a rescue ship. Hearts must have almost broken as those saved thought of those lost and at that moment sinking to the depth of the sea, never more to gladden home with their presence. Little children to grow to manhood or womanhood never to know the love of parents. A wife would in the years to come sit and think of the husband who gave his life for her.

Where all was joy and mirth only a few hours before now is sorrow and death. That ship bore precious souls. Some mother's boy was there who will never see mother again. She may have pressed a kiss to his cheek and prayed that he might see home once more, but we know not why that ship was never to return. It was freighted with hopes of loveliest hue. It may have carried the jewel of many a home, but those jewels must sleep in coral graves far under the dusky blue. Lovers

perhaps watched the stars on that sad night and told the old story ever new. But the joy of that love was never realized and the story perhaps not finished must be told by other lips or never be told. In the years yet to pass there will be many who will sit and think in the twilight hour and wonder if that precious one who has never been seen since that proud ship left the port with flying banners will not yet return to home and loved ones. Many a life has been saddened by this disaster, but they must weep in silence. The gay, bright, wicked world has not time to drop a tear of love for those who went down that sad night. Those who perished may sleep on the floor of the sea or on coral reefs where waving sea weeds grow, never more to wake from that sleep until the sea shall give up its dead. Those who lost loved ones will never see another ship sail the ocean without thinking of a treasure lost and of what might be the fate of the ship they see.

Many who died were not prepared to meet God. Some died cursing. Some were in one sin and some in another that night. Many who were called brave and who met death without trembling in that hour of excitement were not brave enough to honor God by a life of service. There are men and women who are brave enough to stand at the head of an army, but not brave enough to serve and honor God. He who is bravest is he who lives for the right and righteousness among men, and gives his time and talents to the service of God.

How glad were all those on board the lifeboats in that early morning hour as the lights of the rescue ship, Carpathia, loomed in sight. For awhile their losses and sorrows were forgotten. When all were landed safe on board then began a sad voyage to the harbor of New York. They were left to then reflect as to what their real loss was. Friends gathered at the port in New York, and waited for the approach of that vessel bearing sad hearts from the wreck on the sea. The curious were there to see the survivors of the great disaster. The

vessel slowly made its way to port. Its deck was black with passengers. It came in so differently from the usual way vessels come to harbor. There were no merrymakers on board. With bowed heads and sad hearts they came. That boat was loaded with human freight, but more heavily laden with human sorrow. There had been many a treasure left behind. There were multitudes who waited on the shore. They talked in whispers. They stood on the pier and far back into the streets of the great city. The ship at last anchored and gently lifted her burdens into the city, where they were cared for by willing hands and loving hearts.

Here the curtain falls and the world will never know the sorrow and anguish witnessed by those who escaped death on that memorable voyage. Every human being is on the sea of life sailing to another shore. There are dangers to beset them. The sea is driven into madness by the tempest of passion and thousands go down on rugged shoals. There are days when it seems that all are safe and no harm can befall them, when suddenly destruction overtakes them and they go down to rise no more.

The fogs of sin blind the eyes of men and even in the very hour of death we are in revelry and mirth. There is no certainty in life. Death is sure to come and many times when least thought of. In the darkness of the night, when it seems that life reaches out to almost infinite length, presently the iceberg of sin is struck and man reaps death. Its sharpened sides tear into human souls and life is gone. (So many make no preparation until the danger is seen and then it is too late.) (The life saver of this tempestuous sea is Christ the Lord.) One may go down to death in the midst of what seemed to be happiness and safety, but even then, if Christ is the one who has been honored, that one will at last on the shore of the land of life and immortality live forever. In the hour of death is no time to prepare for life,

but in life is the time to fit one's self for death and then eternal life.

To those who are prepared death has no sting. Its bitterness is not felt. There is not one who is in safety as the sea of life is being crossed unless he who guides the boat is Christ the Lord. Jesus alone can rescue in time of storm. He calmed the sea in days of old and his spirit through his word can in the very hour of death calm the weary and tempest-tossed soul of man.

It is indeed great to be brave and fearless in the hour of danger among men and flinch from no hardship to help save those who are weaker when perils thick confound. Such a one will live in hearts he leaves behind. But the bravest are those who face danger for truth and righteousness and stand up for him who died to save when all the world flees in wild confusion. Those who serve Jesus Christ will in that great day when God shall make up his jewels shine like the stars of the morning in that home of celestial glory, free from wreck and ruin, and there hide forevermore in the secret of his love.

There will then be no more dangers on the sea. No more longing for a rescue ship, no more sinking of proud vessels, no more death. It is best to be safe, and the only safety is in the arms of Jesus.

The Church.

Extract from a Sermon.

I am to speak to you upon a subject that is of great importance and one that has interested the world from time immemorial. From the time that man was cast from his Eden-home to walk in darkness without God, his mind must have ever been questioning: Is there a brighter day? This was ever a present question with him. Would he live after the fitful dream of life was over? Was there a promise left him? God had said that "the seed of woman should bruise the serpent's head." When would that time come? The darkness of the night of sin seemed to forbid one ray of light. Man groped his way in moral darkness; step by step he felt his way through the starless midnight. Prophets told of a coming morning, but the prophets died and the day had not dawned. What must have been the watchings of men for something to fix their hopes upon? Would the winter of moral darkness never break? Would the bleak winds of the Arctic never cease to blow and blight the hopes of poor fallen man? Finally, after the long weary night of four thousand years had slowly worn away there was a light in the far east. The morning star of the world had appeared. Angels sang a joyous song. The manger of Bethlehem held a baby. The star brightened into the Sun of Righteousness and the world was joyous at the prospect of salvation. This Jesus, the light of the world, came to give or make a way by which man could find his way back to his lost Eden. The church had been promised for thousands of years, and Christ was now to establish it, or rather complete it. This church was not to be an earthly institution, but a spiritual. The apostles did not quite comprehend its meaning. It was to be a spiritual house in which individuals have to live in order that they may be prepared for the mansion in the sky.

There is no longer room for doubt regarding the church. Jesus died that it might be complete. All who desire to enter the church have a right to do so. If you want to know where the kingdom of God is, read his word and you will find it. There are many examples found in Acts of Apostles as to how men came into the church. It is not found by agonizing and crying. The way to Christ is simple, and no one need err. Just believe on Jesus, repent of your sins, confess and be baptized. God does not pardon any one until he obeys him. Religion is service and not a gift in any sense. He who will take God's word, the Bible, and live according to its teaching until the end of life will be saved. Just simply to have one's name on the church roll is by no means getting into the church. One has to get into Christ to be in the church, and the one who gets into Christ has to be in earnest before he gets into him. God knows your heart, though you may not know that he does. Jesus came to his apostles and asked them saying, "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" They answered, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets." He saith unto them, "But whom say ye that I am?" And Simon Peter answered and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God" (Matt. 16:13-16). Jesus told Peter that he answered right. Upon that truth the church was built. It is the foundation of the spiritual kingdom. Every person entering since has been asked through the Gospel to make the same confession that Peter made. I do not know when the church had its beginning in the mind of God for it must have been in the long ago. It was in a preparatory state in the march through the wilderness. God was training a people for his coming kingdom. It is enough to know that the church is established.

We know not when it began, but we do know that it was finished on the day of Pentecost and that the first converts entered into it on that day. Before that day the church was spoken

of as in the future, and after that day it is spoken of as a complete church. All Scriptures before the day of Pentecost point to the future as the time when the church would be ready for the world, and after Pentecost we have an established church. The kingdom of God gets into the heart through faith, repentance, confession, and obedience to God, and these same things put man into the kingdom. There is no such a thing as getting into Christ and then joining the church, for if one gets into Christ he is in the church, and when he is in the church he is in Christ. "Christ is the head of the body the church" (Col. 1:18). If one gets into the church and does not get into Christ, it would naturally follow that there is no head to the organization that he is in.

The doors of the church are not opened and shut by man. The Apostle Peter opened the doors of the church on Pentecost and they have never been shut since that time. No man has any authority to say, "I will open the doors of the church for the reception of members." The doors of a human institution may be opened, but not the church of Christ, for it is always open to receive members. John says in Revelation, "He that openeth and no man shutteth and shutteth and no man openeth." (Rev. 3:7). The doors of the church are open for any sinner who will come, leaving his sins behind and taking hold of God. The prodigal son found the father, so will the sinner find God the Father if he will come to him. The Church of Christ does not vote men and women into it, and the institution that does is human in its organization and discipline. The life should be conformed to the teachings of the Bible.

The church of Christ has one ordinance, and that is the Lord's Supper, to be observed every Lord's Day. Baptism is not an ordinance of the church in any sense. It is to be administered by believers and servants of God to penitent believers who are on their way to God fleeing from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of Christ. Baptism is to be administered to

bring one to Christ, and the Lord's Supper is to be partaken of by those who are Christians. It is not to be observed every month, three months, or once a year, but every first day of the week. In doing this the Lord's death is brought before the world every week.

The church had a divine name, and those in it were to wear the divine name. In writing to the church at Philadelphia, in Rev. 3:8 "an open door is set before them because they had kept his word and not denied his name." The church that will not wear Christ's name is denying him and will be spewed out of his mouth. His followers are to wear his name as well as the church. There are many who would accept the name Christian, for they know it is right, but they are kept from it because of family connection, prejudices, and sometimes because they are afraid they will lose their position. But we learn in God's word that we ought to "obey God rather than man." Those who are Christians only can rejoice in that name. Even if they suffer they can rejoice, for they glorify God in this name (I Peter 4:16, A. V.) The man or woman who does not wear the name Christian, but instead wears denominational names, cannot rejoice in it, for their name is no better than any other human name. It is a name given by man and is not divine, therefore it is no better nor more scriptural than any other name. God wants men to stand up for the truth because it is truth and not because it suits them. People obey when they do not ask why a thing is done, but do it because it is commanded. The earthly parent does not want the child to always question the purpose when commanded to do a thing, but to obey whether it sees the object or not. It is the same with our Heavenly Father. He wants our obedience whether we know what it is for or not. Wear his name because we are his children.

The church of Christ consists of a number of people met together, who have believed, repented, confessed and been baptized into the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, with no book to

govern but the Bible and no creed but Christ. The church is not the building made of wood or stone. The material house is a place built by the church already established, for the convenience of those who desire to worship God. Having the name on the church record does not make one better or worse, it is for the purpose of knowing who they are who worship in that particular congregation. Obedience is that which puts one into the church, and not the name on the church roll. The name must be written on the Lamb's Book of Life if one is truly and sincerely in the church. There is no such thing as getting religion and then joining the church, for in the first place religion is not a gift, it is a work, a growth, a gradual developing into the spiritual life; it is service in the Lord, and the one who does not give his or her service to God is not religious, therefore does not have religion. We learn what pure religion is in James 1:27. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The second place, when people become religious they are in the church. The hand of fellowship is merely a token of brotherly love by those who are in the church, previous to the others' coming. It is to acknowledge that they fellowship them in all good works and a promise to help them live for God. You do not grow better in staying away from Christ, but you grow better by coming to him as a sinner and getting under the blood by obedience. Change your mind and give your heart to God. Conversion takes place in your mind, and pardon in the mind of God.

If there is one here out of the kingdom, come to Christ now. Now is the time to make your calling and election sure. Will you reach out your hand to Jesus and let him lead you, and guide you into that land of delight? Jesus is preparing a place for you. It is a city of gold. It is a place where no sorrows will ever come. Gleaming spires and frosted domes, polished by the hand of God, rise in splendor. The fountain of eternal

life flows through meadows overhung by flowers of rarest beauty. Angels walk with the Redeemer and chant hymns of sweetest melody. Golden fruit drops from the tree of life. There is life eternal. Will you make it your home forever by coming to Jesus now? Salvation is offered to you by Christ our Lord. You are invited to go to the highlands of heaven. Your feet will press golden sands. Your fingers touch harp strings. Your ears hear music divine. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard of the joys that will be ours when we reach the other side. Our minds cannot comprehend all there will be for us over there. There we will see our aged mothers and fathers in glory. They will not walk with feeble steps, as they did while pilgrims on earth. They will then be buoyant with life, and with elasticity of step will roam over celestial fields bedecked and made glorious by the hand of God. There will be no wrinkles on their brows; angel hands will smooth them out and kiss them to the beauty of youth. Little babies, rosebuds gathered in life's spring time from earth's fields, will in that new city walk in robes of manhood and womanhood, yet we will know them and cherish them in that home of glory. Their long absence from us on earth will make us cling closer to them in eternity. Earth was too dark a vale for them and God lifted them up to dwell with him until we should see them and be with them forever. There shall be no scalding tears to flow down our cheeks, but instead there will be visions of surpassing beauty mantle the forms of those who walk with him in white. Our bodies will be wrapt in a halo of radiant glory, there clothed with all the beauty and luster suited to the immortal of the empire of heaven. There the grandeur scenes of immortal beauty will surround us and refresh our weary souls with aspirations and thoughts of the angels. We will carry our identity with us through the dim pathway of the grave, into the doorway of the splendid temples of glory beyond the scenes of

dull time. The glorified ones of our Redeemer, when we shall have met where the stars of radiant life ever shine, will greet one another in that land of life. Will you come?

How to Become a Christian.

The subject I have chosen is one in which every man or woman here, I hope, is interested. You should feel an interest in your own soul's salvation. If you are a Christian it becomes you as a follower of Christ to make an effort to grow in the Christian life.

If you are not a Christian then you ought to become one at once. Begin to study the Bible that you may know how to come into his spiritual kingdom. Religion is not a mystery. Religion is service and not a gift. The world has been misled on the subject of religion. They have thought it was a gift coming direct from God. James tells us what it is. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." (James 1:27.) The way to become religious is to obey God. Read and study the Bible and then obey it. Don't take any minister's word for it, but take the Bible and you are sure to be right. The Holy Spirit does not operate on the heart of man independent of his word, but dependent upon the word. If you desire to become a Christian read the word of God. Read Acts of Apostles and do just what you find commanded there. The first step after hearing the Gospel is faith. One has to believe the Gospel that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and that God is. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house" (Acts 16:31). This jailor had to go the whole distance from the kingdom of sin to that of righteousness, and faith was the first step. Faith only could not save, "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified and not by faith only." (James 2:24.) But faith was the first step toward God. Paul and Silas spake to him the word of the Lord and he obeyed it, for he was baptized. After one has believed, then he must repent of his sins.

Put them in the past. Repentance is the second step for the one who is coming to Jesus. "Repent ye therefore and turn again that your sins may be blotted out when seasons of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." (Acts 3:19, R. V.) In order to repent one has to turn around and face about toward God. Make restitution for sins as far as possible. Repentance means to get right with your fellowman and with God.

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Romans 10:10.) This confession is made with the mouth, and then it must be made with the life if the one making it desires to have peace with God. The confession made by the mouth is of no avail unless backed up by the life. The church was built upon the confession "That Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God." Every one entering the church is required to make that confession. The Ethiopian nobleman made it before he was in the kingdom. Another step toward God is baptism. It is no more important than the other steps, but it is a like important step. Baptism is necessary in order to come into the spiritual kingdom. Christ never commanded anything to be done that was not necessary. He did command baptism. Therefore it is necessary. Peter said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." (Acts 2:38, R. V.)

Baptism is found in the great commission twice, faith only once and repentance once. Water cannot cleanse from sin within itself. The virtue is not in the water, but it is in the obedience. The water did not open the eyes of the blind man but his obedience to Jesus did open them. The water of Jordan did not cleanse Naaman, but his obedience to God did. Water does not literally take away sin, but if you want to obey God you must be baptized. Jesus said, "Go ye therefore and make

disciples of all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." (Matt. 28:19, R. V.) So if you get into Christ you are surely baptized into him. "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us." (Not the putting away of the filth of the flesh but the answer of a good conscience toward God.) "By the resurrection of Jesus Christ." (I Peter 3:21.)

Some claim that baptism is not necessary to get into heaven, but that it is necessary to get into the church. Is the church better than heaven? If it is not necessary to be baptized then it is not necessary to believe. One is of as much importance as the other. If one were to come to me asking to be baptized the only requirement I am authorized to make is for that one to confess the Savior's name. When the Ethiopian nobleman said: "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" Philip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest." He did not say, "Wait here until I go up to Jerusalem and ask the brethren if they are willing to receive you. Then if you will testify that God for Christ's sake has pardoned your sins, I will then baptize you." Neither did Philip take a discipline and read from it and ask him if he could live up to its rules. Philip asked but one question, and that was, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest." Can we of the present demand more and be scriptural? If a man demands baptism at my hands should I go and ask the congregation for whom I am laboring if I can baptize him? You can't vote a man into the church; neither can you vote him out. You can withdraw fellowship from him after he has turned himself out, but the church has no right to vote him in nor out. Let us be scriptural in our teaching and use the Bible as our text book and not a discipline nor creed. When a man preaches Christ to a sinner he preaches faith, repentance, confession and baptism. "Philip opened his mouth and began at the same scripture and preached unto him Jesus." (Acts 8:35.) The eunuch believed,

repented, confessed and was baptized; so all these things must be taught if one preaches Jesus. No one can preach Christ in his fulness unless baptism is taught.

The question comes, how is one to be baptized? Is immersion, sprinkling or pouring right? Immersion is the only scriptural way of being baptized. Sprinkling and pouring come from Roman Catholicism. They were introduced by the pope. Those who are immersed know that it is baptism and are satisfied. Sprinkling is not universal and immersion is universal.

Paul said: "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." (Rom. 6:4.) This is plain enough for the weakest mind to understand. The apostle says in plain words, "Buried with Him by baptism." And not only in this passage, but there are others also. "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised from the dead." (Col. 2:12.)

The person who ignores these passages and will not be immersed says by his action that he had rather obey the pope than God. That man who attempts to prove that baptize in the original language does not mean plunge under or immerse sets himself against the scholarship of the world and therefore loses his right to a place among the learned of all beliefs. The greatest scholars of all churches have admitted that immersion was the only way in the day of Christ. In the American revision of the New Testament (Matt. 3:11) John says, "I indeed baptize you in water," not with water as the old version has it. In the same verse he says, "He (Christ) shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire." In the Scripture you will find that the subject is applied to the water and not the water to the subject. The nobleman went down into the water. The Philippian jailer went to the water, for he went out of the house. Saul of Tarsus went to the water, for he arose and was baptized. "John also

was baptizing in Enon near to Salim, because there was much water there, and they came and were baptized." (John 3:23.) "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." (Gal. 3:27.) "Jesus came from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him." (Matt. 3:13.) "Then went out unto him Jerusalem and all Judea and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." (Matt. 3:5-6.)

We see by all these passages that the individuals went to the water, instead of the water being brought to them. So you see that they were immersed or the water could have been applied to the person.

"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean, from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you." (Ezekiel 36:25.) This passage is often quoted to prove that sprinkling is right. But the passage has no reference to the present time. This was at the return from Babylonian captivity. The ones who claim the first part of this verse to mean baptism will not take the latter part of the verse, for it says that this sprinkling was to cleanse them from filthiness. Clean water that is spoken of here means water that is mixed with the ashes of a red heifer. Read Numbers 19:1-11. You will find that it is a water separation and purification for sin. So if this is baptism and means for the present, then the water must have the ashes of the red heifer mixed with it. Clear water alone is never spoken of in the Bible as clean water. It must have the ashes of the red heifer before it is called clean—that is, under the Old Testament. Another passage often used and many times confused with that in Ezekiel is this: "So shall he sprinkle many nations." (Isaiah 52:15.) This passage here means exalt many nations and has no reference to baptism whatever. The many nations are spoken of here in this passage, but many nations are not used in Ezekiel. The first part of the verse Heb. 10:22 is used many times to prove sprinkling, but those

who use it are always careful not to quote or read the latter part of the verse. "Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water." (Heb. 10:22). This sprinkling here is with the blood of Christ in the heart and the washing with water is baptism in water.

It here takes the blood of Christ and water to be complete in the New Covenant, as it took the ashes of the heifer and water in the Old Testament. The sprinkling of blood is referred to again in Heb. 12:24. It here speaks of the "blood of sprinkling."

It is also spoken of in I Peter 1:2, "Unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." No man or woman would ever conclude by reading the New Testament that sprinkling was baptism. Sprinkling comes from the teaching of men and not from God. Sprinkling came about by the people being sick and they were sprinkled and when they recovered they were baptized. Afterwards the pope declared that sprinkling was sufficient. The pope claims the right to change any ordinance of the church at any time he sees fit. This same teaching has found its way into Protestant churches. I know that the disciplines of certain churches teach sprinkling, but that don't make it right. Throw the discipline down and take the Bible. Obeying the discipline won't save you, but obedience to the Gospel will save you. Sprinkling does not have any significance or meaning to it. Immersion does have. Rom. 6:17: "But ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered unto you." You obey that form of doctrine by being baptized. Sprinkling is meaningless, worthless, useless and has no scriptural ground. Now and then you find a preacher who will declare that Jesus was not immersed and that there was no water on the road where the Ethiopian nobleman was when Philip rode with him. Such a man who will in the face of facts dispute God's word makes of himself an unbeliever before man

and God. He does not believe the Bible any more than Bob Ingersoll did, and he was called an infidel. No man should occupy the pulpit who does not believe the Bible. Such a man needs first to be converted before he enters the pulpit. His teaching is skeptical, absurd and false. Many people go to the Old Testament trying to find the way of salvation, but the way of salvation is not given in it. The Old Testament only brought us to Christ. It was a teacher and prepared a people for Christ. "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ that we might be justified by faith, but after that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster." (Gal. 3:24-25.) "For if the first covenant had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second." (Heb. 8:7.)

"In that he saith a New Covenant, he hath made the first old. Now that which waxeth old is ready to vanish away." (Heb. 8:13.) "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to the cross." (Col. 2:14.) "And not as Moses, which put a veil over his face, that the children of Israel could not steadfastly look to the end of that which is abolished. But their minds were blinded: for until this day remaineth the same veil untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament; which veil is done away in Christ. But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart." (2 Cor. 3:13-15.) These passages given here surely teach that the Old Testament is not of force today. Any unbiased mind can understand clearly that the New Testament is our rule of faith and practice.

If we are still under the Old Testament we must offer the same kind of sacrifices they offered. But Christ is our sacrifice offered once for all. We need not look in the Old Testament for salvation. God speaks to us now through the New Covenant. It is said that the thief on the cross was saved and that Christ will save men the same way today. But remember that Christ had not yet shed his blood when he said to the thief, "Today

shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke 23:43.) He could as well say this to the thief before he died as he could say to Lazarus, "Come forth." Both of these cases were under the old law. Jesus is not speaking peace to men's souls now as he did then. He is not healing the sick, raising the dead, casting out devils as he did when he walked with men on earth. His word is with us, in the New Testament, and if any one wants salvation he can come to him through his word. God saves men through the Gospel now and not through the Old Testament. The Gospel "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. 1:16.) The Old Testament is as much the word of God as the New Testament, but it was for the Jews and the New Testament for all the world. Before the death of Jesus he told his disciples not to go to the Gentiles; "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter you not." (Matt. 10:5.) This was before his death. Hear him after his death. "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15.) There is quite a difference in preaching just to the Jewish nation and in preaching to all the world. Those who desire to know how to become Christians will have to study the New Testament, for in it is found the great salvation. When any one comes to Christ in the Gospel way, he becomes a Christian and he is nothing more. It is not necessary to attach a denominational name to the name Christian. It is surely wrong to wear any other name than the one given in the gospel for the followers of Christ.

James says: "Do not they blaspheme that worthy name by the which ye are called?" Again we read, "If any man suffer as a Christian let him not be ashamed but let him glorify God in this name." (I Peter 4:16, R. V.) "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." (Acts 26:28.) From what we have here given any one can readily conclude what a follower of Christ should be called if he is

unbiased in mind. But there are many who are so highly prejudiced against this name that they had rather die and go to torment than to accept this name they know to be scriptural. I plead for this name.

I now ask, if there are those here who want to be called Christians only, to come while Jesus pleads. Your Savior is calling you to come to him. He stands at the door of your heart and says to you, "Open the door of your heart and he will come in and sup with you and you with him." "Jesus is calling; list to his voice; why not be ready and make him your choice? Glory is breaking; look for the light, Jesus is calling, why not tonight?" If you wish to accept the Gospel terms of mercy and become a Christian you have a chance to do so now. You need Jesus in your life. You need him in your home. You need him in life and will need him in death. He will be your friend in time and in eternity if you will only accept him, and honor him here in this world. Will you come to him now? The Savior is calling you and urging you to draw nigh to him. It will make you happy if you will accept Christ.

Even those in sin will respect you more if you will accept your Savior. Do not come because others have come or for the reason that your wife or husband, father or mother, has accepted him; nor because you believe Christ to have been a perfect man. But accept him because you need him and because he is the Son of God and a Divine Christ. Let the world know that you are not ashamed of him. You could not have a greater honor than to be a Christian, and be known as such to the world. In your pathway somewhere there is a grave. Over it now flowers may be blooming, but in the years that are fast pressing you on it will open and receive you into its dark embrace. You will need the Christ then as much as you need him now. Come to him now, that at last you may pillow your head on a Savior's breast in the hour of death and know that all will be well when you awake at the blast of the trumpet of God.

Education Coupled With Christianity.

Lecture

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am sure that you will indulge me if while I speak to you on the subject chosen for this address I should bring some treasures of thought gleaned by years of patient study. A rosebud or two plucked from the garden of fancy, I am sure, would meet your approval. We are concerned about the material things of life, and yet sometimes as we wander in a field where grows the richest and most luscious fruit, we can get as much real joy from the opening flower that the honey-bee sips as from the mature fruit. To wander in an orange bower when the sweet blossoms scent the breeze of a spring morning is as delightful as to pluck and eat the golden fruit. There is as much comfort and joy to sit beside the ocean and see its changing wonders as to plunge beneath its waves and cool our scorching brows. Then we believe that from the realm of fancy we can draw lessons of comfort. The better elements of thought may even here and there be overhung by flowers and wreathed with honeysuckles. The beautiful is always to be appreciated, and I trust that in this lecture, if perhaps I may stop where flowers bloom and rivulets murmur, you will pause a moment with me to catch the scent of the rose or listen to the song of the brook. I am to travel in a path over which thousands have gone. I am to wander in a wilderness where many other hands have gathered flowers. I am to stray in a grove from which luscious fruit has been plucked by those who have passed before. I am to paint upon the canvas where others have thrown rainbow colors. I am to play upon the harp that fingers of skilled artists have touched. You will not expect too much of me then, I am sure, for men of mature minds have passed this way in years that have gone. I am not seeking to open up a new mine of wealth, to discover a new path through a

tangled forest or to pluck the sweetest flowers that were ever gathered by human hands; but I shall be satisfied if I can glean only a little gold in an already worked mine, pluck one flower that others have overlooked or claim one rosebud from the garden others have gathered from. The human mind is ever unfolding. It has progressed beyond that ever dreamed of. It has taken step by step until its calculations have reached to the farthest bounds that the world has known. It has analyzed the invisible atmosphere that surrounds the earth; it has found the birth chambers of the tempests and has surveyed the path of the traveling storm. It has discovered the palace of Iris and the pleasure grounds of her attendant nymphs. It has harnessed the lightning and dissected the sunbeam in its descent. The mind of man has walked the bottom of the sea, walked amid the clouds, roved amid the stars. But it has not yet enabled man to grasp with an arm of flesh the products of other worlds or tread on distant spheres.

Man has contrived means to advance his thoughts across seas and continents with more rapidity than if provided with wings of some celestial bird. Man shelters beneath the palm of the Torrid Zone and lives amid the snows of the Polar region. He has traced the orbits and weighed the materials of other worlds, has followed the path of the comet in its million-mile dash through the home of the stars and told of its return to us after having conversed with other orbs.

Through the development of the mind man has provided the electric spark by which our cities are made light at night as by day. He has invented the locomotive that rushes onward at the rate of ninety miles an hour from the city to hamlet of this world. But the intellect of man is worthless unless with his culture and work he has sought to be good as well as great. I would impress upon you now that there are four principles that go to make up a noble man or woman. These are the beautiful, the useful, the honorable and the good. Now as I speak of the

beautiful I do not mean the outward or physical being. The plaiting of the hair, the adorning of the body with jewelry, the rosy tints of the face (made by paint)—they do not go to make real beauty. The true beauty comes from the heart. It is the expression of a great soul within. The heart of the individual must be beautiful, before the life can be made so. As one is in mind so will he be in action. The face of an individual is usually an index to character. If men and women love the society of the pure and refined, then they will express it to the world about them through an innocent face and deeds of love. No life can be beautiful without first being good.

Usefulness is that quality or principle of the heart that fits us for our work among men. He only is useful who strives to elevate the human race. Man was made to bless his fellowman. "None liveth to himself," is written upon the brow of every sunset, upon the trees, in the dewdrop, in the snowflake; moon and stars proclaim this truth. Every man has his part to play on the stage of life, and if he falls short then the work or service he might have done or rendered can never be done by another. It must remain forever undone.

Honor comes to us for our real worth. If one is honorable he will attract those with whom he comes in contact. It is excellence of character, noble deeds, a pure heart and an honest purpose. Honor may be given by men and yet the one that is honored may not be worthy in the least, for there must be nobility of character before anyone can be honorable. With our Father in Heaven no one is honorable who is not true to any trust committed to him. Some men stand high among men and yet at heart they are sinful. Polish is all right in its place, but it will not always hide criminal actions. Like pent up waters some day it will break loose and leave destruction in its path. Honor will attract esteem from the courteous and refined.

There is another principle of our being that is important, and that is goodness. If we separate ourselves from it we are then

worthless. It redeems us from our coarse nature. It fits us for nobler and better work. It holds the animal passions in subjection and enthrones the better elements. He who is good is great. Though he may not be known beyond the narrow limits of his own neighborhood, yet he is great, for he writes his name with love upon the hearts of those he meets in life. Without this principle one cannot be a true man or woman. We cannot serve our country or our God. We cannot be happy without it. It leads us to fuller joy and we walk where bright waters shimmer.

These four principles go to make up the real character of man. All the qualities of usefulness are classed under one of these heads. They make us what we are here in this life as we walk in this shadowy vale and prepare us for more splendid realms.

The hills covered with the fresh beauty of springtime or the autumn tints of rainbows stir within us love for the beautiful as we gaze upon fields of flowers or skies of azure blue. We look upon the sunset with its strange new beauties, its crimson eye of light, and watch the streams of gold as they fall upon the dark folds of the storm cloud resting upon the faraway eastern horizon, where a rainbow hangs in splendor and tosses her kisses back to black clouds and pencils smiles on the cheek of the storm. The extent of our appreciation depends on what we have been taught to appreciate and enjoy. From these pleasures we derive happiness. Every life desires happiness, pleasure, usefulness and success, but these things can only be enjoyed by conforming to moral laws while obtaining our education. We must study, work and pray. The one who has indulged in sin, fought life's battles with no object save to gratify his passions and his lusts, cannot enjoy the same things as the one who gives his time and talents to the service of God and his fellowman. The mind must first be trained to appreciate and enjoy certain things before it can do so. The cannibal tribes

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of wildest Africa can plunder, lay waste, kill and feast upon one like unto themselves, while we would turn sick at such cruelty and slaughter. The savage has feeling like our own, but he has not been trained to see life in its higher and holier meaning. The robber can take from the poor and helpless and be content with his unjust gain, while we stand by and drop a tear for the ones who were victims of rough hands. The gambler can take that for which he has not labored and laugh at the one who is less fortunate in sin. He thinks not of children that he is stealing from nor of a poor wife who weeps at home for a wandering husband. His thought is gain at any cost, and money to him is worth more than life. The man who sells liquor gives to his fellowman that which corrupts and destroys the life and soul and then kicks the poor wretch out in the street to die, while those who are cultured and refined and who love souls more than money will fight the temperance battle, spend money and time to prevent such wholesale slaughter of men. The savage Indian with a manly form lifts his tomahawk and mangles the bodies of men, women and children who cry for mercy at his feet; he lays his scalping knife to their ears and dances around their lifeless forms, but his heart is untouched by pity or sympathy. He has no culture or training and therefore cannot be moved to penitence. Those who are cultured and taught had rather be victims than the victor in such slaughter as this. So we may conclude that our education and instruction must have the principle of right and justice instilled before we can truly say that we are intellectually and morally instructed. Look, if you will, from the cleft of the yawning chasm of the Grand Canyon. What thoughts fill your mind, of a Master Creator who scooped out with hands this great gash in the earth's bowels and cleansed it with the onrushing tide of the Colorado? Its grandeur and depth cannot be contemplated by man's puny mind. He wonders who touched as it were with a painter's brush the hues and tints of all the rainbow colors and gave its

brilliancy and glory, seen nowhere else on earth. Fancies flood the soul and we live in realms of delight. We seem to revel in dreamland and walk in bowers of enchantment. Close your eyes upon the scene and there is no beauty or wonder there unless it is the beauty that lingers within the soul. Go through the great Yellowstone Park and behold the beauties and wonders of nature there. See her in her maddest form—the great geysers shooting their hot floods upward and roaring like the maddened tempest. Stop your ears and turn your back and the grandeur has passed save in the vision of memory. Could the uncultured mind enjoy such a scene? If not, then the grandeur must be looked for in the mind and not in the water. The beauty is in the soul and not in the coloring of the great canyon. Look upon the clouds marshaling their black squadrons; see the lightning's gleam; hear the thunder's roar; see the forest bend and the grand old woods nodding; floods pouring from every ravine and gash in the mountain side; rivers plunging toward the mighty sea. The rainbow that spans the heavens after the storm has spent its force is the smile of God's best promise. We here conclude that the majesty of the storm is not in the clouds or rain, but is in the inner soul and is aroused into emotion and action by the mighty sweep of the tempest. The rainbow blushing on the cheek of the beholder is beautiful only to the extent of the appreciation of him who sees.

The first object of every man is to serve to the best of his ability. Service is a part of our very being. If we would be useful we must serve. The man who toils through a long life struggling with difficulties, who shuns the pleasure of the world, seeks work instead of ease, and finally gives his life to the world in noble thoughts and deeds, who reveals to the world things that they may profit from, owes all that he discovers and reveals to the hidden power of man, the mind.

The engineer at the throttle, the brakeman at the wheel, the farmer in the field, the blacksmith at the anvil, the typester at

the machine, the artist in the studio, the sculptor with the chisel, the mechanic on the building, the professional man at the desk, the astronomer with the telescope, the weaver at the loom, the merchant at the counter—owe all they do and all they reveal to the mind cultured and trained. The picture on the canvas must first exist in the mind of the artist. The statue cut from the cold marble by the sculptor's hand existed in his mind before it came into form. All that we do that benefits the world must first exist in the mind before it can find a material form. All that we see made by man are the products of the cultured mind.

That which inspires the soldier of a hundred well fought fields is not the beat of the drum, the roar of the cannon, the flaunting of the flags, to tread upon the dead, to hear the groans of the dying, to cover the earth with the blood of his fellowman—these are only the desires of the emotional nature. The true inspiration arises from the heart and soul in the love for country, fireside, hearthstone, home, religion, freedom and liberty. That man who battles for the right, for truth and freedom, is moved with pity and compassion for the man with whom he measures swords. Let us take one battle for example. Our minds fall upon that of Waterloo. We see upon one side the powers of Europe combined with the mistress of the seas to strike the first blow. Wellington stood calm, serene, trustful, with his mind upon him who guides the destiny of nations. What must have been the emotions of his heart, the longing of his soul, the heaving of his bosom, as he faced that conqueror, that general of earth, that child of destiny, that man who knew no defeat, whose arm was steel, whose brow was a tempest, whose words were clothed with power, whose footsteps were as the steed's tread, whose presence was as that of an embodied spirit of battle? He had been a prisoner, but now a freeman. Millions had lined the shore of his native soil to welcome him home from Elba, his ocean prison. Those who had

followed him on the field of carnage, in the din of battle, amid the roar of cannon, the crack of musketry, of shot and shell, were now ready to face combined Europe with that Napoleon who knew no defeat to lead them in the mighty charge.

He rides before his officers and men. The two great armies face each other for the last decisive struggle. Just as the morning sun greets the earth with a kiss these mighty armies move toward the foe and clash in battle like the tempest. The battle cry is heard, strains of music greet the ear, and they rush on to the slaughter. The friends of the right, the foes of the wrong, die. Death is dealt here and life is taken yonder. The noble sons of Europe die while mothers at home wait for the returning conquerors. Fathers pray for victory while their boys die fighting for what they believe to be right. The conflict rages and blood flows like water upon the earth. Each side charges and is repulsed. They are men of steel; neither side will yield. The sun shines in with splendor and looks down from the skies on a battlefield covered with the mangled bodies of men. Again the armies rush with maddened violence into the conflict, and there is the tug of war. Sword strikes sword, and bayonet meets bayonet. They will not yield; they cannot conquer. Who will be victor and who will be vanquished no one can tell. The brave die with no one to catch a message from their last breathing and bear to loved ones far away.

The day is passing and the evening shadows are fast falling. Will the night shades gather before the battle ends? The Old Guard has been held for the last great struggle.? They move toward the front at Napoleon's command. They deal death at every blow. The armies of Europe are shattered and torn; they are now retreating. Napoleon is master once again. His bosom swells with emotion of joy as he sees them flee in wildest discord. But just as it seemed that the dreams of the conqueror were being realized they were crushed to earth. The thousands who had just arrived under Blucher's command began pouring

shot and shell into the already thinned ranks of the Old Guard. The charge is renewed and that mighty army which knew no superior now rushes to defeat. It is repulsed, beaten, driven back, slaughtered, panic-stricken. Napoleon sees his army mowed down like grain before the sickle; he sees them scattered like sand before the tempest. His glory now waned and vanished like night shades before a brilliant sun. His destiny is sealed. The star of hope now sets behind clouds. He is borne to the Island of St. Helena, there to waste life in dreams and shadows. No companion but nature and no music but the ocean's roar.

As Wellington stood on the brow of the hill and looked over the field swept by the tempest of war he said, "There is but one thing sadder than a great victory, and that is a great defeat." Therefore, we may conclude that war is not always a thirst for blood, but that it vindicates the right and adjusts the affairs of nations.

Every man should seek honor, but he should first know what honor is. It is not the plaudits of men. That man may be called honorable who has gained reputation at the cost of another's character. We should seek to "give honor to whom honor is due." Those who are honorable are the men and women who seek for distinction in lofty thoughts and noble deeds. It is character, nobility of purpose, high ideals of life. Those who honor the world most by living are the ones who seek the good of others as well as for themselves. If you are honorable you are unselfish; you are just in the affairs of life; your motive will be to exalt the right and depress the wrong; you will seek to be an example to the world about you. The world honors wealth at this time more than brain and heart. If a man has wealth we are ready to tip our hats to him and call him great because he has gained a few thousand dollars. It does not take a great mind to achieve wealth. Some of the most illiterate men have become wealthy. They make it their study.

In most instances they provide themselves with half enough to eat and wear. They cheat their fellowman and get wealth at any cost. But he who has the proper conception of life had rather have one morsel of bread and be honorable, than to have the wealth of the world and a seared conscience.

The time has come that if two men come among us, one intellectual and moral, the other with his millions of gold, we almost lose sight of the former in our desire to reach the latter. Our schools and colleges are failing to hold young men and women long enough to be educated. They are mad with the desire for money, and rush into the commercial world half prepared for work. I pray that soon we may return to the old paths, "when men shall live by reason and not alone by gold;" when men shall be honored according to the degree and kind of life they have given to the world and not according to the money they have. We rush to get a drink at the fountain of happiness. Happiness is not the whole object of life. Worldly pleasure does not bring happiness. To satisfy a longing of the physical man does not make us happy. It may bring momentary pleasure, but not lasting joy. Men drink for pleasure, but it brings sorrow instead of joy. Men chew for pleasure, but there is no satisfaction in the weed, for it never brought a real pleasure. That which satisfies the soul is all that gives real pleasure. If you want to be happy give your time and your heart and hand to service and in the end you will be happy. Everyone should seek to enjoy whatever peace and tranquillity of mind and heart has been allowed us in this world, but let us not seek pleasure at the cost of our lives and souls. The culture of the mind will supply us with those things best calculated to produce the highest order of happiness in this world. Just to be happy without any distinction in the pleasure is unbelief. It is ruinous to the soul. It rejects God. It mocks at worship. It scorns the good in others and depreciates the word of the living God. Men, nations and people

have perished on this fatal shore. Pleasure sought without knowing what the true pleasure is means to cultivate the passions and appetites of our sinful nature. Rome drank deep at the fountain of worldly pleasure, but where now is Rome? Where now are her brave warriors, her illustrious statesmen, her poets of fame? They have traveled down the onrushing tide of time; they are lost in the whirlpool of sin and corruption. Italy's flower gardens have given way to deserts. "Her fountains of learning are dried up and mental darkness with weeping pinions hovers over her land of science and of song? Greece has ceased to live except on the tablets of the memory of nations. She dazzled the world awhile with her splendor and died by her own corruption. Where now are the builders of Babel's presumptuous towers? Where now are Egypt's thousands and Babylon's millions? They are remembered only in song. Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah, Chorazin and Bethsaida, Capernaum and Jerusalem rose, flourished and fell on the stairway to the glittering domes of sinful pleasure. France plunging into the vortex of a bloody revolution arrests the attention of the world. France had become a nation of infidels. They were happy awhile in the pleasure of the world. Toward the close of the seventeenth century a bloody revolution broke out among them. Louis, that princely king, was beheaded, though he sat in royal robes. Madam Roland was taken and on the block she exclaimed: "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Paris was a city of tumult and conflict. Her streets were red with the blood of her best sons. The hills and valleys of France echoed the war cry. That nation paid the penalty that always follows in the path of unbelief.

We may by these examples learn that our honor and happiness depend on the kind of cultivation we have. To educate the mind means to implant in it the lessons of morality and lofty purpose. It is to teach it what to do. Education does not mean a knowledge of science, English and mathematics only; it means

more than this. Moral principles must be instilled as well. The rubbish must be removed and the mind cleansed in order that the seed of justice, right and honor may be implanted. The weeds of sin must be plucked from the heart that roses of purity may grow in their stead. There is an idea prevailing among many today that the young men may be corrupt in morals—that they may abuse their physical being and yet be shrewd and smart—but such an idea is a mistake. Many young men think it smart if they are dissipated to a certain extent. They chew, smoke and drink. They perhaps have good reasons for so doing. The example is often set by the older ones. Even ministers of the Gospel use the filthy weed and thus set an example before the boys, and they naturally think there is no harm in it. The minister who uses tobacco sets a bad example for the young people to follow and should not have our sanction to occupy the sacred desk until he reforms. The use of the cigarette has been justified by the boys, who say, "Our pastor uses tobacco and I know there is no harm in it." Let us cleanse the pulpit first, and then we shall stand a better chance to cleanse the pew. The preacher who indulges in such habits, though he may not know it, lessens his field of usefulness. He is no better than hundreds of others whom he is seeking to reform. The minister should be an educator. He should endeavor to cleanse us physically, mentally and spiritually.

There is an idea among the young girls of the present generation that an education may be had by reading novels. There are those who say, "I don't read trashy novels," but there are only a few you find without trash. No mind was ever strengthened by a novel. No life was ever made better by reading a lie. No character was ever fortified by feasting on debauchery and crime. When you see a girl with her nose continually stuck in a novel you may rest assured that the gray matter in her head is limited. All she is fit for is to burden her mother, wear high heeled shoes, scramble her hair, powder her face,

walk the street and search for a boy who has less sense than she has. Mothers are sometimes guilty of the novel habit, and when they are you have no reason to expect more of their boys and girls. There are thousands of good books in the world. They have beautiful language and their teaching will make one better. Why not read them and make one's self better prepared for life's battles? Good books are our best friends. Our lives are moulded after the characters we find in them. How can the young people of the present generation be content to live upon trashy literature when there are so many useful books in the world?

When I behold the press and the rostrum pandering alike to this impure stream of intellectual development, I am made to feel that we are rushing on to the wild sea of anarchy, where our barks will be lost in the wild billows of sorrow and temptation. Young men, young women, arouse from your lethargy. If some of you allow the golden opportunities to pass while you stand idly by, I assure you all will not. There are many who will not allow themselves to be passed in this great intellectual procession. They will not stand the stings of ignorance and vice; they will not be content with mediocrity, but will press forward and upward to the top. There is always room at the top of the ladder, but it is always crowded at the bottom. Dig deep in the mines of learning, lay the foundation of your structure far below the surface, and then glittering minarets and golden domes will tower into sunshine and lean against the throne of success. When I see the young men and women of this great country preparing themselves for life's battles and conflicts with their minds and hearts in the work, I fancy that I can see far down the aisle of the future. I seem to see the veil lifted and bright sunshine kisses the earth. The valley smiles with its lap of treasures; the mountains wear their crown of gold. The desert brings forth its flowers of rarest beauty. Roses of richest fragrance shed their perfume on every breeze. There the trees

drop ripe and luscious fruit. It is a sylvan scene. The barren places have become fields teeming with the harvests of gold; the mine yields its treasure to the pick and the shovel; the farm gives up its rich harvest of grain at the touch of the hoe and plow; oil flows from a thousand wells when the bosom of the earth is punctured by the drill; turpentine flows from the pine when the woodsman's ax is laid to its root. The sunbeam is a familiar neighbor through the medium of astronomy; the sea has been crossed and her bosom whitened by the sails of commerce. All by the toil and labor of man. The aeroplane cleaves the sky like a bird on the wing, by vigorous demonstrations. The polar snows have been trampled under foot, icebergs ascended, aurora borealis looked upon and understood, the North Pole reached and the South Pole discovered because there were men who were not afraid to go where others had not yet gone.

The opportunities of the present are great. No one could ask for better. This great country with its splendid gifts is extended to its children. It is vast and boundless. Its great heart throbs and pulsates between two seas and its arms reach the islands of the deep. It reaches from where the palm trees rise midst green islands and glittering seas to the snows and ice of the wintry vale. Peace and plenty are within its bosom. It is a land of liberty; it is the home of the brave. The birds of the forest sing its praises, and the heart of the fawn loves its domain, for they are protected by its laws. The cities adorning its bosom are splendid temples reared by men's structure. They are emporiums of wealth and the scene of industry. It is the child of prophecy. The thirteen original colonies were its origin. It sprang into being along the wild shores of the Atlantic. The hoarse billows of the sea lulled it to quiet slumber at night, and the wild breakers woke it from dreams immortal at the dawn. It was sometimes vexed with the problem of state. Financial disasters have threatened its destruction. Foreign powers have sought its ruin. There were foes within

and enemies without. Yet over all it achieved an enduring victory. The mother country oppressed it, but it did not flinch from duty. The storm clouds of the Revolution rolled up to the zenith and obscured the sky; the tempest gathered; lurid lightnings leaped from the clouds and thunders shook this republic.

From over the sea there came no word of love. In the very hour of the most extreme discouragement, when hope had almost died out, the sunshine of freedom broke through the fissures of darkened clouds. Then liberty was born on the shores of America. It lived in Greece, shined on Rome, set behind dark clouds in France and arose on the shores of the Western Hemisphere. "Liberty is the daughter of light." In its pathway is progress, peace and plenty. The eagle is the proud bird of liberty and the Stars and Stripes the emblem of power. No foreign foe can touch our shores. Our brains and brawn have made us the foremost power on earth. Our culture, our learning and our Christian civilization have made us invincible. Our educational institutions are unsurpassed. I appeal to the young men and young women of this great country, this vast republic, will you do your part in the great work of reform? Will you seek to honor and to uphold this sacred trust committed to your keeping? If you will, then cultivate your intellectual faculties. Our appreciation for the beautiful in art and nature depends entirely on the kind and degree of culture. The uncultured mind cannot appreciate nature in its fulness. The sunset has but little glory. The stars are only dots in the sky; the moon has no story of love; the rainbow no promise and the flowers no language to the mind devoid of culture.

But one who has attuned the mind to the music of the rill, the warble of the bird's song, the laughter of the raindrops, the fleece of the snowflakes, the roar of the waves, the mellow of the sunlight, the color of the rainbow, the darkness of the storm clouds, and the blue of the skies—from such a mind there flows the fountain of pleasure. To the mind taught to commune with

nature there is nothing more beautiful than to behold the beauties of a day. Look towards the east as dawn bids good morning to the day. The first beams of light streak the gray skies and wide off, far to the east, the first gold of morning time is being penciled on the heavens as the rosy lips of light kiss the darkness away. The maiden of the morning stands with rosy and laughing face looking over sleeping cities and silent farm yards. The pale rose tints gently mingle into soft suggestion, the colors riot gloriously with each other. The King of Day looses his chariot of rolling fire and opens the portals of the morning. His golden light flashes over hill and plain, turning dewdrops into diamonds as they nestle like pearls in the heart of the rose. From the silent and dreamy depths of rivers and lakes is mirrored the blue concave above. All nature is vocal with life and every stream basks in the sunshine's splendor. As the sun reaches the zenith dark clouds rise, forked lightnings flash and gleam, deep-toned thunders stun the ear, ominous gloom pervades the expanse above, nature mourns. The rain falls in torrents; the tempest sweeps the earth. At last the storm has spent its force. Clouds fade away on distant horizons. Nature laughs with renewed splendor. Earth has been supplied with the copious shower. The sun stands on the magnificent arch of the heavens, kissing the seed in the soil watered by the shower until it yields to the call of nature. The sun hastens on his journey to the west while clouds await him. He goes to bed amid clouds of gold, crimson, scarlet and purple; his eye grows red and sleep steals upon him. The scene is more gorgeous "than the curtain of God's tabernacle, and all glorious to behold." The dark spirit of the night shades his face with gloom and calls forth the beauties of the night to take the place of his glory. His farewell rays kiss golden day good-night and stars peep from the ocean blue. They step out upon their cerulean balconies, clothed in beauty, to cast a silvery radiance over field and stream, adding charms to all the mysterious and shadowy

hours of the night. No one can revel in such beauty without first attuning his mind to nature and to nature's God.

Young men, I speak to you. No course of culture is perfect unless the moral principles are instilled as well as intellectual development. Without morality you cannot be great or noble or useful. You may sit upon the throne of a king; you may be a Samson in strength; you may be a Napoleon in power; a Caesar in ambition; your eloquence may exceed that of Cicero, or your fame that of an Alexander; your fingers may touch the harp strings and the music be sweeter than that of Virgil; your voice may be more melodious than was that of Orpheus; you may be a conqueror greater than Wellington; your leadership may exceed that of Moses, or your faith that of Abraham; your thoughts may exceed those of Homer and your words those of Milton; you may be greater than Solomon in wisdom or greater than David in conflict; you may be an Adam in the temples of science or a Noah to the floods of ignorance, but without the principles of morality instilled into your nature you cannot be truly happy. None have been happy without first being good. The most brilliant intellects among us have made failures of life where they have not been moral. I do not only plead for morality, but I plead for Christianity as well, for the acceptance of the Divine Teacher among men. A young man who is a true Christian is greater than he who acquires a fortune; builds a city; conquers a continent, wins a battle, discovers a hemisphere or reveals the hidden secrets of science and loves not Christ the Lord.

Christ was supreme in the intellectual world. Not that he was a graduate of some college. He had not studied the sciences. He was a creative intellectual genius. He wore no robes of royal priesthood. He unsheathed no sword. No invention was his. He could reveal mind and matter and unfold to the world the great heart of nature. He revealed to man God and gave him authority to say "Our Father." He opened up the way for

man to gain authority on earth, and that way was love. Love is the greatest of all force and power. The locomotive can draw cars; electricity can lift the weight of the mighty shaft or tear the boulder from the mountain side; steam whirls the wheel in the water and drives ships to foreign ports; war unsheathes the sword and nation bows to nation. The panting storm sweeps earth and lays waste her fairest temples or rolls the sea waves into mountain billows. The mighty river dashes from its channel and cities are destroyed by its floods and the hum of industry ceases as it hastens toward the sea. But the greatest power yet known is that of love. It lays its gentle arm around the homeless and deserted. It comforts the broken hearted. It makes the home happy. It makes the heart of the mother glad and pencils sunshine smiles on baby's face. It brings bright dreams to youth and visions of beauty to old age. It councils with the wise and leads the unlearned to the chambers of joy. It bridles the tongue and curbs the passions. It conquers pride and reveals the beautiful. It melts the stony heart and gives life a higher and holier meaning. It takes the child by the hand and leads it to the fountain of all joy. It whispers to the aged as they near the end of life, and reveals the glory of a more wonderful clime. It touches the hand of Jesus, listens to his voice of melody and looks upon his form divine.

Young ladies and gentlemen, the first duty you owe yourselves in life's early morning is to kiss the hand of the Master Divine and nestle close to his heart of love. Give your heart to Jesus and you will be happy when the sun of life sets. The portals of glory will open wide and you will pass to that joy divine on the shores of the sea of eternity.

Faith in God, in Christ and His Word.

"But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Heb. 11:6.

The lesson for this hour is believing in God, in Christ and his word. We often hear it said that certain people do not believe in God, or a Divine Being. Yet there are evidences all around us sufficient to prove to any mind that there is a God. This world surely came not by chance. The grandeur and glory of this world is enough for any one to believe that there is a great First Cause. The flowers of spring, the harvest of summer, the rainbow tints of autumn time and the bleakness of winter all tell of God. The footsteps of God are seen everywhere that we look. You can trace the footsteps of a Creator on earth and sky as surely as you can trace those of the traveler on the sea-shore, before a wave has washed them out. The divine hand has written on the clouds and stars; has breathed on earth, and his breath has cradled the flower and swayed the giant oak. He has with his foot shook earth and great cities laid waste. His blush made the rainbow form on the storm's dark brow, and the flash from his eye the lightning's quick touch. His frown made the storm clouds and his smile the sunshine beauty. His kiss gave the rose its blush and his breathing the ocean its ebb and flow. The evidence of God is seen everywhere.

There is nothing that runs with aimless tread. Every star has its path in the sky. Not one star varies a hair's breadth in a million years. They whirl on in rapid flight, yet so silent and calm that not one thing is moved on the surface of any sphere and not one sound comes from their lightning speed. Who, then, can look up to the stars and say within his heart that there is no God? The most perfect machinery is the machinery of the heavens. Every world speaks to us in language plain to be understood that it had a maker. There are a million worlds,

and yet they do not come in contact with each other; and through them all the comet plunges forward at a rate inconceivable to the mind of man, crossing the track of suns, worlds and systems, and leaps out to realms infinite. It dodges the path of mad meteors and passes beyond world zones unknown to man. Is all this by chance? Is there no hand to guide the star and no eye to watch the comet? Does the sparrow build its nest out of wisdom of its own? And does the ant lay up its winter store knowing that it will have need in the bye and bye? No; their wisdom is of God. He who would declare that there is no God and then prove that declaration to the world would necessarily have to be a god himself, for where he has not been there God may be.

There are many who say that they cannot and will not believe that which they cannot understand. But such a statement shows the ignorance of the one making it, for around us are thousands of things that we do not understand, and yet all believe them. "No man knows how that the sheep and horse, feeding upon the same pastures and drinking from the same stream, that one produces wool and the other hair on the body." He believes that this is true, but he does not understand it. The little acorn drops into the soil at our feet and lays there through the blasts of winter. In the springtime the sun warms the soil and the rain wets the earth and that little acorn bursts asunder, and from its tiny heart it sends upward a stalk and downward a root. Its growth is steady, and after while we see a giant oak in the forest that defies the storm and blast, extending its branches until beneath them there is enough room for an army to be protected from the blaze of the sun.

Can science explain the bursting of the acorn or the growth of the oak? Yet it is true, and no man disputes the fact. It is as great a miracle as the creation of worlds or the resurrection of the dead. Who can stand under the stars at midnight and say there is no God? The stars in their silence would rebuke

such a being and night winds chill the heart. See those stars decked with splendor and crowned with glory. See them as they hold their festival round the midnight throne. "Behold the midnight splendor, worlds on worlds; ten thousand add and twice ten thousand more."

Watch the moon as she climbs to the Milky Way and see her in her naked grandeur or contemplate her scenes of desolation, and we are made to ask who hung her there to guard the stillness of the night?

These are thoughts in which no serious mind can indulge without being raised in awe and adoration to the glory of his Maker. Stand upon the summit of some hill at daybreak when the night with its darkness is fleeing and the mists are rising from off the plains. See them float round you or like mountains afar off or float away in gulfs and bays. They are as quiet as a windless sea. Then quietly they begin to rise and float along until they are seen far above you and are clouds with woolly fleece rushing through the upper air. Are these mists and clouds all by mere accident? Or are they the evidence of the work of an infinite God? Our mind is filled with the thought that God made the beauty of earth and the splendor of heaven. Even man's perfection shows that there is a Supreme Being. Man is surely not the offspring of chance. Those who sit down and wait and hope for things to happen may rest assured that they will be disappointed in the end. If there is no chance or happen-so now there never was. If man came from an inferior being or the lower animals, then you could take the lower animals now and from them, by training and developing them, produce man, but this cannot be done. You can teach the animal to a great extent, but it cannot reason as man does. The parrot can talk, but it does not have the human voice.

Man is made in the image of God. That is after God's way, as God would have him be. He is the most perfect of all beings. His mind plunges out into space and wanders amidst

the works of God. He is capable of receiving instructions in science and art. He has harnessed the lightning, explored and unearthed the secrets of the earth's bowels; swept the starry skies with his vision in search of new worlds. Man can hate and man can love. Who can say, then, that he is not the product of an Infinite Mind?

We next turn to the second division of the subject—that is, Christ the Son of God. There may be those who believe in God who do not believe in Jesus the Christ. "Is Jesus whom we call Christ the Son of God?" has been asked through all the ages from the time that he came among men and the light of a star shone on old Judean hills.

He was the Son of God, or he was the world's greatest impostor. It is said by some "that he was a moral man and gave the world a grand message, but he was not the Son of God." But he could not have been a moral man if he was not the Son of God, for he said that he was the Son of God, and if he was not then he falsified to humanity. If he was not the Son of God, then there was no truth in him. And if he was not truthful he could not be the teacher of morality. If he was not the Son of God, the Bible is not true. Could the Gospel have stood through all the ages and have been false? Could an empty story elevate humanity? The enemies recognized Jesus as being the Son of God. Judas said, "I have betrayed innocent blood." Surely he was the Son of God, for his life in the lives of others for nineteen hundred years has bettered the world.

Those who are elevating the human family are those who believe in Jesus. Those who are the best friends in sickness are the ones who worship and honor Christ. The life of Christ has revolutionized the world. Without Christ as a Divine personage the Bible is meaningless. He runs like a line of bright silver throughout the whole. He is its beginning and its end. Jesus Christ is a living truth. He is enshrined in the hearts of men. The words of peace and goodwill cover the

land and sea. I see all over this world millions of church spires pointing heavenward, millions of men ministering in his name, and millions of humanity giving him honor and ascribing glory and praise unto his name.

Is there anything that can take the place of Jesus? Is there some one better to whom we can turn? Take Christ away and civilization falls to pieces; society will return to heathenism and mankind be lost. Jesus takes the care and sorrow of the distressed. He stands by our bedside in sickness if we trusted him while in health. He whispers peace to the troubled and rests the head of the dying on downy pillows of unfaltering trust. He gave signs of his Lordship to a doubting world. He reached out his hand to those in sin, and he raised Lazarus from the dead to dry the tears of weeping Martha and Mary. Without hope how pitiable are we! To whom can we go for comfort if Christ is not our friend? Where, oh where, can we turn for another friend like him?

He founded a new empire—an empire not like others, but one that was to have no political head; an empire with no sword but that of the Spirit and no army to guard but that of Christians. He was head of that empire in which homage was to be paid on bended knee, and praise given in singing psalms to the Father. That empire was to be in the hearts of men, and live and flourish and send forth its gleaming light and increasing splendor until all the world should see and feel its influence. He called fishermen from the streams and tax collectors from their post of duty to go forth and establish this great empire. Were they inspired? It would be more reasonable to believe that the drayman in the street could write poems like Shakespeare or paint like Raphael than to believe that ignorant fishermen could give to the world a book like the Bible without inspiration from God. The life of Christ is broadening and deepening in the lives of men and women with the steady march of every age. Loyalty to Christ has inspired

men to the sublimest heroism, whether they toiled in the mine or labored at the head of a government. "The love of Christ constraineth us." They who love him best are the ones who are willing to humble themselves to help others. Christ did not with a brush paint upon the canvas a picture of rare beauty, but he, with his life, threw into the lives of others paintings and pictures of sublimest beauty and glory, pictures that will never be erased or forgotten. He did not with chisel and hammer cut into mimicry the pulseless stone, but he did, with his words and sinless life, polish the souls and hearts of men into beautiful statues to stand before the world as images of his work and service on earth. No painter's dream immortalized on canvas has ever been able to give to the world the least conception of what he was; it can only be realized in the hearts of those who love him. Christ is king; he is Lord of all. Let him take possession of the heart and he will make you clean.

Every miracle of Christ tells of his divinity, for in them we see him. He calmly slept on the storm-tossed ocean and when they awoke him he looked the storm in the face and said, "Peace, be still." The winds obeyed his will. The red lightnings ceased their glare and waves lulled to sleep and thunders hushed their voice. This may prove the divinity of Christ, but I had rather believe that his divinity is seen when the sorrowing, sinful soul is made clean and rejoices in the calm of his love after the frightful storms of passion have gone to sleep in his love and trouble the life no more. When Jesus stood by Lazarus and said, "Come forth," and he arose from the dead, the people were astonished at his power. This may be sufficient evidence to prove that he was the Christ, but I am made to believe that he manifests his Sonship more to an unbelieving world when through the spirit of his word he lifts fallen men and women out of sin and enables them to overcome in the hour of temptation. I believe that he is the Son of God because he has made the world better. I believe in him because he exerts an influence

over the lives of men through his word, and he was willing to save the poor as well as the rich. I believe in him because his lessons were always adaptable to those to whom he spake. I believe in him because he taught by example as well as by precept and was not overcome when Satan met him after he had fasted forty days. I believe in him because he taught humility and humbled himself to wash his disciples' feet. I believe in him because he was born in a stall and cradled in a manger instead of being born in a palace and rocked in a cradle of gold. I believe he was the Christ because angels sang at his birth and guarded his tomb. I believe that he was the Son of God because he had power on earth to forgive sins. I believe in him because he shed his blood that others might live. I believe in him because he is my Savior, and I know him in the fellowship of his suffering. I believe in him because I am happy when I obey him. I believe in him because he said, "I am the Son of God."

I now come to the Bible, that grand book of all ages. Do you believe in it? Let us see how it is made. It was written in a period of about fifteen hundred years. Forty men at different places wrote the Bible. One did not and could not know what the other was writing or had written, and yet when it was complete Christ was in it all from the beginning to the end. It is made up of sixty-six books, and they all fit together, making as it were a beautiful and symmetrical tower. Suppose we take forty men and send them to the quarry to hew out sixty-six stones, not letting any one know what the other was doing. Do you suppose that those stones would fit together and make a beautiful tower? Just so it was with the Bible, and it was inspiration that guided those who wrote it. The Bible has upon it the seal of immortality, and all the powers of earth cannot overcome that truth, and all the powers of man cannot put it out of existence. It came forth living and to live, conquering and to conquer. There is no other book that has so many

promises to humanity as the Bible. Science has tried in the past to overcome this blessed book, but it still lives and will live through all the ages yet to come. The science of the past is not the science of the future, for in the future science and the Bible will be found to agree. They have not agreed in the past because we were merely in the vestibule of science; an entrance has hardly been made into the great temple of learning. After while men will enter in and stand within the portals of science, explore its mysteries and feast upon its rich store of knowledge. We have so far but had a glimpse behind the inner veil. Great problems will yet be solved and useful and important discoveries will yet be made.

We may yet stand upon the very hill of science and attain to some degree of perfection in it. Our wildest dreams in our most visionary moments may yet be realized, and we will see the hand of science and that of the Divine clasped. Then the world of learning will come to know and understand more of what the great Book contains. Higher criticism will then have ceased, when scholarship shall have learned more about spirituality. The Bible is a book of law and of science itself. He who lives by it will be physically and morally cleansed from impurities and stains of sin. It is a shelter in the time of storm. The human mind has done a wonderful work for men. The sciences have been driven onward and whirled forward by the force and power of man's intellect. The pathway of man has been hedged by roses and graveled with diamonds of rarest wealth; man has enjoyed all that could be asked for here below. The mind of man with all its discoveries has not been able to define God nor eternity. Many are the inventions of man. He takes the microscope and discovers living wonders at our feet in every atom of dust, or, directing the telescope to the sky, tells us of revolving worlds. Fairy castles about man's origin, nature and destiny have been built, but they cannot contain the soul of man made in the image of God. Smoldering ruins are

gathered from ancient tombs and deserts, graves are disturbed, and scientists wrangle over the long forgotten ashes. But all of this has not in the least cleared the way of man's pilgrimage here below nor fixed a beacon star toward which he may travel. Take the Bible from man, and how much will he know about himself, from whence he came or whither he is going?

Men of all ages have dwelt long on these questions and have failed to bring forth any light for mankind. They have never advanced one step nearer the truth through scientific research. Take the writing of Moses away and we will grope in darkness forever, searching for the mysteries of the infinite. The curtain hangs between man and his origin except he go through the record of God's word. Science has done wonderful work for man, but it never has and never can reveal his origin nor his destiny. Man has tried by research through science to uproot the Bible, but failed. When the day dawns and man begins to put science and the word of God together, then we will begin to see the harmony and beauty of it all. The skeptic cannot hold the torch for scientific progress; it must be held by him who honors the living God. The Bible is a book of science and has revealed to the world more than all the giant intellects among men. I honor him who toils in secret to reveal to the world a glorious thought, whose mind wanders heavenward and revels among the midnight worlds in search of new burning zones on the outer realm of creation's circle, who delves beneath ocean waves in search of minerals, gems and fossils, plunges into coral caverns and sea caves, wanders on desert ocean beds, and then in forests of tangled sea weeds drives the sea dragon from his home. I honor him who climbs mountain steeps in search of footsteps of him who reared the temples adorning earth. For I believe that in the ages to come every fact brought to light by research of the scientific mind will be a lamp hung along the road that leads to a greater knowledge of God and inspira-

tion. But I pity him now who is willing to risk himself on the airship, a toy of man, to breast the tempest blast while at his side is a phaeton pushed on by the Divine hand who made the rose and hung the stars.

Who are they who will forsake sin today and flee to God? Believe in God, accept the word, confess Christ and obey from the heart. There stands just over yonder an eternal city built by an Infinite Father. Skeptic and infidel may get out of the way, for God's word owns the eternal years. You may doubt his word and promises today, but when blackened fields and arid plains of desolation shall greet your view you will then give all for a hope in Christ. Let the King of Glory come into your heart. Put away your unbelief and forsake sin for Christ the Lord. The word of the Lord will endure forever. You cannot accept anything that would be more substantial and that will do you more good in time and eternity. When you are tossed on the wild billows of the sea of the unknown, who then will guide your frail bark from sharpened rocks and rugged shores? On the dark and stormy sea your boat will ride the angry crest or swoop down in the hollow between wave summits and the wild breakers groan in mad confusion about you. To whom then can you look for help if you have not lived for Jesus? If Jesus is your friend you need not fear, however dark the night may be, for he will guide you safe to home and God. Are there those here who will accept him now?

Playing the Fool.

Lecture Extract.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am to speak to you this evening on the theme with which you are acquainted, I am sure, and I am certain that nearly all have been guilty of. I am here reminded of the young fellow who took instrumental music for a long while, and finally his teacher, seeing that he was not making any progress, said, "You have no ear for music and might as well quit." The young man replied, "I know I have no ear but I have an eye for music." His teacher asked him what he meant, and the young man told him: "That if he would sit down at the piano and just go through the motion like he was playing, but not touch a key, that he (the pupil) would tell him what he played." The professor did as he said, with great flourishing of the hands, but did not touch the keys. He looked up and said to the young fellow, "What was I playing?" and the young man said, "You were playing the fool." [Laughter.]

There are many ways to play the fool. Take the man who says that he does not believe that this world is the work of Divine Intelligence and that it came by chance. Every world that courses the paths of space came by chance, together with the sun and moon. Stand with this same man and watch the oncoming train with its proud engine rushing with almost lightning speed, the voice of rumbling thunder and an eye like a bright meteor, belching fire like a volcano, its mighty arms reaching forward to gain the goal. Tell this man that this mighty engine came by chance and that no intelligence stands back of it, and he will scorn the thought, for he knows that it is the work of an intelligent mind. Is not this universe a more perfect mechanism than the engine? This world traveling at the rate of a thousand miles per hour and yet with such gentleness that even the down on the feather is not shaken.

Think of a man standing amidst the works of an infinite intelligence and declaring that all things are by chance. Did the rose with its sweet perfume and beauty come by chance?

Washington lived and men believe it, yet they have no way of knowing only by what others have said and written; but when it comes to the Bible they claim not to believe it, nor in a future life. They read to contradict some one and not to know the truth. But watch some man who did not honor God, when he comes to the end of life's journey, when he looks back upon the race of life he then realizes that he played the fool all the days of his life and would give all if he could now live it over and correct the mistakes. I see men who cloak themselves with the church and wear long faces and pretend to be good. They are on the front pews in the church on Lord's Day. They wear a sanctimonious look while in the church, but as soon as they are out they are ready to cheat, drink, gamble and do just like other worldly men do. They think that the world does not know them and that their meanness will never come out, but how badly mistaken! Hypocrisy is written on their face. Their prayers never go higher than they are when they say them. The devil don't look after them any longer, for he knows that they are safe for him already and he can turn his attention to some one else not so corrupt. They talk big and pretend to be religious, but religion is a stranger to such creatures. They attend big meetings and sit in the amen corner and sanction all the preacher says and at the same time their heart is as black as midnight darkness, sin accursed, low, vile, degraded, fit for nothing but to keep other people out of the church. They chew tobacco and spit on the floor and pew and think it looks smart. They live a deceitful life and at last find out that they have done nothing but played the fool.

Some city churches have singers who have no more religion than a calf, for a calf knows no better, but they do know what is right, and will not do it. They love to sing because the church

is fine and the organ grand, and yet they never think of Jesus, who came to save the world. They are playing the fool and don't know it. Sometimes you see men who drink liquor and dethrone the mind, ruin their physical health, abuse their families and steal from hungry children, come home beastly drunk, cursing and declaring that God never made a better man. Eyes red, cheeks bloated, foul breath, and unkempt physical body. I am here reminded of the story: "The man of the house would often come home drunk, and curse, talk big and loud and take things in, in general. He bought a large bull and put him in the field, but said nothing to the family about it. One afternoon his little girl was playing, and she heard this brute coming bellowing and moaning. She could not see him, but she ran to her mother, crying and trembling, and said: 'Mamma, papa is coming home.'" [Laughter.]

The man who drinks whiskey, abuses his family and ruins his life, is playing the fool, a big fool, an old fool, a self-made fool, but he may be too late in finding it out. If men could realize the misery and want it brings upon the human family, surely they would not touch such vile stuff. If we could assemble all the pale faced orphan children made by drink and look upon their poverty and misery, we would say take away the evil from us. If we could gather all the tears shed because of the drink evil, we would have enough to drown every human wretch who winks at this awful sin. If we had all the blood that has been spilled directly by strong drink, there would be enough to write the sins of all the world in burning letters of red. If we had all the wounds made by this evil, it would blot and blur the whole world and smother the human race with foul decay. If we had all the groans that have come because of the drink habit, it would make a wail so loud and sonorous that it would shake earth and rend the vaulted sky. If we had all the misery made by this sin heaped together, it would astonish the world and shade it like the brows of the threatening tempest. The temper-

ance movement is a great movement, and I pray God that soon it may sweep the world. It is strange enough to see some long faced deacons and elders in the church stand up and fight the liquor traffic and go home, slip out the jug and take a drink. They live a lie to the world. They are mean and sinful, for they pretend to be what they are not. The world knows that they are hypocrites, their wives know it and their children know it. They have no influence with those who know that they are devils.

I had rather drink liquor any time than be a hypocrite, and it is certainly bad to drink and be a hypocrite too. If every man who talks temperance would live it, it would not be long until the evil would be driven from the face of the earth. The man who is trying to live a double life is playing the fool.

Some women go to church and sit up high headed and never hear one word of the sermon. Their attention is turned toward the nice dresses and expensive hats. They are more interested in a game of cards than they are in religion. They are gamblers as much as men are who play for money, for the women play for prizes. The officers have as much right to raid their gambling dens as they do where negroes play. The woman who has a family and visits card parties is setting a bad example before her child. If her boy is a gambler there will be no one to blame but herself. If her daughter grows up and fails to respect her mother, she can accuse none but herself. Such a woman is playing the fool and all the world knows it.

You often see young men and women who spend most of their leisure hours reading novels. Such things unfit men or women for the sober realities of life. It ruins the memory, feeds the animal appetites, bloats the imagination with morbid images, feasts the passion on lust, retards the mind, contaminates the heart, sets up before the individual false ideals of life, teaches them to believe a lie, takes time from the reading of good books, impresses one with the thought that life is not real, breaks up

homes, destroys genuine affection, lessens true love, creates drunkards, fills lewd houses with young girls, opens chasms in the home, stains family altars with blood, makes liars, gamblers, and thieves, always does harm, and never does good. Piles filth upon the life, teaches one to live on dreams instead of realities, makes those who read them superstitious. Those who read novels are playing the fool and will some day realize it.

Young girls often keep company with young men who drink and gamble. Sometimes they smoke while walking down the street, in company with the girls. Young girls, you lessen yourselves in the sight of moral young men every time you do such a thing. That young man who has no more respect than to smoke while in company with you is not fit society for men, much less girls. Again, if you know he gambles, beware of him. Never keep company with a man who has ruined the character of some other girl. He is not fit to be respected as much as the one he ruined the character of. Shun him as you would a dagger. He is the scorpion of sin. The young women of this country have the power to reform it if they will. If they fail we will fail. If every girl had the will and determination to say and then stand by it, that she would never marry or even keep company with an immoral young man, there would be a change in society in less than five years. The woman who does not reform the man before she marries him will seldom reform him afterward. Young ladies, if you are playing the fool, stop and learn to be wise.

Some men think if they are to be considered good they must look sour and wear a frown. I am reminded of the story of an old fellow who always told his little girl that a Christian must never laugh, be happy or appear to enjoy life. One day the little girl saw a redbird singing and it appeared to be happy. She looked at it a moment and said, "You are no Christian." She saw a lamb running, jumping and playing.

She said, "You are no Christian." She saw a little humming bird sipping sweets from the flowers and said, "You are no Christian." About that time an old, long-eared, crooked nosed, sour faced mule walked up to a slop bucket and began sucking and drinking the slop. The little girl ran up and put her arms around his neck and said, "You are a Christian; for you look and act just like papa." [Laughter and hand clapping.]

You had better look on the bright side of life than on the dark side. Live, laugh and be happy. If you are good, you can be happy. If the world is a wintry vale to you, it is because you make it so. Life to a great extent is what you make it. Men speak crossly to their wives and children and then say they do not have a happy home. To be sure, home cannot be happy while there is such poison in it. They are the same in their places of business, and grumble because business is not better. If you want the world to love you, smile. The world loves a smile, but hates a frown. No man or woman will ever succeed very much, who is sour and crabbed. It will not work on the farm or in the bank. But it seems that some men are not made right. They are like the little boy. The teacher was telling the class how thankful they should be for what God had done for them. "He gave you eyes to see with, ears to hear with, feet to run with, and a nose to smell with." One little fellow began to cry. The teacher asked him what was the matter, and he said, "I am made wrong; my feet smell, and my nose runs." [Laughter.]

If a man is crabbed and mean in his home, speaks harshly to his wife and children, how can he expect to be happy? If he allows his wife to do all the drudgeries, milk the cow, bring in water and wood, clean up the house, after he has spit amber all over it, and then wants her to help him in his work, he can't expect her to be very happy and pleasant. I believe any man who will suffer his wife to do all the work about the house and then ask her to go to the field with him to work,

ought to buy himself an automatic kicking machine and back up to it and let it kick him for a solid week. [Cheers.] Men sit around the home, read the daily papers and smoke and lazily say, "I am so busy," while the wife wears out her life to clean up after them. Yet the wife never gets a kind word or smile. He don't even kiss her. In fact, he ought to reform before he would even ask for a kiss and then it would be like taking medicine to kiss such a scamp. Men who do as described are playing the fool. Some day wife will be gone from home and you would give all the world if you could only live one day again and show your appreciation, but it will then be too late and life too nearly gone to recall and make sweet all the bitter. All you can say then is, "I have played the fool."

There are young men who are striving to make a success of life by sitting down and doing nothing. They work harder to keep from doing something than they would to go to work and make a good honest living. They have their arms full of trash and yet are trying to run in the race. Those who ran races among the ancients would lay off all shackles and encumbrances; but young men try to run the race of life at the present burdened with nothing but trash, and when some one else lays off the load and outstrips them they lay it to "hard luck." You can't make a success, young man, with your mouth full of tobacco or smoking a pipe, cigar or cigarette. If you use them they are a burden to you. You destroy your influence to a certain degree. You are loaded down. Teachers in the public schools use it, but they who do unfit themselves for their work. They do not have a good influence with children.

Cursing is a burden to any one and is never becoming to the old or young. It is sinful and vile. The wrath of God is upon those who take his name in vain. Young men, don't put yourselves to shame before the world by cursing.

If you go to dances and frolics, you add to your burden. You may think it smart to dance and join in revelry, but it is

silly for men or women to indulge in it. It is the cause of thousands going astray. Young girls, don't play the fool by dancing. You are silly enough at your best; don't add to it. No man wants a wife who has been hugged by every man in the country. Don't weight yourself down with burdens. Again young men, don't drink whiskey. It is ruinous. You cannot drown your cares in the wine cup. It will rush you like a wayward child down the thoroughfare to ruin. Corruption will overtake you and sin be your portion. If you are trying to carry one or all of these things, young man, you are "playing the fool."

It is noble in a young man or woman to see them start out in the world with nothing to retard their progress and battle for the right and strive to be proficient in any calling they take up. Give the world something for that which you take from it. It is deplorable to see an individual in a work and just do enough to hold a position. The person always makes a success who thinks that they are paid more than they are worth and then they get to the point where they are worth it. Whatever a man's work, whether lawyer, doctor, farmer, preacher, or other calling, he should strive to do his best and be a skilled workman. If he can't be, quit and let some one else have his job. Never humbug people. If your salary is small, do your best and if you are worth more it will be increased. Go bravely into life's work and turn not aside to pluck the wild flowers of pleasure. Be not content with a mere existence, but strive to write your name on the high arch of fame where the gloating demons of destruction can never rise. Set before you ideals to which you may ever strive to attain. Fix your mind on the one great ideal, the Star of the East, and let him lead you. Forget the world with its sin and pleasure, and you will be sure to win in the race of life. If mountains frown before you, be not discouraged, but work your way up the steep and on its summit you will find sweet flowers blooming. The valleys are crowded, but to the top of the mountain there are but few who have at-

tained. Gather all your force and concentrate it in one single thing, and it will glow with a radiant heat.

Catch a broader vision of life. The sunset seems to be full of splendor as we behold it from the valley, but when we see it from the mountain top there are a thousand beauties and glories that we had not seen before. We can catch a broader vision the higher we ascend. If at one point we fail to get the vision let us move on higher to another. Life holds in store something good for all of us, but we must work to find it. Work is a condition of our existence among men. Nothing comes by chance, when we labor we get the vision. "A man captured a baby eagle in the forest and brought it home and chained it to a stake in the garden. The eagle grew to be a large bird and in traveling around the stake beat out a hard path. The man, seeing that he had no use for the bird, decided to set it at liberty, so he called some of his neighbors in to witness the bird set free. He loosened the chain from its foot and expected to see it rise, but the great bird continued to travel around the stake. He took hold of it and tossed it high in the air, and again it came to earth and began traveling round the stake. The man, becoming wearied, gathered more energy and flung the great bird higher in the air than he had previously done. The bird, seeing that it was not a creature of the earth but of the air, with a loud scream of liberty soared higher and higher in the eye of the sun and then to the blue mountain tops to live above the clouds." The bird had caught a vision.

Young ladies and gentlemen, catch a vision of the higher life and be not content to live in the valley of folly, but climb to the mountain tops of wisdom and learning, and there call to the weary world below to come up higher. Learn early to be good and later you are sure to be great. Live to bless the world with a life of service and in the end the call will come to go to the feast and banquet of God amid the glory of an endless world of pleasure, to dwell in the splendors of life, glorious

life, life forever more. If you thus live, it will be said by those you leave behind that you walked not in foolishness but in wisdom among men.

The Two Covenants.

"In that He saith, a new covenant, he hath made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away."—Heb. 8:13.

"And not as Moses, which put a veil over his face, that the children of Israel could not steadfastly look to the end of that which is abolished."—2 Cor. 3:13.

I am sure that every one here will appreciate this message tonight on the very important theme I have chosen. The admonition is "study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." (II Tim. 2:15.)

The reason so many men are perplexed and disturbed about religion is for the reason that they don't study the Bible, but just listen to what men say about the word of God. In studying the Bible we find that there are two covenants, one to a nation and the other to all people. The Old Covenant, or Old Testament, was for the children of Israel. It was to bring men to Christ; to train and prepare them that they might accept him. "That we might be justified by faith, but after that faith is come we are no longer under a school master." (Gal. 3:24-25.) If the Old Testament is read in order to find the plan of salvation, then the one reading it has a veil upon the heart. "But their minds were blinded, for until this day remaineth the same veil untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament; which veil is done away in Christ. But even until this day, when Moses is read; the veil is upon their heart." (II Cor. 3:14, 15.) There was not a moral law in the Old Testament that is to be kept today, except those set forward in the New Testament. There is no difference in the keeping of the moral law and the offering of the blood of animals on the altars, and the one who would keep one must keep the other if he would be clean under the old law. The Old Testament had faults and it was done

away, "for if the first covenant had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second." (Heb. 8:7.)

Jesus Christ nailed it to the Cross. "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." (Col. 2:14.) "For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled" (Matt. 5:18), and it was fulfilled when Christ had finished his mission among men and was nailed to the cross. The Old Testament is the word of God, the same as the New Testament, and it was to be obeyed until Christ came, but after his death on the cross, then the Old Covenant ceased to be of force or any part of it. Some one may ask if the ten commandments are yet in force. To this I reply that nine of them are; because they are set forward in the New Testament. Anything in the Old Testament not set forward in the New Testament is not in force today. Christ obeyed the old law because he lived under the law, until he was crucified, and from then on during the time he walked among men he was not under the law. "Every transgression and disobedience under the old law received its just recompense of reward," as we find in Heb. 2:2.

We now have a greater salvation, as it is called in Heb. 2:3. The New Testament is as far superior to the Old Testament as Christ was superior to Moses. The New Testament is as high above the Old as the heavens are above the earth. The New Testament is as much greater than the Old Testament as the blood of Christ is greater than the blood of animals. The Old Testament is a history of the dealings of God with his people and contains some prophecies concerning the coming Christ. The New Testament tells men how to enter the church and how to live in the church after they have entered. It tells of the future life and the joys thereof.

Let us now notice the ten commandments in Exodus 20:1-18.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me" is the first commandment (Exodus 20:3-4). This commandment is brought forward in the New Testament (Acts 17:23-33). This is Paul's speech on Mars' Hill and he declares whom men should worship. In the 29th verse he tells what God is not like. The second commandment you find in Exodus 2:5-6, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them nor serve them." We have this commandment in the Old set forth in the New (Eph. 3:14). Paul says, "For this cause I bow my knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." The third commandment is found in James 5:12, "Swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by another oath; but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay, lest ye fall into condemnation." The fourth commandment is not in the New Testament. "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." The first day of the week, which is the Lord's Day, is to be kept instead of the Sabbath. This was observed by the early followers of Jesus. The disciples came together upon the first day of the week to break bread, as found in Acts 20:7. The communion was their first object. "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is" (Heb. 10:25). The early Christians met every first day of the week. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." (I Cor. 16:2.) The Sabbath was for the Israelites and the Lord's Day for Christians. The first day of the week is the day on which the death and suffering of our Lord are commemorated. Therefore we do not keep the Jewish Sabbath, but the Lord's Day instead. The Lord's Day is for physical rest and spiritual work. The fifth commandment is "Honor thy father and thy mother" (Ex. 20:12). It is also found in Eph. 6:1-2, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise." The sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth are all found in Rom.

13:9. "Thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

We find only nine of the commandments of the Old Testament are in the New, but there is one in the New that is not in the Old, and that one is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This was a new idea to the world. Until Christ came the world had not known of such a thing. "It is no longer an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but do good to them that abuse you and say all manner of evil against you falsely." Things are different under grace from what they were under the law. The Old Testament does not tell men how to be saved, but the New Testament does; all can know how to come to Christ if they will read Acts of Apostles. The blood of Christ sealed the New Testament, it was not of force until Christ died. "For where a Testament is there must also of necessity be the death of the testator (Heb. 9:16). The church was not complete until Jesus died. We do not know when it had its beginning, for it was perhaps in centuries past. We do know that the first convert that ever entered the church was on the day of Pentecost. Before Christ's death the kingdom was in a preparatory state, men were to get ready for that kingdom, and after his death they entered in. The Apostles were not commissioned to go into all the world until after the resurrection of Christ from the dead; before that they were to go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The New Testament is world wide in its mission. Christ Jesus saved men when he walked with them, but it was temporal salvation. He forgave sins and blessed the sick, but he left it to his disciples to do the greater work, in giving to the world the plan of salvation and raising men from sin to a spiritual life. This is the greater work spoken of in John 14:12. We can not do the miracles

Jesus did, but we can point men to him, the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." We cannot raise men from the dead literally, but we can raise them from the degradations of sin and corruption, and lead them to Jesus, that they may have hope eternal. It is often said that the thief on the cross was saved, and, if he could be saved, then men can be saved the same way today. But we must remember that Christ is not with us in person as he was with the thief, and we have his word and it tells us how to be saved. "And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book; but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." (John 20:30, 31.) We have the Gospel and through it the individual can enter Christ or the church. No man has ever proved that the thief on the cross was saved, and never can. If we say that the thief was saved then there is no explanation for Matt. 27:44. "The thieves also which were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth." We notice that there were two thieves in this passage. It is plural. In the revised version it says robbers, and that "They cast upon him the same reproach." We can not draw a conclusion from one passage of Scripture and not notice another passage that bears upon the same subject. Let us put the Scripture together and see what the meaning is. We must rightly divide the word of truth. If the thief was saved, what shall we do with the above passage? The thief was not promised life eternal, for Jesus' blood was not shed at that time. "And without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. 9:22.) It is absolutely necessary that blood be shed in order that there be remission of sins. It may be said that Christ forgave men while on earth before he died on the cross, which he did, but it was that their physical infirmities might be healed, and did not give them promise of a resurrection until Christ died and passed through the grave. Forgiveness under the law was different

from forgiveness under grace. Under the law man's sins were set aside, but under grace, sins are washed away by the blood of Christ. Under the law forgiveness meant the physical man restored, and under grace it is the spiritual man made pure. Let us notice Luke 23:39-44, "And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom, and Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise." Christ did not come into his kingdom that day, for his kingdom was not set up among men until after his resurrection. "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise" merely means today shalt thou be at rest or in the grave. After Christ's resurrection he said, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." (John 20:17.) Place the record in Matt. 27:44 by the record in Luke 23:39-44, and there is not the slightest intimation that the thief was saved. The first convert that ever entered the kingdom of Jesus was on the day of Pentecost, for it was the first time the doors of the church were ever opened, and three thousand entered in on that day. Peter used the keys of the kingdom for the first time, and the last.

The New Covenant stands out today in all its beauty. If the sinner is stained with sin, he can come through the teaching of God's holy word and be saved. God speaks today through the New Testament and not face to face as he once did to men. Jesus died to save men and women. "He gave his life as a ransom for all and shed his blood that man might live." The world had traveled in darkness and sin for thousands of years, looking and hoping for relief. The night of sin pressed down upon them and they heard the cries of the distressed. Death

held sway and waved its flag of hellish triumph over its fallen victims. Gloom and despondency hung heavy over every life and home. Black billows of woe rolled along the horizon and surged up to the zenith. Pitfalls of destruction opened wide chasms in the path of every human being. The sword of injustice, red with blood, swept the earth, stained the land and polluted the rivers as they swept to unknown seas. Cries of distress were not heard by any pitying ear of sympathy, nor tears dried by the hand of redeeming love. Waves of sorrow washed the bleak shores of a world baptized in sorrow and shamed by guilt. Muttering thunders, from hell's open doors, made the inhabitants of earth tremble with fear. But a bright morning star appeared in the darkness of the night and hung shimmering with heavenly splendor in the east. The choir from Heaven's courts sang a sweet song in the sky in joyous wonder. The morning dawned, and the bright sun of righteousness arose, and the haunts of sin were revealed by his brightness. That heavenly sunlight has shined upon every civilized people and will shine on until the "kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of his dear Son." Sin fled before the superior brightness of the sun. Demons skulked away to the entrenchments of darkness, and hid in the filth of sin and corruption that had been gathering and growing for thousands of years. The New Dispensation was about to usher in, through which man might have promise of life eternal. Death was to be throttled, Christ was to conquer, in Satan's own dominion, and drag him captive at the chariot wheels of the Son of God. He who pitches battle against Satan on the stormy and tempestuous sea of life may expect sharpened rocks to stand ever ready to split the keel of his boat; to see gleaming lights with false warnings swung high over sandy shoals, hear bells rung by siren's hands along the foggy shores and dangerous reefs of the sea. Foaming billows will rise and break over him, while fiery lightnings blind his eyes from dangers along the shore.

Muttering thunders will deafen the ear to the call of the sweet music of chimes, on a rockless coast. False cannons will boom an invitation to whirlpools of dire despair and sorrow. But with his hand in that of him who saves with the word of his power he will rise with safety from every false warning and be greeted at the end of the voyage by angel hands to a home made glorious on the other side of the sea, there to look back and count the toils of life's pilgrimage as nothing compared with the glory on shores of the land of bliss. There in that heavenly land where no sorrows come, no tears fall, no sickness mars life's joys; where no malice or hatred lives; where there are no funeral processions, to move with solemn tread; a city with no commercial traffic, and unnumbered by a census; where there are no graves; where those who were once aged are young. A city lighted by angel faces, and made glad by seraphim choirs. A city whose subjects are angels and whose officer is God. The metropolis of the universe, and center of the boundless realm of God's empire. Where communications speed faster than the shafts of light, and are heard in the office chamber of God's ear. Where decaying health is unknown and tottering footsteps are never seen. There will be life, peace, joy, and love, while heaven lasts and angels shout. Will you accept Christ tonight and be saved? Come, for now is the accepted time. Choose Jesus through the Gospel message, for he is mighty to save.

God's Love for the Sinner.

"What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost until he find it?"—Luke 15:4.

This text, my friends, teaches us plainly that God loves the sinner, though he may be steeped in sin and stained with crime. God loves him still. The man is willing to leave the ninety and nine sheep and go after the one lost in order that it may be safely sheltered in the fold. He does not love those in the fold less, but his thought is not of them. There is one that is lost and his attention is drawn to that one. The ninety and nine are in the fold and are protected, but the one sheep is lost and must be looked after while it may be found lest it wander still further away and die. This lost sheep may desire to come home and enter the fold, but it cannot come. The shepherd has to go and bring home that one stray sheep or point out the path. God loves the sinner; he does not hate any man or woman. He hates the sin of the individual, but not the individual. I once thought that God hated men and trembled at the thought of the wrath of God. Preachers from the pulpit declared that our Father in heaven hated that one who refused to do his will. But I began to read and study for myself, and then I began to see and understand that none were hated of God. God loves all the world, and even if any person has committed the unpardonable sin, he is not hated of God. His sin condemns him.

If one is lost it will not be God to blame for it. He has given man the privilege to be saved if he chooses. That salvation is upon certain conditions, and, if man does not comply with the conditions the Father made, he then must necessarily be lost. All men are not going to be saved because God loves all. Every one has the privilege of accepting Christ or not. Man is a free moral agent and can do as he desires. Christ is the

shepherd and came all the way from heaven to rescue man from the bondage of sin. He left the ninety and nine worlds on high and came down to this one little world in order to redeem it.

His blood flowed out on a crimson tide, and that for sinners. He loved the sinner and loves him still; but if the sinner will not obey him after Christ has offered him salvation then he may expect punishment. If God loves he also can hate. If he loves righteousness to the extent that he has prepared a home of love for those who obey him, then the one who disobeys will have punishment, for he is as deserving of punishment as the other one is of happiness. The duration of one's happiness and the other's punishment will be the same length. If one is but a few moments, then the other will be. If one is forever, then the other will be forever. If one person serves God to the best of his ability and at last goes to Heaven, then the one who does not do the will of God and who goes exactly contrary to the other one, he will be in torment as long as the one who serves God will be in happiness. It is a sweet doctrine for the sinner to believe that hell will only be but a moment. That one who is in sin and does not want to repent is glad to accept such a doctrine as this.

This kind of a doctrine may do now, but judgment will reveal something far different. There is a hell as sure as there is a heaven and one will exist as long as the other. Jesus said: "But whosoever speaketh against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." (Matt. 12:32.) If this sin is not to be forgiven, it follows that the one sinning will live forever, and if he lives must necessarily be in hell, for the sin is not forgiven. "Their worm dieth not," which is the body. "The fire is not quenched." If the fire is not quenched, then the individual must be living, therefore hell will be forever and forever. As a man dies, so will he be found at judgment, and there is no second chance to it. The Bible teaches that we are to be judged according to our

work. I know not what hell shall be, only so far as the Bible has told us, and it has only made it plain that hell is severe punishment. The best hell that we can imagine is bad enough; it is spoken of as fire and brimstone. This we cannot understand to be literal fire. He here uses the word fire to express the most severe punishment; literal fire is not supposed to burn an immortal being. The mind of man could not comprehend the awfulness of the punishment unless it be expressed in language to be understood so the most severe torture we can even think of is burning. The shadow is never what the substance is, so hell must be severer punishment than literal fire.

It will be a searing of the conscience and a fading of fondest hopes. There its inhabitants will never realize their dreams, and all the misery and shame of this life will flow back upon them and haunt them. Can we imagine a worse hell than a place where all of the anticipation of joy and pleasure for tomorrow never come. Where sickness and pain is and where foul disease mars the form? Yet the wicked must live forever. It will be more severe than literal fire, and no one need expect to escape it who disobeys God's will.

There are degrees of punishment. The moral man will not be punished as severely as the one whose hands are stained with crime. It is better to be moral and upright than to be a desperado. The human family will be judged according to their works —"and then shall he reward every man according to his works" (Matt. 16:27). This passage teaches us plainly that each one must give an account of his stewardship, and as they are found so will the suffering be. "And that servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." (Luke 12:47.) Here we have a positive statement in God's word about the punishment and upon whom it will be severe. Of course some one will say, "I won't try to know his will and escape severe punishment because I did not know." But that will not be an

excuse for any one, for, if there is an opportunity, then the one who does not know will be held accountable for not knowing, when he had the privilege to know. "But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes, for unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required, and to whom men have committed much of him they will ask the more." (Luke 12:48.) No one in torment will know that his punishment is greater or less than any other's. There will be no way to tell, as each one will suffer in his own mind and no one else can know the anguish and sorrow that fill it. The moral man will have enough to suffer for. Hell at its best cannot be pleasant. When all the sins of all the past crowd upon the mind, what must be the weight of that burden! You might lay the universe upon the mind, and it would not weight it down more heavily than the sins and wasted opportunities of an unappreciative life. There will be no cross of Calvary then to hide behind nor blood to wash away guilt and stains that sin has made. When the sins of this world and all that is vile and shameful are driven into that realm of sorrow, then what sins and corruption they will breed cannot now be known.

God loves the sinner and offers him a way of escape. If the sinner will not accept, then God is not responsible for his punishment. If God has been so loving to all the world as to send Jesus Christ and let him suffer and die, and in death suffer untold misery for the human family, is it too much for God to ask of us that we serve him for a few short years while we live here below? There is a reward for those who obey his will and keep his commandments. Heaven with its pleasures and joys is prepared for those who love him.

It is an awful thing to think of being lost; yet thousands are blindly rushing down the road to ruin. Stop, young man; stop, young woman, and listen to the tender voice that calls you to the path made straight "leading up to that beautiful gate to that

wonderful city of God." Do not wait until tomorrow, but begin now to follow Christ. He is your best friend in time and will be your friend in eternity. How sad to be lost! Think of a lost sheep and how it cries for home and shelter. Watch the lost bird; it does not sing; it calls for its mate. But above all think of a lost man in the Rockies, far from home and friends. Around him the wild beasts roam. He travels for miles upon miles. The path grows dim. Darkness creeps upon him. He lies down to rest beneath the stars and the dew. The bark of the wolf and roar of the lion make him fear and tremble; far away are hearts that throb and beat for him, wishing for his return. Morning dawns and he arises from his leafy bed in no wise refreshed by the trial at sleep. He travels in a circuit, feeds upon wild berries. Rain and sunshine, dews and cold are too much, and at last he lies down with a stone for his pillow. The morning dawns and he is dead. The sun shines upon his pale face and half closed eyes. The wild beasts feed upon his form. He is lost. Oh! who will go on in sin and be lost when they know the end thereof is a thousand times worse than to be lost like this man. Stop tonight and think, my brother. God loves you still and is calling you. Will you be saved?

Mother, Home and Heaven.

Sermon Preached on Mother's Day.

I am sure that my theme is one that will appeal to the hearts of my hearers. Mother is about the first word our lips uttered. Our eyes gazed upon her in unconscious amazement. She heard our first pulse beat and saw the first smile of joy as a new world dawned upon us. Mother watched with loving care over our young lives and guided our feet into paths of righteousness. The sorrow that enters the child's life comes alike to the mother.

The destiny of our country depends largely upon the mothers of our land. If they instill into the young mind lessons of morality, lofty purpose and a desire to be honorable, then we may expect that our land will blossom as the rose and the barren places evolve into fields teeming with a golden harvest.

In youth impressions are made that will last for a lifetime. The mother, if she will have her child be useful, must do as she would have her child do. The mother should live so that when her children have gone from her they will have sweet remembrances of her. The child reared by a godly mother will seldom go far into sin, and, if it does, some day the thought of a saintly mother and her prayers will come to memory, and with a sweet hand of love win it back to paths of peace. Oh! how often does the thought of mother come to the child! Her prayers are remembered, her smiles are not forgotten; her kisses, though far back in the past, are a balm for the wounded soul. Mother cannot stay with us always; she must grow old. Her footsteps are less steady; her eyes are growing dim with years; her hair that was once so golden, like the orange's blush, or perhaps as dark as the untamed raven's wing, is now white like the frothy foam of the ocean wave. She is passing rapidly toward the sunset sea. She can almost hear the breakers from

the far off shore of being. Her brow is furrowed by care. Many have been her sleepless nights. In gloom and shadow she thought of her boy or her girl. Her prayers have ever been for her children. She rejoiced at their success and wept at their failure. It is sweet memory that takes us by the hand and leads us to childhood and youth. We can again feel the sweet touch of mother's hand and hear her gentle voice. From over the rough hills of time we hear her calling little ones to her side to teach them lessons of love. The bleak winds of winter cannot erase one line from memory, nor can the sunshine of summer fade the roses of love she pinned to our lives.

The true mother is never forgotten by her children. They cherish her memory through life, and will always remember mother, for at her knee she taught her children lessons of lofty purpose.

The mother who had rather be in the ballroom than be at home may expect that her children will forget her. If they do remember her, it will only be with regret. The true mother does not care for the dance hall, the card party (or better named the gambling party). She loves home too well and has a higher idea of what life is. There are mothers today who like such places of amusement and attend them, and leave their children at home with the nurse, with no motherly attention whatever. It is a pity that such women ever had children. Some women love the poodle dog better than they do a child. They fondle and pet the dog, but seldom notice the ragged waif on the street, who has no shelter, home or friends. All animals need kind treatment, and the little dog may be loved and petted, but should not be to the exclusion of the child. I sometimes pity the woman who knows no more than to be fondling a dog, nursing it, hugging and kissing it, and then when I pause a moment I am made to sympathize with the poor dog instead.

Mothers, begin early to lay before your children good books and good models. If every home in our land had twenty dol-

lars' worth of good books, beginning with the Bible, and these books placed before the children and then they be urged to read them, the mother to set the example, how long would it take to change the fabric of society? Drive the cheap literature away and let the best of books take its place. Take charge of your household, mothers, and fasten your life with good deeds upon the life of your boy or your girl. Do not lose yourself from your children in the world's society. The day will come when you would give all the world to live just one day over with your children, when they were little and when you might have instilled into their young lives high ideals. The world is indebted to the true mother; she it is who has borne the burden and heat of the day. She has labored and toiled that the world might be better, and given her life that others might live. Her life will close and her posterity call her blessed, for she lived that true life for the world. She who has thus given her life will fall asleep kissed by angel lips, and laid down by soft white hands unseen, to wait the joys of that more splendid home among the stars. Her life will go out like the star fading before the morning sun, though it is not seen by day, yet when the night shades fall again that star will appear and shine with renewed splendor. So it will be with her life when earth scenes fade; over on heaven's strand there will her life shine on and on in the glory and beauty of that heavenly city.

There is no mother but when she looks at the baby by her side, with golden curls, eyes as innocent as a fawn's, hands dimpled, cheeks blushing like a rose of summer, feet chubby, and lips like a cherry red, that she does not dream of the days to be, and imagine that she can see her child when it shall have taken its place among the great and good. How with anxiety she watches its growth to years of maturity! How she rejoices at its success and weeps at its failures! She spends so many sleepless nights, all on account of her precious child. Who knows her heartaches and the wounds of the soul within?

Who knows how many prayers she has prayed, how many tears she has shed, and how many sighs unheard? She lives to bless her children, and would willingly give her life for them. Young women, let us love mother now, for there will come a time when she is not, and then if we have not done our duty what pain and anguish will be ours!

I ask you now to turn with me to home, that loved spot of earth. There is no word that has a greater charm than the word home. The sweetest memories of life cluster round that spot we call home. Here it was that we first opened our eyes upon the fair scenes of earth, and here it was that we learned to lisp that sweet name mother. This loved spot is an oasis in the desert and to it we ever cling. Here it was that we learned first to look upon nature and feast upon its beauties. We drank from the stream what flowed from the hillside, and watched it as it leaped over rocks and crags, to depths below, and murmured in its quiet bed overhung by willows along its glassy borders. Here we first saw blossoms fade and fall and learned of our own death and decay. We watched every little eddy as circles of foam played around the willow branch that bathed in its laughing ripples. It was at home that we first saw the sunlight kiss the rosebuds into flowers and turn dewdrops into diamonds. Here we chased the first butterfly of spring with fondest dreams of a beautiful suit like his, if perhaps we might overtake him. We saw the little lamb skip and play on browning fields where the spider spun his web with more than artist's skill. Here we heard the cooing dove and learned of love's sweet joy. We saw the rabbit hide and laughed in childish glee as his bounding form quickly disappeared among the withering grass. We looked in wonder at the little stars dotting heaven's blue and wondered what they were. We saw the redbird and heard his sweet welcome to spring time. We thought of God and asked who made him. We watched the ant toil at our feet, but knew not who gave it wisdom. We chased the

rainbow, God's great promise, and believed there were treasures untold where it rested on earth. Our vision enlarged as we grew older, but the wonders of life were still great.

Home was our cradle, and there it was that we were rocked to sleep by mother's soft hand and our eyelids kissed down by her sweet lips. We still remember the songs she sang and the books she read. We remember, too, her prayers. The world changed, and we saw it as never before. Home is a workshop and there we learned to apply ourselves. Here character is moulded and shaped for future life. No nation, people or church can ever be higher than the homes that go to make the nation, people, or church. If good seed are sown in the heart, then life will hold out to the child a rich reward, but if evil seed are sown then there will be gloom and shadows. It may seem a hardship for the child not to be allowed to roam where it wills, read the kind of literature it desires, but when age creeps on and the child looks back, and knows that it was all for its good, it will bless the day that it was restrained and kept from evil. No one can ever repay the parents for all that they have done for them. The hours we spent around the old hearthstone at home cannot be forgotten. There life was being moulded and the impressions we received there will cling to us while the purple current of life continues to flow. The things stamped upon our minds in early life will ever stay with us, whether good or evil. The songs we sang, the books we read, the associates of childhood, the words spoken, are all stamped upon the canvas of life. One may roam over land and sea, stand among the great, visit palaces of gold and temples of learning; he may crowd life with busy cares, yet through it all he will remember the old home far away among the hills and think of it as his first love.

That mother who makes home pleasant and comfortable for her children and teaches them lessons of love from the Book of Truth will never regret what she taught the children. She will

always be glad that she so instructed them in the early home. The man or woman in the very evening of life, will through all the shadows, mists and darkness of the years past, through memory, visit the old home and sit again at mother's knee; her kind and tender eyes will again beam upon the little ones and her voice will be heard as she sings the old songs.

The songs my mother sang are just as dear to me,
As when a child I drank them in, while sitting at her knee.

Years have come and years have gone. The old home is broken. Some chairs are vacant; baby voices are heard no more. Mother's hair is turning gray, like the crested ocean's foam. Her face is trenched by time and her brow furrowed by care. Her hands are not soft as they once were. Her step is less elastic than in days gone by. Her eyes are growing dim, but she is mother still, and when the length of years makes her tired of earthly joys, and the dark shadows of death gently lower around her couch, I believe that sweet angel forms will hover round her pillow and kiss her goodbye for earth and a welcome to the land of glory and of song. Let us love her now, that no regrets may come then.

Young ladies and gentlemen, go often to your old home, talk over the happy days gone by. Tell your mother that you love her, it will make you better, truer and happier. Cling once again to her hand as in childhood, press your lips to her cheeks and say, "Mother, I love you." There will be a small voice whisper to you in the stillness of the night and say, "Thou hast done thy duty," and peace will find your soul. You will be better prepared to make your own home happier. "You may wander amid strangers and across the blue ocean may roam, but the heart beats quicker as memory recalls the green hills that rise round home."

My theme of three words now resolves itself into one and that is heaven. When we shall have finished our race on earth,

if we have been true to mother, home and our Lord, then there waits for us a more splendid palace, a home eternal where the sainted mothers are. There the children from broken homes of earth with mothers who were godly meet in a realm, before him who created the universe and robed it with glittering gems. What treasures untold reside in the word Heaven. What rapture and bliss on the other side! More splendid mansions were never reared than those prepared for the ones who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. That thought of being with God forever fills the soul with rapture and touches the harp strings of the spirit within. What a meeting place that will be when the wreck and ruin of earthly things shall lie scattered and dismembered along the darkened floors of oblivion. Up through the shadows and storms of earth to the hills smiling with beauty, to a land made glad by angel songs, where a city lieth "four square" in the universe, out of the path of the fiery comet, out of the range of worlds, away from the gaze of the sun of matter, free from the birth chambers of the tempest, where no dashing meteor ever sped and where the crash of colliding worlds was never heard, there in the untraveled space of the universe, far from the starry meadows and burning zones of world systems, there flashing in the glory presence of our God, are the glittering minarets of a heavenly city, frosted with gold. There by a throne, built by the Master Architect of a universe, may flow the fountain of life, overhung by trees of immortal life, where diamonds glitter from its crystal depths, where flowers grow and bloom beside emerald banks, and there the treasures of all ages, all worlds and all systems will be laid where those redeemed from earth can feast and rejoice. There silent and lovely vales, in whose depths sunflowers of love grow, will abound, and around them the grapevine of peace will entwine, whose clusters turn to empurpled blood at the touch of an angel's hand. Angels perhaps will sing their songs of joy and glad anthems of praise, while their

harps of gold make music when touched by seraph fingers, for the millions who walk in realms supernal.

There angels may lead us to some bower, beside that stream that ever flows in melody, and explain to us the music of heavenly choirs. Then our voices will float out upon the clear airs of that Eden home, and ring in melody and echo back from the foot of his throne.

There God will wipe from our eyes, with a spotless robe, the tear drops glistening, and our cheeks will be fanned by the wings of fast traveling seraphims. We shall forever rest in a land of ecstatic bliss and roam in arcades of divine beauty. When we have been there ten thousand times ten thousand years we will be no older than we were when the pearly gates swung wide open and we, with wondering eyes, entered that land of wonderful glories. There we shall live with our God amid the splendors of untold ages in a home that can never be broken by death or interrupted by sin. Home, sweet home, forever.

Tribute to George Washington.

Sermon.
Delivered on Washington's Birthday Anniversary before Florida School Children and Patrons.

All things move toward an end, the small as well as the great. The ant as well as the star moves on to an end. There are none that move with aimless tread. Some move to the great and glorious, and some things to shame and defeat. All that is true can never die. The truth spoken will live forever. It may be trampled for a while, but it is destined to rise and break from its bondage as sure as the river checked for a while by clogging icebergs will one day with weight and pressure tear down the ice walls and move on to the great sea, where from its beginning it was bound. The song sung by angel voices nineteen hundred years ago is as sweet today as it was when it floated on the midnight airs of old Judean hills. It was true and can never grow old. The story of the cross is ever the same, and yet new beauty springs from it when and wherever it is told. Familiarity only confirms its truth. It is sweet to the lisping babe and a joy to ripened manhood. The painting thrown on the canvas by the artist's skillful hand may not be beautiful standing near by, but its beauty is best seen as we recede and at different points of view. The sculptor touches the cold and pulseless stone with his chisel, and images of loveliness and beauty spring up, but the beauty existed in the mind before it took form in the stone.

The life of Jesus is told and retold, but it never grows old because it is truth, and truth will prevail. The truth spoken with there ever standing back of it a true life is soonest received into another life made to impress the world. Honor attracts esteem. Virtue is noble, and true beauty comes from the inner soul. No one can knowingly hasten the day of popularity. He who tries it is sure to fall. True greatness is unconsciously

manifested, and the one manifesting it is as great even before as he is afterward. The star that glows and sparkles in the heavens had its brilliancy before the upturned eye of a human soul was ever directed toward it. He who would be great to the world must first be great to himself. If he is true to others, he must first be true to himself. If he would be honest to others, let him first be honest to himself. If he would show others the way to overcome difficulties and meet temptations, it is meet that he rule well his own spirit first before he grapples with the conflict of the world for others. The diamond in the rough is a diamond there as much as it is after it is polished. The substance is the same; it is made of precious material. The world moves forward, and we are ever on the alert for new and better things. Every high ideal, every glorious thought, every noble deed, has its birth in the devout and earnest mind.

We are prepared today to serve the world better than in any previous age. The foundations of our institutions are secure for at least the present, and why should we not go on unto perfection as far as the governments of men can be perfect? Every age has its heroes. Some men train the mind and prepare it for the duties of life. Some men make rich the soil to produce the golden harvest. Some are concerned about the flower gardens where grow the sweetest roses. Some men build castles. Some build railroads. Some construct ships to sail the high seas. Some men are constituted so that they can rise in a moment to the full height and measure of the critical moment and distinguish themselves and shed lustre on the age in which they live. Such was the character of George Washington, the most sublime figure on the pages of history.

He was the greatest spirit that ever moved in conflict. He saw no danger great enough to make him swerve from his duty. The arm of the tyrant may be strong and press down on the weak burdens too heavy to bear. Right may be crushed for a season, but in the hour least expected there will arise some

noble spirit to vindicate the right and protect the oppressed who are struggling for justice and independence. When the mother country, that should have been our guardian and protector, pressed down upon our shoulders the burdens too heavy to bear and with the crushing step of a giant trod on our rights and wounded our heart, noble men who feared no foe stirred the people and aroused them with burning words to their sense of duty. Finally when the conflict came they who struggled sought a leader brave and true. With one accord all eyes were turned toward Washington. He was not a great scholar or statesman, but he was, take him all in all, the best, the noblest, the truest and the completest man of his time, if not of all time, save Him at whose birth angels sang. He wore no title save honor. He paid no allegiance to any king save Him who rules supreme. He bowed the knee to no authority but God. He did not expect a crown and would have refused it had it been offered to him. He was great because he was humble.

His character could not be decorated by that which glitters and dazzles, for it was more splendid than all that could be piled upon it. He needed no wealth to make him great, because his life was laden with the greatest treasures of earth—sacrifice and love. No flowers of rich fragrance were necessary to add to the sweetness of his life, for the soul within shed perfume upon a great nation. At the call of his country he forsook the domestic duties of life to serve in a higher and greater sphere. There were seven years of that dreadful conflict, but he never flinched from duty. He stood the shock and fury of war with a calmness and serenity that caused the world to marvel. He heard above the roar of the cannon the call of his countrymen and saw above the smoke of battle the star of a glorious republic. Every hour of his life was filled with struggle, and yet through it all he went to his daily devotions and prayed the Dispenser of human events for his blessings on his country and his army in the awful hour of gloom and conflict. The bril-

liant meteor that rises on the horizon and dashes on with lightning speed soon vanishes from sight, but the sun rises each day and ever shines on earth somewhere. So it is with human lives. Some are meteoric and live only awhile, while others are like the brilliant sun and shine on, ever blessing the race of man.

Washington was the champion of justice. He was the man for the hour and stood immovable like a mountain before the hireling ranks of the enemy. The farther we travel from him down the stream of human generations the brighter will be his star, for we have just begun to appreciate his wonderful achievements. The future historians will accord to him a name and fame to which we are yet strangers. His true greatness has not yet been revealed, for time only can reveal that which is great and good in men. His life and name will have a greater influence on the young American one hundred years from this time than it has today. No monument can be built high enough out of mortar and stone to justly do him honor, for his character stands far above that which human hands can erect. It cannot be broad enough, for his fame is broader than the nation. Its foundation cannot be deep enough, for his life and deeds are grounded deep in the heart of every true American citizen. It can be said of him as it cannot be of any other American citizen that his life can be revealed and yet stand in all of its original beauty untouched, unstained and unmarred. He was affectionate at home and genuine in his devotions abroad. He was all he pretended to be and far more, for in him moved and lived the embodiment of honor. To him defeat was greater than victory if defeat came in the cause of right. He cared not for the fleeting breath of popular favor or the shout of the multitudes over the victories of an hour. He lived to honor human life and bless his fellowman, and he gave God the glory for every victory. He was true to every trust committed to his keeping. He was true and devoted. Clean mind, clean heart, clean tongue, clean hands. He led at times a starving band of dis-

couraged soldiers, and yet he was ever the same great figure. At Valley Forge his army was without shelter, poorly clad and with but little food. The blood from their unshod feet stained the snow over which they marched; still he led them. He had resolved that his country should be free or to die in the noble undertaking. No threats from a monarch could drive him from his course, and the muttering from his subjects at home could not defeat his purpose. Behold him at Monmouth, at Brandywine, at Trenton and in the last hour of the Revolution at Yorktown, and you will see the greatest general, the wisest of men, the truest citizen, the sublimest figure in history. He was never afraid of a false robe falling from him, for he wore none. We cannot alone claim his fame. The fame and name of such a man belongs to every country and every age. The citizens of every clime recognize him as the father and founder of the great American Republic. It was his wealth of character that counted the most in the building of the Republic. He was the same kind of a man that he was a boy, truthful, honest, upright and patient. He clung to truth in peace and amidst the storms and tempests of war. His nobility in youth followed him to manhood and to declining age.

He came forth from the great conflict the ideal of his countrymen. He boasted not of his achievements in war. No greatness made him vain, but on the contrary with every step forward he became a humbler man. He was called to the presidency of the new republic and called again for a second term. He refused a third, thus setting an example for every true American citizen. There was a crown within his reach, but he was too great, too noble, too high minded, respected the rights of citizenship too much, to put forth his hand and take it. His farewell address stands first among the political papers of the American nation and will never be forgotten by the children of independence. He retired to his home at Mount Vernon to live among his flocks, herds and domestic joys. The prayers of a

nation went with him. He tore away from public trust and the tears of a loving people. He spent the last of his life among the bowers of nature and listened to the bird songs of peace. He loved nature because it brought him in close touch with the Divine. He was never found to be small in anything. He cut his name on the pillars of the American Republic so deep that it can never be erased. He stands among all other characters towering and sublime. His life is an Amazon amidst the lives of our great citizens who lived before or since. Time may destroy the monument erected to his memory, but it cannot destroy the influence of his life. He lived to bless man and to give his life as best he could to those who were oppressed and downtrodden. He did not live in vain. The American Republic may perish in the centuries that are yet to be, but the name of Washington will still live. The fire and smoke of battle have long since vanished and gone, but the flag they reared on high still floats in the breeze, and the bird of liberty continues his bold flight in the eye of the sun. The body of George Washington has long since mouldered into dust, but the deeds of his life continue to bear fruit in the lives of men and women. High on fame's scroll his name is cut. The storms, passions and prejudices of future generations cannot tear down the character he has built. It will stand like Shasta through ages yet to come, majestic and sublime.

The New Birth.

"Verily I say unto thee, Ye must be born again" (or "anew").—John 3:3.

This language was spoken by Jesus to the ruler of the Jews. This man did not understand the new birth. He came to Jesus by night. He had evidently been thinking about salvation, and wanted to talk awhile with the Master. He came when he knew that Jesus would have time to converse with him, when the crowds would not press so heavily upon him. As he came to the Christ he likely saw the stars shimmer in clear skies and in their stillness they told him of God's love. How would he approach the Christ and let his wishes be known? He may have paused by the roadside and pondered in his mind if he should go on and learn of that other kingdom. The midnight heavens watched him in his lonely journey, and silent thoughts urged him on to him who is able to save. He realized that Jesus came from God, but did not understand Christ's kingdom. He said, "How can a man be born again when he is old?" And Jesus said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Jesus merely named the two agencies in the new birth. He knew that Nicodemus did not understand the spiritual birth, and he merely stated two things. Nicodemus thought that he meant the natural birth, and then Jesus told him the birth was to be of the water and of the spirit. There are not two births, as many people think, but one birth and two agencies. Man is begotten by the spirit and led to obedience through the Spirit and born into the kingdom by a complete surrender to God's will, being buried with Christ in baptism. (Christ did not tell this man what to do in order to be born of the water and of the spirit, but just stated that this birth was necessary in order to come into the spiritual kingdom.)

Christ then said, "The wind bloweth where it will and thou hearest the sound thereof, but can'st not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is everyone that is born of the spirit." (John 3:8.) Jesus did not say, "So is the spirit," but "So is every one that is born of the spirit." We know what it takes to put one into the kingdom, but we do not understand how it does it. We know that the blood of Jesus takes away sin, but we do not understand how it takes it away. (We know it because God in his word said so.) Jesus did not attempt to explain how a man is born of the water and of the spirit. Jesus said: "I have told you of earthly things and ye believe not; how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" This verse plainly tells us that Jesus did not tell Nicodemus how to be born of the water and of the spirit, but stated that it was a fact. This man was not yet ready to understand the coming kingdom of Jesus. Christ had not yet established his kingdom among men. The church was not yet ready for men to enter into it. The blood had not been shed. Jesus had power on earth to forgive sins, but he did not yet have power to forgive in the spiritual kingdom. "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, he saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto thee arise, take up thy bed and go thy way into the house." (Mark 2:10,11.) Every time that Jesus forgave sins when he walked with men it gave them a temporal blessing, and when he forgives sins now it gives a spiritual blessing. Those who come to the kingdom of Jesus and enter in must come by the way of the cross. The New Testament must be understood to some extent before one can come to Christ. The spirit of God does not teach men independently of the word of God how to come to Jesus. To be born again and come into the kingdom of God one must hear the word, believe it, repent of past sins, confess the Savior's name and be baptized. When I say baptism I mean scriptural baptism and not sprinkling or pouring, which is only mockery. Be "buried with

Christ in baptism," as is said in Rom. 6:4. There is only one baptism. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." (Eph. 4:5.) The one baptism is a burial in water if the Bible be true. It means to bury, a birth, a resurrection. Jesus died for the sinner; man dies to sin. Jesus was buried in the earth; man goes beneath the yielding wave. Jesus arose a conqueror over death; man arises to walk in newness of life. This is that form of doctrine spoken of in Rom. 6:17. Nothing else shows the death, burial and resurrection of Christ in the way of baptism except immersion. If you believe in Jesus with all of your heart you will obey him. Is your faith in him strong enough to cause you to be baptized? To be born again does not mean to agonize or to mourn for a week or even for one minute. Those who want Christ can come to him when they desire. There was once a time when people went to a mourners' bench and cried, agonized and groaned in order to get religion, as they thought. Denominationalism taught that this was necessary to come to Christ. But the mourners' bench or anxious seat has gone to return no more. The light of the twentieth century drove it away. The gospel has come to be understood better. Shouting over penitent ones has ceased except among the ignorant classes and the very illiterate. Long experiences once demanded of those who wished to come into the church have ceased to be demanded or even permitted in some places among the denominations. They are now asked, "Do you believe that God for Christ's sake has pardoned your sins?" This is unscriptural and is rapidly giving way to the scriptural question, "Do you believe with all your heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God?" Men have found that they did not get religion in a minute, but that it is something to be done all through life. They depended once on the feelings, but found that the feelings would deceive and that often. Man should be governed by his conscience, but his conscience must first be taught, or it is not a safe guide in the least. Man must teach his conscience by the

standard, and the standard is the word of God.

The fleshly heart pulsating in the bosom is often referred to by men and women as the heart that believes. The heart the Bible speaks of is the thinking, reasoning, understanding part of man. The heart of flesh is the seat of organic life, but it does not know anything. It throws the blood through the system and that is all. Let us now see what the heart is according to the Gospel. In Mark 2:8, "Why reason ye these things in your heart?" In this passage we find that we reason with the heart. Again in Mark 7:21-22, "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, laciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness." The fleshly heart has none of these things, but the mind of man does have. So we see by these passages that the heart in the bosom is not the heart that reasons or knows anything, therefore no man can depend on his conscience until it is taught. Man is begotten of the spirit when he reads God's word and changes his mind (or heart) for the better. "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures." (James 1:18.) And man is born again when he is buried in baptism. (So we see that there are two agencies in the new birth, but only one birth.) The begetting is of the spirit and the birth is of the water. The water does not save, but it enables man to do the Savior's bidding. It does not literally wash away sin, but it is the element through which one goes to change from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God.

The virtue is in obedience, but the water enables one to obey. In I Peter 3:20-21, "Which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the Ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water." "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us."

The water enabled Noah to live by floating the ark. It passed

him from the sinful world and enabled him to escape destruction. Baptism does the same thing for us now. One to be born again must believe in God. Those who are not old enough to believe cannot be born anew and it is not necessary for them to be, for they are not Gospel subjects until they can believe and obey. A child before it comes to the years of accountability cannot come into the church. It is already in favor with God and is better than we are or ever hope to be here in this world. Christ said that we must be converted and become like the child before we could enter the kingdom. Like a little child in humility and forgiveness. The child don't believe and it can't. It has no sins to repent of, therefore it is not a subject for baptism in any sense. If a child dies before it comes to the years of accountability we know that it shall be saved, for it has no sin. Then why pretend to admit them into the church when they are far better than the one who thus pretends to bring them to Christ? To sprinkle a little baby is no more than to sprinkle an inanimate object, for neither can believe.

To sprinkle an adult has no meaning to it in the first place, and we are sure it has none when it comes to a baby that has no knowledge of right or wrong. (Sprinkling and pouring should be condemned and disapproved by every man who is preaching the pure Gospel.) It is not baptism, and ninety per cent of those who have been sprinkled are not satisfied with it. They did it because some man or discipline said that it would do and not because that is found in the Bible. For it is not. The new birth comes through baptism (or burial) and no other way. After one is born into the kingdom he begins to add the Christian graces and continues to work for Jesus.

We now come to the close and ask if there are those here who desire to begin a new life? If there are we ask them to come to the Savior. Jesus died for all, shed his blood for all. Are there those here who will respond to the Master's call? Do you want to go with Jesus to live forever? He died for you. Will

you live for him? A ship once as it rode on the bosom of the deep was overtaken by a storm, the mountain waves dashed around the vessel, but it became unmanageable. The captain said: "We are lost unless some one will risk his life and go down in the lower part of the vessel and stop the leakage." A young man said he would go and in a short while matters were adjusted. The master of the ship said, "All are saved." And then all aboard went down to see the young man and present him with gifts, but he was cold in death. He saved the ship but lost his life. Jesus was crucified, but gave salvation to the world. Will you make him yours tonight by giving your heart and hand to him now? How sweet it will be to be there. In that realm we shall know why we had to pass through so many sorrows here. We shall know why grief was our lot and disappointment our portion.

We shall know why our brightest hopes faded and grief took possession of our soul. We shall know why tears flowed down our cheeks and deep furrows were engraved on our brows. We shall know why our friends could not longer with us stay here on earth. We shall know more about life when we have stood around the funeral pile of time and at last in realms of glory. We shall know why wars desolated earth and laid waste her temples of industry and cities of progress. We shall know why the son never returned from the field of battle and why a mother wept at home unconsoled; why his grave was made in tangled brushwoods or on the field of battle where none could ever drop a tear or plant a flower. We shall know why the meteors shot in wild splendor along the distant horizon and frightened the inhabitants of earth. We shall know why other worlds were made and who their inhabitants are. "Then shall we know even also as we are known." If there are those here who want their vision enlarged and have heaven as their home, come and get under the blood now.

We are going to sing, "The Savior Is Calling You, Sinner." Come while we sing.

The Preacher of the Gospel.

The preacher is just a human being like other folks. He has faults and at times he may grow angry. If he has a wife and four babies, his patience is tried to the limit, often, I am quite sure. He has worries and cares just as other people have. The preacher seldom gets much money for his labor, but his whole congregation expects him to go neatly dressed. If he does not they say he is slouchy in the pulpit, and when he does go nicely clothed they say he is too stylish for his congregation. If he only gets six or seven hundred dollars a year and then mentions money in the pulpit, some good old sister says, "he loves money too well" and don't think that any man should mention money in the pulpit. If he fails to pay his grocery bill, they say he is not honest and should be turned out of the ministry. If he quits the ministry because he could not make a living, people say, "He never was worthy." And if he don't quit they say, "He ought to quit."

If he preaches a funeral and accepts anything for it he is talked about and when he marries a couple they sometimes forget to pay him. Let me stop right here before I go further and drop a thought. Don't call on the writer for a marriage ceremony if you don't want to pay for it. The man who is too stingy to pay the preacher don't have any business with a wife. Only one or two couples have failed to remunerate the writer for his service, but he can vividly remember them. He can hardly help wishing that the wife of such a stingy, narrow man would one day beat him over the head with the soft end of a broom.

The preacher's head is supposed to be like a tar bucket, let everything stick. Sometimes when he moves away to some other point or dies and goes to his reward people are heard to say, "Well, he never could preach, to my notion." The preacher

should command respect, because he comes with a message from God. If he is the right kind of a man, he uplifts humanity. He associates with the better class of people, and he naturally grows into refinement, if he has real good "horse sense." The minister should be a progressive man, for he is expected to take the lead, not only in church, but in any moral reform. He should acquaint himself with the Old Book. Learn it so well until it becomes a part of himself. The minister who has to have an open Bible before him all the time need not expect to have any great success. There should be a great deal of the Book in his head. He should read and study the Bible while alone, and then when he comes before the congregation he is sure to come with a message. If he has to read his sermon or even have notes, his words are more than apt not to be appreciated. The world loves to hear an offhand shot. The fellow who has to take a good rest and then sight for an hour is not likely to get much game. The preacher who uses notes preaches with the top of his head toward the congregation most of the time, and therefore makes very few impressions for good upon his hearers. Any man who preaches should know the Bible well enough not to have to use notes. An audience wants to see a man's face, his every expression, the fire of his eye. This they cannot do when he uses notes or manuscript. Many a person has been kept away from church on account of not being interested, and the reason for not being interested was because the preacher read his sermon or else had to refer to his notes so often, until all were disgusted at his attempt to preach.

The world wants to hear a message from the heart. The preacher should have better pay than most of them get and then be required to preach better or quit and let some one who can. Young men are not giving their lives to the ministry for the reason that they can hardly make a living out of it. There is enough to contend with if a preacher had all kinds of money.

The poor are to be looked after, the sinful to be rebuked, and the haughty reasoned with; the backslider to be urged up, the wayward and sinful to be sought for, the weak to be prayed for and with. The minister should have the biggest wages of any who labor. When men become old in the ministry they are laid on the shelf and have to be taken care of in old age. They never get enough to lay up anything. They have to go to the homes of the aged in the evening of life. But, taking everything into consideration, no life is so sweet as the preacher's life if he is an earnest one. He has a consciousness of having done his duty. He pleads for souls and lives near his Savior all the time. He may be poverty stricken here, but on the other side what will his reward be?

The minister should be paid, but no young man should fail to enter because of poor pay, for the reward will come in the bye and bye when the cares of life are over. The young man who enters the ministry with the sole idea of doing good and helping his fellowman live close to the Savior, will surely be happy all the days of his life and in the end have eternal life. If I had a thousand lives to live, I would give them all to the ministry. It is the highest calling among men. It is one of greatest service to mankind and to God. It is a field for widest thought. No man can ever exhaust the subject. There are a great many unworthy ministers, as we all know. Let a minister go wrong, and those who hate the cause of Christ gloat over it. They rejoice to know that some one has fallen who claimed to preach Christ. According to the number there are less ministers who fall than any other class of men. There are hypocrites in every profession. Because one man goes wrong there is no reason that all other men in that same calling are wrong.

When a preacher gets married the good old sisters generally try to pick his wife for him and firmly declare that he should marry to suit them and not according to his own judgment.

After he gets married they abuse his wife if she does not take hold of all the church work and then if she does take hold most of the congregation say that she wants to rule everything. If she dresses better than some of the members they say she is proud, and if she don't dress well they say that she is not fit to be a preacher's wife, but she has to pay no attention to what they say about her and go on serving the Lord. It won't do for her to talk back, for she is the preacher's wife. If it were left to the preacher to pick the wives of some of his flock, no doubt but that he could make some very fine decisions. But he is to be satisfied with his congregation, whatever they do. He is to be quiet and lovely, come what may. It is considered that he has no right to defend himself because he is the minister.

He must keep out of politics by all means. If he takes a part in a campaign against the saloon, they say he is meddling in other people's business and that he has no right to do it. Some people think that he has no right to even be happy. If he is lively and enjoys life, some of his congregation think that he is not good because he is too lively. If he is serious and refined, they say he is "stuck up" and at the same time long faced. There is no way to please all the people. If he walks around slow and easy, folks say he is a good man, but can't preach much and will never do much good in the world.

But, take it all in all, the preacher has a good time if he goes on and pays no attention to what people say and serves the Master day by day. There are so many things that he has to rejoice over that others do not have. There is a joy to know that souls have been led to Christ through one's own life. Those who have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb through his influence bring joy to his soul. There is a joy to sow the seed of life eternal. There is a joy as he prays with the poor and helpless, and befriends the helpless along life's way. There is a joy in every song that is sung to praise the Master, in all the

wars against sin, in every visit. There is a joy because life is being spent right, and there is a hope in this life below that there is a place where there shall be no parting in a cloudless clime and land of everlasting springtime.

Missions.

Sermon Extract.

"Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15.

If there is one thing that this passage does teach, it is that we go and teach all the world. There is no way laid out to go in, nor any channel through which this message must be carried. Every individual in becoming a Christian becomes a missionary at the same time. The command is to go into all the world. The Lord is not satisfied with our building a church and then saying, "Come to this place and hear us preach the Gospel." If men and women do not go to the church, take the Gospel to them wherever they are. If it means preach on the street, don't be afraid. Wherever individuals are found there is the place to preach the Gospel. It is right to have churches and preach in them, but it is not right to confine one's self alone to the church.

Many a city preacher knows nothing of what it means to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. It would be the greatest lesson in the world if the city church would drive the pastor from the pulpit twice a year and have him preach on the street and let him feel the pulse of the common people, for one time see and feel the wants of the human family. Go down among the lower classes and help raise them up. I mean those people who never darken the door of a church. Many have good reasons for not going to church. They are never asked. They never feel the warm touch of a handshake from those who profess to be Christians. They never get close to a minister. Suppose every preacher in our city pulpits were to go on the street and preach once a month to the poor and outcast of earth, would there not be a change in the religion of the world in a short while. The churches would soon

be crowded and the world learn that Christ died for them. "Go" does not mean stay at home and sit still and ask that the world come to you. When men get the love of God in the heart they will go and will not be ashamed to go either. Preachers will leave their pulpits frequently and go among the masses to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If the Gospel was food for me, it is food for some one else; if it made me happy, it will make some one else happy also; if it will save me, it will save some one else. Let me tell it out. The work of saving the world was left to the church. The missionary organizations are made up of Christian men and women from the great body of the church and they are part and parcel of the church. It takes organization to carry on any work. It takes business in Christianity as well as in secular affairs of life.

Without business in its affairs the church could not stand long. The church that does not believe in missions will soon cease to be known to the world. The preacher who does not preach missions and who opposes missionary enterprises will kill any church in the world. The church must be taught to give or it cannot live. Its life depends on its giving. It takes money to run anything. The church can no more run without money than a bank can run without it. The best missionaries are those who have been taught to give when they were children. Every child should be taught that giving is a part of living and that you can't be a Christian without giving any more than you can be a Christian without being baptized, keeping the Lord's Day, or living a Christian life. Many a preacher has killed the congregation for whom he labors because he did not teach them to give, and consequently they died as naturally as the body would die without circulation. The preacher may have been astonished at their death and decay. The church that does not give to have the Gospel preached to others will not give to keep itself up, and therefore its building decays and rots down and not one will give to help repair its broken windows, sag-

ging doors and fallen down steps, so nothing but death is left for it. The first thing that Jesus Christ did among men was to organize a missionary band. The missionary society is of ancient origin. He chose twelve men first to go and preach the Gospel. When churches were organized these bodies helped these men together with other men to preach the Gospel. To preach, men must be sent, as is said in the Roman letter (10:15), "And how shall they preach except they be sent?" If they are sent, some one must send them, and if they go they must necessarily have means, and if they have means some one must give.

People say, "I don't go to church because every time I go they place a collection plate before me." But that is not an excuse in the least. The lodge takes collections, and they don't quit. The shows make them pay and they don't quit. Everything that runs has money, and it takes less to run the church than anything else. It takes money to run the church and the fellow who does not go on account of having to pay would not go long if he did not have to pay. He is only a drone and would be fit for nothing only waste what others made. The missionaries sent out by the church may not be doing all that they could do. But there are many who are doing their very best and making a great sacrifice to do the work assigned them on the field. Some go for honor, but the greater portion of those who go out to toil go because they love the Lord and want to see souls brought to Christ. It is expected that some impostors will get into any work, but because some are not what they ought to be is no reason why all of them are. The greatest work to be done among men is that of saving souls. Think of the thousands who never hear a Gospel sermon right here in our own heaven-favored land. Think of the millions who toil for their daily bread and who never hear one word about their souls. Who is to blame? Will the church be held guiltless at the judgment bar of God? Is money more than a soul? Will the church that spends thousands for fine altars and soft carpets and

NOTE

neglects the poor be held accountable? We find the poor in every city, who need the word of God. They will hear the message if it is only taken to them. The heathen are not all across the deep blue sea. We can find them at the door, if we only look for them. The time has come when the real poor people seldom go into a city church. They feel they are not welcome. The church is looking after the rich to get them into the fold, as it would be such financial gain, when they should be looking for souls, rich or poor, high or low.

That church thrives the best that makes no distinction as to the one coming, whether he has wealth or whether he has none. Christ did not come to call the rich to repentance alone, but all who needed salvation. His love extends to the low and down-trodden of earth; his smile is over all. He watches over the least as well as the greatest of his hand. He even notes the sparrow's fall. He hears the raven's cry and the turtle dove moan. He will then surely keep unslumbering watch over all of his children, whether great or small. The pews in the city church will never be filled until they lose sight of self in their eager desire to save others. No man is completely in Christ until he has forgotten his salvation trying to bring another one to Jesus.

If Christ could stoop so low as to touch the infirmities of the weak and poor, can we not as followers of him in like manner help those who are weak and fallen. If he touched the woman bowed with an infirmity for eighteen years, can we not help those who are beginning to be bowed down by sin? If he could with tender and loving eye look down upon Jerusalem in its wickedness and sin and weep, can we not look upon the world in sin with pitying eye and strive to gather the children of Satan into the fold of righteousness that they may be saved? If he came all the way from glory down to earth to save men and then suffered and died that they might live, can we not as children of the King go among men to seek and save for that

upper and better Kingdom? If Jesus was willing to be born in a stall and laid in a manger at birth, should we not be willing to go to the house of the poor in search of one soul for Christ our Lord?

If his star in the east beamed brightly on shepherds watching their flock, will not his star shine brightly upon the heads of those who guard and add to his fold among men? His love shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day and will shine on until all the world is redeemed by the power of his blood or knows that he is Christ the Lord. Let us help that his Kingdom may come among men.

Our Country.

Delivered Before a Gathering of Union Soldiers in Florida.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am to speak to you on the subject of "Our Country." A subject of which every true American can boast. The Republic of America is the proudest country under the sun. The American people are free born. They worship when and where they will. Every American loves his country, loves the institutions, the flag, the spirit of liberty. The eyes of the civilized world have been riveted upon us for a hundred years or more.

This great country is yet in its swaddling-clothes. It is now just merging into manhood. But its career has been checkered. It has stumbled over unsolved problems of government. It has made mistakes. It shook the shackles of the mother country from its hand and threw the yoke of oppression from its shoulders that had pressed down so hard upon it.

Those who live in America are blessed, for it holds out to every American wonderful opportunities. The institutions in this country are unexcelled anywhere. The children of every class are invited and given the opportunities to acquire an education. The education and refinement of America are unexcelled in the world. There is no country anywhere which has produced so many statesmen as America. Demosthenes and Cicero were great in their day, but the common people were so ignorant that they seemed greater than they really were. Demosthenes' greatest oration was "On the Crown," and for thought and eloquence it will not compare with Robert Young Hayne's famous speech or Daniel Webster's reply. Those who attain distinction at this age are greater than Demosthenes or Cicero. There are so many more great men now than there have ever been before in the history of the world. Education is more generally diffused among all ranks of men. A man at this age

may be great and yet not be famous, because there are so many more who are great. Our common statesmen now would rank with the greatest of ancient times.

It is true that many of our schools in America are throwing more stress on football than they are on the sciences, but such schools and colleges will soon die of their own weight or always be found in the minority. Our country may not be all that we would have it be or that it should be, but we are surely far ahead of all the rest.

There are many who see nothing but the bad. The government is abused for its mistakes and yet experience has been the teacher of us all. After years of peace and prosperity there arose sectional hatred. The two great sections arrayed themselves against each other. The storm clouds of war marshaled themselves and gathering gloom settled over the happy homes of the fairest land. Star after star shot in wild, meteoric confusion toward the Southland. The American flag trailed in the dust, and the proud bird of liberty hid himself in mountain peaks while the tempest of war raged and thundered below. Happy homes were divided. Men from the North and South, who feared no foe and shrunk not at the bayonet's gleam, rushed into battle. Two great governments lived, and yet one sought "Union now and forever" and the other one to be separated now and forever. Abraham Lincoln, a man of brains and broad brow, the head of one; and Jefferson Davis, a man with firm convictions and undaunted courage, the head of the other.

Men with heroic spirits meet in battle. The clash of swords, the roar of cannon, are heard and the smoke of battle rises. For four long weary years the tempest rages. Hearts bleed at home for loved ones who never return from the reddened fields and blackened ruins. We point with pride to what the men achieved in war, but we seldom think of the poor women at home. They were true heroines. They suffered at home as great as men suffered in battle. They waited with anxious hearts

for father, husband and brother to return, and there were many who never returned. Four long years stretched away over which the clouds of war did not clear. They were dark days, days of awful dread and sorrow. Not one ray of light could be seen through the clouds. No one could tell how the conflict would end. There were brave men on either side, for they were all Americans. The booming cannon was heard on many a summer night in the hills of the North and on the plains of the Sunny South. This government felt itself reel on its foundation. The flag was blackened by the smoke of battle. When the two armies met there was the tug of war, neither would yield. They from the North were fighting for union and liberty, and they from the South for their convictions, for home and hearthstone. The clouds of war were at last dispelled and the dove of peace settled over our once happy land.

The war of the states taught this country one thing, and that is, it does not pay for Americans to fight Americans. It was the greatest blunder this country ever made. But it is made once and forever. No question of Union and disunion now. The wound is healed; the cleft that yawned is filled. Waving fields of golden grain now stand where once the smoke of battle rose. Happy homes stand where once the fortress stood. The gash made by the cannon's wheel has been leveled by the merry farmer boy. Roses of richest fragrance grow where once the army marched. Snowy fields of cotton nod where once was desolation made by the march to the sea, a crime with no parallel in history. The North has marched on with steady stride. The South has become a New South. Her progress has been by leaps and bounds. She has joined hands with the North, and they are one forever. The strongest ties of love have knit the two together. One Union, one flag, and one people. As we stand at this distance and look back through the years to the bloody struggle we are made to feel that the Southern soldier was fighting for his convictions, and though the cause

to some degree was lost, his honor still remains. The South smiles through her tears and blood. She is destined to yet have her millions of souls and millions of wealth. The American flag is as free from insult in the South today as it is in the North. The South has shown herself to be great, in that she can forget. At the call of our country the sons of the South and the sons of the North would march on the field of battle side by side with a devotion to country the same.

No foreign foe can touch our shores or tramp our fields of grain without grappling with an arm of steel from a united and brother loving people. The mistake was made, but now the war is over, and the swords are rusting, and the banners of war are furled, and our country rests in peace beneath the outstretched wings of the white dove. We lay alike on the graves of our heroes the sweetest flowers, and it makes but little difference as for which side he fought—he was a brother and an American. The coming generations will have less and less prejudice toward either side and all will be honored alike.

There is no reason now for any man or woman not having an education. The schools are so numerous and the opportunities are so great that an education is within easy reach of all. If one fails now to take advantage of all that is within the reach then no one is to blame but that individual. It is a mighty procession. Who will be left while the great, grand company of young men and women are getting ready to launch out to the front. Is there one so little in soul and mind as to bear the stings of ignorance while others are marching to the music of the age? Get busy, young men and young women. You have no time to idle. The world calls for service. Improve the time that has been so graciously given to you. You are a part of this great country. The future of this country depends on you. Will you equip yourselves that you may make the most of all that is offered to you?

You cannot fit yourself for life's duties by feasting your mind

on fiction. Let your studies be something that is substantial and lasting. Don't bloat the mind with morbid images. Read the best of books. There was once a time when men and women could make excuse for not being prepared for life's duties but they cannot now. There is no war to fight in now. There is a battle to fight, but it is the battle of life. We can now concern ourselves about the making of better government. It is a duty committed to us by our fathers. There was a time when conditions were unsettled and things had to be adjusted. Now we stand in fields of peace. If we fail in this task committed to our hands, then we must surely bear the reproach, and that justly, of those who come after us.

We are blessed with the sweetest peace and the purest culture. Providence seems to have smiled upon us. Our territory is great enough to support five hundred millions of people. The population will never outgrow the resources of this country. The future of America is great, for her past is splendid. Financial disasters may disturb us for awhile, but they will soon be settled, and on and up the Pisgah heights we will climb. Foreign governments cannot starve us or withhold from us our just nourishment. Political convulsions may fret us for a time, but these things are expected in the affairs of nations, and at last they only serve to hold the government in the path of progress.

The things that threaten this government the most are the fads and fashions of the age. The cravings of one woman to dress equal to all other women. If it continues for the next twenty-five years as it has for the past twenty-five it is hard to estimate what will be the condition of society. Women sell themselves for fine apparel. It will surely undermine the whole country if there is not a halt called. It threatens us the most because it affects the mothers, and that of course affects home life, and then we are at the heart of the Republic. There is another evil that is dangerous to the life of our country, and that is theatre going. It is corrupting the morals of the age.

There are thousands who will pay one dollar to see a show before they will pay an honest debt. They go wild over cheap plays and moving pictures. The pictures are often of the very worst class. The young mind is being molded after them. They see highwaymen, drunkards, gamblers and cutthroats. They picture women in saloons and show them drinking. They show men who have gotten rich in sin. The churches are being emptied and the young people's meeting scarcely attended, all because there are so many low attractions. In a great many places the Lord's Day is desecrated by shows and theatres. These are the real problems we have to solve. They have become a cancer on the life of the nation.

Such conditions are alarming when we pause one moment and think. They fast take the humanity out of men and women. These are the real causes for the divorce. They break up homes and alienate the affections of husband and wife. It is to be hoped that there is a tide in all this, and that it will soon reverse itself and turn back from whence it came.

The republic surely stands on dangerous ground when the homes are being broken up as fast as they are in this great country. Children should be taught when to love and who to love if we expect to stop this black and murky stream of evil. If it is not checked it will drift the proudest republic onto shoals and dangerous reefs. There surely will rise up some great spirit that will move undaunted amid the storm and lay a strong hand on the helm and guide the ship of state into port before wild waves and sea billows shall have dashed her to pieces on rocky shores.

That republic is safest which can boast of happy homes. The home where father and mother are ever in love, where children clamber in sweet innocence on the knees of honest parents, whose hearts are tied to each other by love and who honor and reverence the holy marriage vow. Above all things honor marriage because it is ordained of God. A home where parental

affection is paramount and where children are nurtured in morals and Christian service, a place where man can call his own and feast on happy childhood innocence—such homes are a bulwark of safety to any republic. Let us turn our eyes toward the future and press on to the goal. The past is already written, and there is but one stain on the name of America and that is civil strife. If we but will our path lies along the sunny retreats of peace and in the midst of orange blossoms of happiness. The sons and daughters of the future will live in a glorious land of liberty marked by no civil strife, but peace watered not by the blood of her best sons, but by the dews of heaven; not by anarchy, but by the ties of love and duty; trodden not by the feet of a foreign foe, but by those of her native sons and daughters born to lead the world in all that is great and good, knowing no South and no North, but one happy people in one great, broad, free and prosperous country.

This country is a great heritage. Let us stand true to all that has been committed to our keeping. Let no hand soiled by crime and stained by sin touch our garments. May it be known as a land of liberty, a home for the downtrodden and outcast, an asylum for the aged and infirm, a school for the orphan and ragged waif, a church for the sinner and those from a foreign shore. May it be a land where the rum sellers will be unknown and where the drunkard shall not be countenanced, where men and women are too noble to sell themselves on the altar of greed, where paltry gold will not be considered in payment for character, and life is considered worth more than wealth, where the oppressed and saddened of every clime shall rest in peace beneath the outstretched wings of the American Eagle and over whose heads the American Flag shall ever float as an ensign of freedom. Glorious United States, may it abide forever, as the republic after which all others are modeled.

Courtship and Marriage.

If there ever was a time in a man's life when he can't be depended upon, that time is when he is in love. When a fellow courts a girl and they decide to get married, he can't hardly tell who he is. The engagement is sometimes of long duration. I don't think that long engagements are best. In the first place it keeps a fellow's mind torn up too long, and in the second place he may meet another girl he likes better, or the girl may meet some nice looking fellow and skip out with him and leave the first fellow in an awful fix. There is great joy in courtship between the engagement and marriage if everything works real smoothly. The hours glide by on wings of joy and there is bliss beyond all that minstrels have told when two hearts are in perfect unison.

There is nothing that is half so sweet as courtship when there is really true love, when a fellow sits down and takes a sweet girl's hand in his and looks straight into her eyes with innocent love and tells her of the days which are not far distant when they two shall be one in spirit. Heaven is not richer in its glories and joys than are the moments he thus spends at the side of his sweetheart. No man can ever forget the moments of bliss when he sat by the side of the loved one and dreamed of the happy days that would be theirs in the years to be.

If a man really loves a woman he should tell her all about his life and how much money he has before they get married. If they do not love each other, then they certainly should not get married. Marrying for money cannot make a happy home. There must first be true love or there can not be real true happiness. The home without happiness is not really a home, but only a place just to rest, and that a sad one. Think over and talk over all these things, young men and women, before you get married. If you don't have much money, tell your

sweetheart all about it, so she cannot be disappointed after marriage. You had better let her believe that you have less than you really have than to have her believe that you have more than you do have. For you will certainly have need of some money after you are married.

Every girl expects the man that she marries to have all the money he claims to have, if not a little more. Young man, don't be afraid to talk to a girl. There are a great many people who get married and then wish they had not because they did not understand each other before they were married. Love may be blind before marriage, but it will prove to have mighty good eyes in a few years. Those who marry without first talking over life's duties will live to regret it. If lovers would talk over their tastes and desires, what they like and what they do not like, and what to do under certain circumstances, it would prove a blessing to them in after life.

If those who marry would understand each other better divorce would not be so common. Marriage is sacred and should be held as such. People marry without talking over their church affiliations. They belong to different churches sometimes and if they would discuss that proposition before marriage there would not be much difficulty afterwards. There is not much joy in a home where the husband belongs to one church and the wife to another. It is not right for the husband or wife to change just to please the other one. Every one should stand by his or her convictions and not join any church because some one else did. Make these things right before marriage or not marry. The one who wants a happy home should not wait until after marriage to lay the foundation. Lay the cornerstone in courtship and the building will grow into beauty in after years.

Young women, don't marry any man unless his character is good. The young man who is not a Christian is not worthy to be the husband of any sweet Christian girl. Know who he is,

and if he loves the service of the Lord, before you trust yourself to his company. If a girl can't persuade a young man to become a Christian before marriage there are nine chances out of ten that she can't persuade him to be after they are one as husband and wife. Don't marry a man who drinks whiskey. He will wreck your life, young lady. Shun him as you would sin. Keep no company with such a man. If he has no more respect for himself than to drink, he will not have enough respect for you after you have been married a short while. There are young men who smoke cigarettes and then put themselves up to go with decent girls. Girls, you had as well marry a morphine fiend as a man who uses cigarettes. They surely injure anyone who uses them. The man who smokes in your presence does not show you the respect that he should, and after marriage he may grow to where he does not care whether you like it or not. There are many men who grow in love and respect for the wife all along life's journey; and then on the other hand there are thousands who lose respect in a great measure after marriage for the one whom they promised to love until death. Some girls may say, "How can I ever find a young man who is free from all these things you have mentioned?" There are many nice, noble young men, and when you let the world know that you are not going to take just any kind of a man in order to say that you are married, some moral Christian young man will find you and admire you for your real worth. Don't be afraid to talk before marriage and find out the faults of each other. There will come a time when the faults of one can be seen clearly by the other.

Young man, don't fall in love with a giddy-headed girl. If she loves the ball room better than the church, let her alone. If she loves card parties better than she does home, beware of her; she is not the kind of a girl to make a good wife. Fall in love with the modest, virtuous girl and throughout your life you will be happy.

Realize, young man, that the girl you marry is to be a mother and you are to be a father. That under your care and guidance children are to be reared to manhood or womanhood. If you are not fit to be a parent, then you are not fit to be married. To be a parent is sweet. It may be tired and weary hands that support the cares and trials of sweet infancy and that have been extended to the developing years of tender childhood. But when the eyes have grown dim and the footsteps weary, those who have thus lived will remember with joy the sleepless nights and endless days when they watched over a baby sweet and innocent. To be a parent teaches one to keep an eye of compassion on the wayward, tenderness toward the sinful and mercy for the downcast. It smiles upon the young life and soothes the brow of grief, kisses tears away from the cheek of sorrow; hears the cry of the distressed and pities the broken-hearted. Young ladies, do not be old maids unless you can't help it. But it is better to be an old maid than to just marry any kind of a man. There are many old maids who are happier than some married women I know. You had better never have a husband than to have a drunkard, gambler or reprobate. If you marry be sure that you are getting a gentleman in the full sense of the term and you need have no fears. Young men, don't allow yourself to grow to be an old bachelor. If you do you will likely become fixed in certain habits until you can't be moved. The man who marries between twenty-two and twenty-eight is the one whose life will likely blend the most beautifully into the life of a companion. The one who lives single longer than that age is most sure to fall into habits and form dispositions which are not becoming. When any one has his own way so long he seldom gets out of it to a degree where he can allow others to have their way. Don't be an old bachelor. You can help it if you desire. The sweetest life is a life with a genial companion. The man and woman who unite their fortunes and then strive to live happily together are sure to reap a harvest of sunshine

in the end. Every step they take in the rugged path of life together is beneath an azure sky surrounded by sweetest flowers, and the paths they tread are paths of peace. Every morning breaks with tints of glory and every evening closes with the kiss of love. Time never drags, but flies swiftly by, for there is love at home. The evening of life is as happy as the morning of youth. Every day brings gladness, and every dream at night is on a pillow of peace. When age steals the elasticity of the step, and the hair that was once raven turns like ocean foam and the face that once was as the rose of springtime has withered like the drooping flower of autumn, the voice, once as clear and sweet as a harp when touched at eventide, grows harsh and broken as the wailing wind, yet still there is joy and gladness in the dimmed eye, wrinkled brow, tottering footsteps and stooped form, for through the checkered career of life there was love. The clasp of the hand in the twilight hour of life beneath soft moonbeams, while rose gardens shed fragrance, is as sweet as in days of other years, when the two who have since grown old were young and stood by the gate as lovers true. The sweetest love on earth is that of two old people who have loved from youth to old age and who have grown with every passing year fonder of each other. There is a charm to old age if there has been love all through life. The sun of life will set with splendor, and the close of life will only be a falling to sleep to wake when God calls "Come home." The happiest home is the one where Christ is taken as a bosom friend. Resolve, young friends, to live happy, make your home one of pleasantness, take the Christ there, and the twilight of life will be the happiest moment of your earthly existence. No dark shadows will gather round you in death. In the great morning of the resurrection there will be life more glorious than you had ever dreamed of as you walked amid the shadows below and hoped for a home eternal where there is perfect love.

His Last Command.

Sermon Extract.

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world."—Matt. 28: 19, 20.

This is, perhaps, one of the most important passages in God's word, for it is the last words of Jesus spoken on earth. It may be asked what is the "great commission"? This Scripture given in Matthew is a part of it, but it is not all, for in Mark 16:15, 16 we have this language: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned." We see by this that Mark has given a report of the commission. In Luke 24:47, "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." It takes all three of these to be complete, and no one of them is complete within itself. Matthew says, "Go and teach all nations," but does not say what to teach. Mark says, "Teach the Gospel," so we are not left in doubt as what to teach. Matthew tells us to "baptize them into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit." We find in Mark that they must first believe. It would not be of any use to baptize an unbeliever. Luke says, "Repent." We have all three of these writers' reports of the great commission, and it takes all of them for it to be complete.

We find in the commission that the Gospel was first to be preached at Jerusalem, that it was to be heard and believed and those believing were to repent and be baptized. Every example that we have in the New Testament, where one came to Christ, came in that way. The world in order to come to Christ must

hear the word, believe it, repent of their sins and be baptized. This puts one into Christ, but he is not to stop at that. Matthew says, "Observe all things whatsoever I have spoken unto you." That means do them. It is absolutely necessary for one to live a Christian life. The life for Christ is to be lived after we get into the church. No one is authorized to take any part out of the Bible. We find faith, repentance and baptism are all there. Faith is only mentioned one time, repentance once and baptism twice in the great commission. Jesus never commanded anything to be done that was not necessary. He did command baptism. Who will take the responsibility of saying that baptism is to be left off? If we take a part of the Bible, let us take all of it. If man is commanded to believe, he is surely commanded to be baptized. The water does not literally wash away sins, and no one claims that. The virtue is not in the water, but it is in the obedience to Christ's command. We do not believe the virtue was in the water when Jesus commanded the blind man to go wash in the pool (John 9:1-7), but the virtue was in the obedience, and he never would have been healed if he had not done as Jesus commanded Him. We have another example in that of Naaman, found in II Kings, 5:8-15. He had to wash in Jordan seven times before his leprosy was cleansed, and yet in the face of these facts and Bible truths men refuse to be baptized.

They reject the council of God against themselves. "But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the council of God against themselves, being not baptized of him" (Luke 7:30). In the same way do men and women reject God's word today. Peter said that baptism was unto the remission of sins. The individual who will reject it lacks faith and has not believed with all the heart that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. Those who believe with all of their heart will be immersed. Why not accept all of Christ's teachings if we accept a part? Those who will obey this commission with a sincere heart will be saved at last,

for when they have obeyed it they are new creatures. The new birth is the great commission obeyed. If we obey this command and then are faithful until the end we have the promise that Jesus will be with us. He will walk by our side all the way of life's journey and save us at last. The Bible is an open book. Let every one read for himself. The commands are few and simple. The sinner who wishes to come this way will surely find the way and not have to depend upon man. If only one in this meeting has accepted Christ, then it is not in vain that we are here. Do not let Satan tempt you longer, but come now to Jesus. Let him be your helper and comforter. "Plead with Christ now for a blessing, as Jacob did with the Angel of God, and cease not your pleading until he grants your request." The Master is willing and stands waiting to bless you. Jesus will go with you while you walk in this shadow land. He will be with you in sickness and in sorrow. He will pilot you across the sun-kissed sea and to a home made glorious by the angels of God and the redeemed of earth. He will escort you to pearly gates swung open by angel hands. Fear not to trust your all with him, for he is able to save. Give yourself to him and he will make you happy. Come, for he is ready to receive you.

The Bible and Christ.

I have chosen for my theme one of the oldest subjects in the world. There has been, perhaps, more written on this subject than almost any other, yet still it is new. The Bible is the oldest book in the world, taken from the oldest manuscripts. It has outlived the storms of centuries, but it is the greatest of all books today. "Men have tried to banish it, have buried it, burned it, trampled on it, abused it. Men have been burned at the stake, cast into dungeons and tortured by every conceivable means, because they had it in their possession, but the old book still lives. The Bible never grows old to the interested mind. The idle and heedless may cast it aside, but to the thoughtful and earnest soul it is full of interest. The Bible is a precious book. God has taken charge of his word, and the very places where it has been condemned it is now published. It is circulated through the world in hundreds of languages today. Books have been written against it. Popes have issued bull after bull condemning it, but they failed to destroy it."

It is said that the first book ever printed was the Bible. It has sixty-six books written by different persons. Some of them were kings, prophets, scholars, poets, soldiers, tax-gatherers, cattle drivers, tent makers, one physician, and illiterate fishermen. The Old Testament was written principally in Hebrew, and the New Testament in Greek. It is claimed that a part of the Old Bible was written in the Chaldee language.

No mind has ever been great enough to comprehend all its beauty, to treasure all its riches, to apply all its truths, to discover all its jewels, to reveal all its mysteries, to behold all its grandeur and feast upon all its pastures at once. At our fireside it is our greatest joy, in the sick room it is a comfort, and in health it is a pleasure. "To youth it becomes a star of hope for life, and to old age a bright promise for eternity. At birth it is

our record, at middle age a staff and at death a soft pillow." If governed by it, it makes home happy, and every step only a joy to the one who believes its truths. If believed and practiced it will drive clouds from sorrowing hearts, make the despondent happy, and the broken-hearted will be comforted. The very mind of God is in this Book. We know the state of man here and his future joy or sorrow. The way of salvation is revealed, the doom of sinners told, and the happiness of believers vouchsafed.

Its teachings should fill the life and guide it in the paths of peace. The heart should be ruled by its truths. It is the greatest mine of wealth the world ever saw; it is a glory to the weary soul and a boundless river of pleasure. The feet of the righteous are controlled by its teachings. "No darkness so dense that it cannot dispel. Christ is its subject and the good of man its object."

"The glory of God is its end." It is rest to the weary here below, and water to the thirsty soul. It dries up the fountains of sin and waters the deserts of the wasting life. In all conditions in life, rich or poor, sick or well, young or old, the Bible is full of instructions and promises; it covers the world with its wings of love. The world cannot give us a better book. Infidel, skeptic and priest will have to get out of the way, for "God's eternal truth owns the eternal years." The Bible is our textbook and will be the textbook of all nations and people. Jesus is the King of the world and the Bible its book. It is the court of appeals for the world and will ever continue to be. The rich man can learn from it, the poor man can find in it instructions how to become rich, or how to be happy in his cabin. When you travel you have a map to guide you as you journey. On the ocean you have a chart and you need not fret though sea-billows roll around you.

If you fight in war, then you have a book of tactics. If you are a student, then you have the grandest text book the world

ever saw. If you are a pilgrim, you have a staff to lean upon and assist you as you travel up the mountain side. The divine truth has been mocked and spit upon. It has been attacked on every side, but it still lives. The thunder tread of its chariot wheel is still heard. It cannot be overcome, for God has stamped it with the seal of immortality. The most desperate assaults upon it have only enlarged the place of its tents and stretched forth the curtains of its pavilions. The Father has blessed his own.

He whose smile kindled the sun's blaze, whose footsteps make earth tremble, whose touch gives life, whose kiss gives the rose its blush and the lily its purity, can surely follow his own truths with the word of his power, through all the freaks and changes of time.

He who supplies the needy, who shelters the stranger, who soothes the troubled and comforts the weary soul, who gives strength to those who are tempted, will surely never forsake his word.

The same power that sat in darkness and created light, that sat in loneliness and created worlds, that sat in an empty void, and peopled immensity with stars, worlds, suns and systems; that fashioned other intelligences like himself and gave them power over all the earth, can, in truth, say: "My word endureth forever." He who stoops to touch the tiniest seed to give it life, whose breath raises the drooping flower, can surely, with its touch and breath, give life to the weary soul.

Christ is the central theme of the Bible. He was its beginning, and he is its close. He runs like a beautiful stream through this great book. All other lives like little fountains flow into him. The life of Christ has given a meaning to all its genealogies, to its histories, chronologies, types, symbols and parables in all the Book. The life of Jesus ties together every book in the entire Bible. Without him it would be meaningless. His name lies glittering on every page. He gives it glory, and its

glory lights all the world. He is a jewel and a pearl of great price. The Bible is a mighty fortress, so high that it cannot be scaled. The secret of its unity, beauty and strength is Jesus. God is the architect of the Bible, but its building was committed to men. The sinful of earth nor the legions of hell can never overthrow it. The faith of the world holds to it, and there it will cling and climb and grow through time and at last drop precious fruit in heaven. How noble it is to see a Christian stand on God's word in the midst of a world of sin, while they scoff at him, mock him, and revile him, but they cannot shake his faith in God. The revolutions of sin may rage, temptations roll over him, but through it all he smiles, for he knows that God is trying him. Wars may redden the earth with blood and nations batter down the strongholds of each other; yet still he clings to God and his word. Every human institution may rock to its foundation, the fondest dreams vanish, hope lie bleeding at its feet, and all the prospects of life die, yet still he trusts in God. He asks God for strength. He leans on the strong arm of Jesus and takes him by the hand. He looks into the face of a Savior, and says:

"Jesus take my care and sorrow,
Thou the burden bearer meek;
Thou my friend today, tomorrow,
For no other need I seek."

Worlds careering may tumble the universe into anarchy; planets, worlds, suns, and systems may overtake each other, and the fragments may lie scattered along the outer realm of the universe, but his faith is so firm that it cannot be shaken.

Tears may flow down his cheeks and sorrows overtake him, but they cannot crush his faith. It is sweet to believe, knowing that word you believe must endure forever, for God has said it. The Bible was given to pure minds in the beginning and faithful hearts have kept it. It has gone to every civilized peo-

ple on the globe. Within the charmed circle the wise and good of all nations and tongues assemble. It has humanized, polished and refined the nations of every age. Its star of the east shone on shepherds, and lighted the pathway for the pilgrim feet of the magi to the cradle of an infant Redeemer. Its light illumined the night of the middle ages, and through dark billows that rolled over the world and almost shut out civilization from the earth, its immortal light kept streaming. Its light has flashed down the aisles of human progress, telling the same beautiful story it has ever told, since man walked in close relationship with his God. It irradiates the darkness of the future and flashes through the mists and shadows to the judgment. It shines today in divine historic splendor. Its origin among men was in his first prayer of repentance, and the first hope of pardon for transgression. Its truth and records cast a softened, mellow and golden light upon man's life from the time when he walked in Eden's new made splendor with the Master.

It is old enough that its first records may be traced to Abel's offering; to Enoch's walk with God; to him who safely sailed the floods. The divine hand in giving to us such a book, twined materials from this earth and heaven; and while its foundation rests on this clod of earth its columns and arches stretch away to the cloudless climes and home of the angels. Through its promises the eye of man reaches beyond clouds and sunshine to realms infinite. Its teachings separate the divine elements of our nature from the passions, sins and frailties of our fallen state.

As we learn more of the truths of this great Book, flowers fresh blown and fragrant spring up around us, dews from heaven fall upon us, and sparks of immortality gleam through the chaos of our sinful state.

As we grow in love, happiness, meekness, joy, long-suffering and patience, and walk by faith, the veil is rent and eternal

hope leaps through the rifts upon the fruition of its highest and holiest aspirings and desires.

We know of man's origin only through the Bible, and it is only through it that he has promise of salvation. God made man pure and placed him in the garden of Eden. He was the crowning work of the Almighty Hand. On that far distant day, after every animal that has since roamed the globe had been created, man was the only intelligent being, who stood then in the midst of the new creation. No human walked beside him for companionship. No soul communed with his soul, no tongue told him he was welcome to earth's paradise.

God was his only visitor; an absolute, but loving Lord. Man was at peace with all the earth, the lion and wild deer came at his bidding and fed from his hand. Ambition, avarice, jealousy and wealth had not yet contaminated his soul. Man came from his bower at the dawn, and a thousand beautiful birds greeted his vision and delighted his soul with melody almost divine. Flowers gently swayed in the morning breeze, and their perfume was wafted to him by the wings of the wind. Man could not understand such splendor and could not believe such a glory. The forest monarch was as meek as a lamb, the spotted leopard kissed his hand, the fawn was gentle and knew his voice. The birds built their nests in new-made forests and sang songs among the bending foliage whose leaves glistened with sparkling dewdrops. The earth laughed in joy; the rippling rills sang merry songs. The first morning of the world had dawned and all was gladness. The great sun, with an eye of splendor, rose higher and higher and flashed through the woods, awoke the little birds that were yet asleep from the long night, and sent streams of glittering gold through the forest and turned every dewdrop into a diamond; the violet raised its drooping head to be kissed, the grape changed its sap to enpurpled blood beneath the caress.

There were cool springs beside which flowers bloomed and

in whose waters were reflected the blue of the heavens above. These streams flowed in sun and shade. Everything was glad with life, for it was the first morning that had dawned. The fruits from a thousand orchards offered themselves to man's hands. Man had reveled in this beauty and splendor until his soul was restless. He saw the grandeur in the naked rock and towering mountains. He saw the flowing river and the heaving sea. The bird songs were ceasing to be melody. He no longer saw the forest monarch as he stopped at his side. Man was growing weary with such splendor. He had walked in daylight on moss-covered earth, and plucked sweet flowers of rarest beauty. He bowed down at the cool spring and drank the new-born waters. He breathed the odor of perfume from flower gardens planted by the hand of God, and they now blush and nod in maiden beauty at the very presence of man. The day passes and night shades gather. Man is weary and tired, and he falls asleep in the midst of all this splendor and glory.

He pillows his head on a mossy mound underneath a honeysuckle bower. Fairest flowers, bending with the dew, kiss his cheek while he sleeps. The lamb and the lion are by his side, for he is at peace with everything. His eyelids are kissed down to sweet slumber by the lips of God. The perfume of the poppies is wafted to him by the gentle breezes. What visions haunted his dreams we know not. He perhaps dreamed he saw the panther fondling her cubs, and the dove whispering love songs. He heard love's sweet story told by even the wren and the bluebird. The winds whisper soft murmurs and his sleep deepens. His soul seeks for a kindred spirit. The beauties, pleasures, and grandeur of earth had ceased to have a charm, while there were none to love.

The Master descends and pierces man's side. The wound is healed. He awoke from his sleep and saw at his side one fairer than all the earth. Woman smiled. His heart leaped with joy. Her face was brighter than the morning's blush, her

eye lovelit, her teeth white as ocean foam, her lips like the half-open cherry, her bosom white as the hawthorn bud, her hair waving like sea-moss touched by the moving tide, her breath sweeter than the perfume of roses, her voice more melodious than the murmur of the rill or the song of the bird, her footsteps like that of an angel, her manner as gentle as a lamb, her hand as soft as the fleece of the sheep. Hand in hand, side by side, they walk in sun and shade. They pause to behold the beauties of Eden. The hills were bleak, but now they are crowned with roses, and the valleys smile with beauty. Man is lord and woman the queen of the earth. They revel in the beauties of Eden in daylight and at night they sleep in rosebeds. Their pathway is joy and delight. All their wants are supplied. But, alas! they touch the forbidden fruit. The scene has changed. The wild beasts that were their companions are now their enemies. The sun's blaze now scorches the earth. The flowers fade and die. Roses wither. Tempests rage and sorrows come. God has frowned and in his frown was darkness and gloom. Man and woman are driven from the garden into a bleak, cold world. They are now on their way from Eden to Calvary. The long, weary years and centuries were to stretch away unbroken. They sought light, but there was none. No star of hope shone in man's firmament. From the tongueless silence of the past there came no word of love.

Hope fled. They were hurried through the gates of Eden, and they could not linger for a moment, for justice was behind with its burning whip. They could not stop to take one last, farewell look at the bowers, gardens and flowers. They fled over the threshold of paradise. The gates closed and bolted. Disobedience drove them from the garden, and obedience was all that could ever bring them back. How lonely, how sorrowful must have been their march! The earth would not yield her fruit only by man's toil, and it was replenished only by woman's suffering. Death was abroad and stood by their side at

every step they took in life's journey. Hope was gone and sorrow was upon their brow. They could build, but time would destroy. Their fondest dreams could never be realized. Hatred, malice, envy and crime, were to steal in and mar life's charms. There was death in the lightning's glare and the thunder's horrid breath. Disease was to take hold of man and defile the temple of his soul. Fevers were to burn his brow and parch his tongue; from bogs and marshes malaria would be wafted with poison for his body. Great cities would be depopulated. Storms would twist the forests and lay them waste, demolish homes and bury man beneath their ruins; volcanoes belch fire and emit fumes of smoke and flames, and molten lava burn splendid cities; earthquakes crack the sides of the globe, open her bowels and engulf the inhabitants of earth. Fire would dissolve splendid towers when built and consume the bones of the builder. Dark clouds, with the panting storm in their bosom, would sweep earth and roll the sea waves into mountain billows and wreck the vessels of rarest construction, and pile mariners on coral reefs to await the judgment, or wandering on desert sands smother the weary traveler. War was to desolate the fair earth. The hand of man was to be upon his fellowman, the strongest ties of love be broken and the grave swallow up man's vision of hope. Time would steal in upon them and write its name in sorrow upon their brows. It would stoop age with infirmities, take the tints of health from the cheek and pour vials of chilly dew upon all his affections. Old age bow to the grave and youth succumb to disease. The baby born but for a day would be stolen by the pale hand of death. Family altars crumble. Onrushing trains meet in wildest confusion and mangle the bodies of men and women. The miners lose their lives by falling shafts. The grave was to be the end of all living, and only through it could man conquer. Thus in sorrow and sadness was this long night of moral darkness to stretch away to Calvary. There was a promise of a coming Savior. "The seed of the woman shall

bruise the serpent's head." Bright flowers of hope were then planted by the hand divine along the stream of time; they blossomed and bloomed in man's heart. He looked and longed for the coming day. Prophets said that the day would dawn when there would be a bridge thrown across the mighty gulf that separated man from Eden, but prophets died and the day had not yet dawned. Despair was about to be man's portion. But, when it seemed that all was lost, a star was seen; angel legions from heaven above came down and sang songs of joy over the cradle of an infant Redeemer. They came to bear witness that God had loved the world. Sin had been conqueror long enough over man. Man could go back to God as sure as he left his presence. Christ was here to point the way back to Eden. He came as the poorest of the poor. He walked with men. He was baptized. He healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, raised the dead. He was the greatest of the great and the best of the good. He was "the way, the truth and the life." He came not to destroy, but to fulfill. He is the way for all the world, and in that way there is peace. He is the truth, for he was the truth. He is the life, for he is the source of life. All who seek him can find him, for he came to save. A bright rainbow bends over the human family now. While we grope in the darkness and shadows here below, the clouds sweep over us here in awful wrath, we know that the sun is still shining and that the darkness is broken somewhere, for Jesus shed his blood. The pencilings of divine glory have penetrated the gloom and left a beam of golden light to guide man to a better realm.

Jesus shed his blood for fallen humanity. He bore our sins and suffered for our transgressions. He was crowned with thorns and clothed with scarlet garments. He was stretched upon the cross; the mighty hammer drove rugged nails through tender palms. They said, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." This world has a cross to diadem its beauty. Jesus died, but he now lives. He was wounded, but he is now healed.

He established a way by which man could be saved. He laid the foundation of that spiritual structure in centuries that are now sleeping and lie buried in the far distant past. Jesus arose a conqueror over death and the grave. He gave his disciples charge concerning his word. He gathered about him the clouds as garments and sought his place in the sky. He traveled home in a chariot more glorious than old Elijah ever saw. From heaven it came. Angels came before it and angels followed it. He stepped on board, the signal was given and he leaped toward the skies. He passed the clouds, passed the moon, passed the sun, passed the stars and constellations never seen by man, flashed into the rear like lightning. The chariot wheels were tipped with gold. Horses driven by angels drew the chariot. Their waving manes brushed angels' cheeks, as they bid goodbye to worlds on high, spaces, abysmal, gaping beneath them. The chariot wheels struck fire as they touched pavements of the other worlds, and the breath from the fast steeds blew satellites from their course. They are bounding to the eternal city. Comets heard the roar of the chariot and turned in their course. The pathway through the stars had been surveyed by the angels, and God the Father guarded them as they dashed through space. On the chariot goes, leaving a luminous and burning track. The zodiac's glitter belt was passed, while worlds revolve above, below and around them. They go beyond all worlds and launch into the mighty deserts of the universe, where a fiery comet has never sped. The universe is left a glimmering speck and the light of worlds dies in the distance. Angels gather on the battlemented walls of the city of God. They listen for the hum of the chariot wheels and the shout of the returning seraphims. On they go, the steers shod with meteors and their nostrils blowing tempests. Gleaming spires and glittering domes are seen. They near the eternal city. All heaven is ready to welcome the Son of God. The shouts are heard, the gates of pearl are opened, the deputation passes through into that city

to prepare a place for all who will follow in his footsteps here on earth. The throne of God is in that city. Perhaps beneath that throne there burst the fountains of living waters and flow throughout heaven's landscapes. The tree of life grows and drops its fruit for the citizens of that glorious realm. There glittering towers outshine the sun, spires sparkle with diamond frost and domes are spangled with gems. There everlasting flowers bloom, there the grass never withers, there the stars of glory shine. Climb some sunny slope and view the landscape o'er, and spread out before you will be heaven's splendors. Valleys teeming with the fruit of immortal life, murmuring cascades, rainbows of joy, shady dells. No more sorrow, no more sickness, no more deaths, no more graves, but perpetual youth in that city eternal. This joy and pleasure comes by the cross of Jesus.

"Look away from the Cross
To the glittering crown;
From your cares, weary one, look away.
There's a home for the soul,
Where no sorrow can come,
And where pleasures will never decay;
Look away, look away, from the Cross,
To the glittering crown.
Look away, look away, from the Cross,
To the glittering crown."

He who gives not his service to God fails of the highest duty in life and the sweetest pleasure. To each soul on earth there is a call to follow in the path of right. There rolls the river of sin between man and the cross. Its waves are dark and gloomy. No flowers grow on its bank; its shores are an arid strand. Men's blood pollutes its waters. The waters are black with crime; it surges on with the cry of lost souls. It rolls to the mighty sea of death. Dark clouds of temptation hover over its tide, and red lightning of sin kisses every billowy crest with fires of lust.

Millions are trying to gain its shores, the drunkard, the gambler, the liar, the deceitful, the hypocrite, the murderer, the defamer of homes, and the blighter of lives are leaping into its tide. The young man, stalwart and strong; the young woman, with cheeks blushing, and the old man, with gray hairs, leap in and rise far out in its tide. It carries them on down to perdition and night. Why will mankind thus travel on and dash into its current when there is a bridge that spans the stream, and that bridge is Christ? Angels standing beside the bloody cross and bleeding body are calling to man to stop. The Bible, God's revealed will to man, points to the cross of Jesus. My friends, heed the message of the grand old book. Many have found comfort in it and many more will find sweet peace there. Let higher criticisms scoff and mock. They cannot destroy its meaning and truth. It still blesses the widow, comforts the orphan, and feeds the poor with the bread of life. It has withstood the revolution of time and the mutation of fortune.

The skeptic cannot give a reason for its influence upon the lives of men, only that it came from the divine Teacher. Time cannot destroy the Bible. All earthly things shall perish, but it must endure. Nations arise and like blazing meteors flame along the skies and at last die, leaving no trace of existence only on the memory of those who live afterward. Revolutions crush to dust institutions old with fame and glory, and leave no trace of their brilliancy only on the pages of history. The track of progress is strewn with broken grandeur and ruined nations, wounded by their own transgressions. The track of time's chariot wheel is seen all around. Monuments dissolve into dust and the pyramids are crumbling to ruins. But let time do its worst; God's word will live. It has dashed through fields of awful persecution without a scar. Tears and blood have not stained it. Blackened ruins have not marred it. It came through the flood and the waters did not overwhelm it. The confusion of tongues did not arrest its progress. Science has

not contradicted it, nor confused its truths. Kings and peasants have been taught by it. Aged mothers have found joy of life in its instructions. Its influence over man will never be known until in heaven we assemble.

"There's a dear and precious book,
Though it's worn and faded now,
Which recalls those happy days of long ago;
When I stood at mother's knee,
With her hand upon my brow,
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Blessed book, precious book,
On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look.
Thou art sweeter day by day as I walk the narrow way
That leads at last to that bright home above."

Every parable in the book is one best calculated to teach an important truth to the ones the Master was speaking to. Every man can find a beautiful lesson on its pages. The mother and father who read it and teach its truths to children will be called blessed in the years that are yet to be. Children may stray from the path of duty, but in most instances they will remember a mother's prayer and a father's counsel, and, above all, God's word that was read in early life and which has clung to them through the years like the notes of some long lost melody. It sweetens the life and baptizes all with a blessing if they learn its truths. It never grows old, and every familiar passage has a new truth each time we come for food for the soul. It is read at the marriage altar, in the sick room, to the strong and manly, and at death. It is always appropriate. The ablest lawyers are familiar with its teachings. The artist paints the best pictures from it. Sculptors chisel into form and features its greatest characters. History sanctions its truths. Philosophy borrows thought from it. Musicians have sung its poetry. Poets have quoted from it. Statesmen have been students of it. Warriors have loved and cherished it. No man has ever been able to explain the influence of the Bible and the life of Christ on the world, except that they came from God. Man may reject

the Bible as being the word of God, but he cannot explain how it has lived through all the ages. He may deny Christ in his own life, but he cannot deny that he is a savior for the world. The Bible will extend its triumphs until human pride shall kneel at its feet; till the kingdoms of peace shall become universal on earth and swallow up all other kingdoms. It will ever wear its robe of sunbeams and let the star of Bethlehem shine.

The dark ages rolled over the world and trampled on thrones, crushed kingdoms and laid waste empires. Kings fell, peasants became kings, yet through the wreck and ruin of centuries the Bible lived. Decay's deadly fingers can never make imprints on the old Book. It was born and cradled on earth and will never rest until it rests in the bosom of God, where bright waters shimmer in his paradise of love, beauty and glory.

Wedding Ceremony.

In November, 1909, the author was called on to pronounce the ceremony for Mr. B. C. Perry and Miss Gladdys Y. Omie Adkins. The wedding took place November 23, in the Methodist Church at Stark, Fla., the home of Miss Adkins. As the contracting parties marched into the church and stood before the decorated arch Mr. White arose and began the ceremony, saying:

"'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. He made all things that we see; the pebble, the stars, the insects, the beasts of the field, the denizens of the deep. But there were none to enjoy the work of his hand. The Master took of the dust of the earth and made man; breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. He saw the sunset splendors and the moon with her silver crest, but he could not enjoy it, for he was lonely; there was a loneliness and an aching void in man's life. He fell asleep and dreamed of one fairer and purer than himself. He felt the tender touch of soft white hands and the warmth of dewy breath upon his cheeks; he dreamed of mellow eyes falling upon him. He awoke from the dream so sweet and saw at his side a queen. His dream was now reality, for while he slept and dreamed woman was taken from his body. God did not take her from man's feet that she might be a footstool, nor from his head that she might rule over him, but from his side and nearest his heart, that she might be a helpmeet.

"'The earth was a desert and the garden was a wild, and man the hermit sighed until woman smiled.' Woman is the queen of the earth and home. She walked with man in Eden's newly made splendor. She has been a balm to his soul in sorrow and a partner in joy. No task is too great for her to perform. She walks by man's side in clouds and sunshine. Her laughter

is like the murmuring of the brook and her smile like the daybreak. Her hands minister to those who are in distress. She came to bless man's weary lot. Her coming gave the sunshine a brighter glow, the flower a lovelier blush, the bird a more melodious song, the moon gentler beams and the stars a milder twinkle. She has proved to be man's superior in love and gentleness. She is untiring at the bedside of sickness. She faints not, however great the task before her, if duty has called her to that task.

"'There is bliss beyond all that minstrels have told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing and brows never cold,
Love on through all ills and love on till they die.'

"This rite is shown to be divine, for the Master said: 'Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.' Again it is said, 'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.' 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband. Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.' We are before God and these witnesses to solemnize the rite of matrimony between Mr. B. C. Perry and Miss Gladdys Y. Omie Adkins, the legal authority for which I have in my possession.

"Who gives this woman to this man?"

Here her brother said, "I do."

"By what authority?"

Again he said, "I am her brother and by the consent of her mother."

"Then give her."

Here he placed her hand in the hand of Mr. Perry.

"You have promised each other that you will be true. Your vows are sacred. May you live as you have agreed. There are none who can now lawfully object to this union. With your right hands joined—

"Do you, sir, take the woman whom you hold by the right hand to be your lawfully wedded companion and do you consent to live with her after God's laws in the holy estate of matrimony, and do you agree that you will, forsaking all others, cleave unto her and to her alone, and that you will love her in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, until the shadows of the twilight of life steal on and you are separated from her by the fast falling curtain of death? All this will you faithfully strive to do, your Heavenly Father being your helper: will you?"

The groom answered, "I will."

"Do you, madam, take the man whom you hold by the right hand to be your lawfully wedded companion, and do you consent to live with him after God's laws in the holy estate of matrimony, and do you agree that, forsaking all others, you will cleave unto him and to him alone, and that you will love him in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, until the shadows of the twilight of life steal on and you are separated from him by the fast falling curtain of death? All this will you faithfully strive to do, your Heavenly Father being your helper; will you?"

Here the bride answered, "I will."

"Have you a ring, sir?"

The groom answered, "I have."

Here the ring was handed to the groom by a brother of the bride and the groom handed it to the minister.

"This ring is the emblem of endless love, for it is a circle. It tells of undying affection. With it you seal your solemn vows and plight your fair faith. Love is the strongest of the passions of the human soul. It is the morning sunbeam of youth's dream and the rainbow to the evening of life. Within are the elements of joy divine. It weaves itself in a bright halo around the home of those who keep sacred their vows. It is a beam from the star of conjugal affection. It lifts burdens forever

from the hearts of true men and women. May it seal your vows and guide you to a higher and holier life."

Here the ring was handed back to the groom, who placed it upon the bride's finger.

"This ring, which has been placed upon the finger of this woman, is a beautiful token of love. You and each of you have promised mutual protection to each other, and love throughout earthly life. I now by the authority of this Commonwealth and by the highest authority in the universe pronounce you husband and wife.

PRAYER.

"Thou, Heavenly Father, the giver of every good gift and in whose hands are the lives of all who dwell upon the earth, smile, we pray thee, upon these thy servants as they now hand in hand and heart to heart tread life's pilgrimage together. May they be sharers of each other's joys and consolers of each other's sorrows. May they cling to each other and still closer to thee. When the hours of distress and grief come, may the hope they have in Christ dry the falling tear and calm the troubled soul, and at the end of life's pilgrimage, when the sun sets and the mind traveling backward sums up the deeds done, may there not be one word or act that will shade the brow or dim the eye. May the life have been so close to God that death will only be gain. And thus the life on earth close for a grander life beyond.

CONGRATULATIONS.

"I hope that there will only be enough clouds in your life that you may appreciate the sunshine. May the doors to peace, the windows to happiness and the gates to prosperity be open to you just so far that they will not blight your prospects to eternal life when the cares of earth are done. May there come no strife to mar the daytime of life and no distress that will

disturb your dreams in the darkness of the night. May your bed be amid roses of rarest fragrance covered by the honeysuckle of peace and may your dreams be attended by realities that will ever lead you on and up the ladder to success and honor. May your life be long, but never weary, never tired of living, but hoping for life more glorious. When your hairs are silvered and the step feeble and you long for rest, may the sweet spirit of peace gently lay soft hands upon your brow, and the angels which come to take your spirit home guard well the separation from the body, that it may go gently wafted as it were by the wings of the morning to more friendly climes. Thus may you spend your life, and amid the shadows of death you will have no fear, but go to your rest like a child in the arms of his mother, there to await the call from slumber by a loving voice."

Note—See "Funeral of a Young Bride."

Funeral of a Young Bride.

Mrs. B. C. Perry only lived two months and a half and died of typhoid fever. Mr. White was called to preach the funeral at the home of her mother in Starke, Feb. 13, 1910. He said:

In this home, where only two months and a little over ago all was joy and gayety, now the curtain of sorrow hangs. This one who lies cold in death before us gave her heart to Jesus in the days of other years, when life was young. She was the same at home as she was abroad, always kind and gentle. I remember her and her mother in their humble home, and yet a home which always made welcome those who loved Jesus. I think of her as a true friend, a noble lady, a meek and humble Christian. The influence of her life lives, though she sleeps 'neath the sod. She awaits the call from Him who doeth all things well. The heavy tread of years may tramp hard the sod upon her grave and time erase her name engraven on her tombstone, but years cannot harden the hearts of those who knew her to love her, nor can time erase her smile, kind words and loving deeds from the hearts she leaves behind.

Her name may not be written upon fame's scroll, but far better, for it is written on the tablets of the memory of those with whom she came in contact. No life is half so sweet as the life spent in the service of the Lord.

Little did we think but two months ago as our prayers went out with her for a long and happy life that we would be called upon so soon to pay our last tribute of respect to her mortal body. She sleeps in the dust, and foul decay will mar her lovely form, but somewhere and some time this body will be touched by Him who giveth life, and she will live again. We believe she was a Christian.

When the archangel shall descend in a floating drapery of clouds and the splendor of heaven's glories around him and

call for the sleeping dead, she will then arise and don the garments of righteousness to walk with him in white forever more.

She had to give up her life just as the race was beginning. The bright dreams that were hers of the future could not be realized here in this sad world. We know not why they were not to be. They will perhaps be realized in that land of new-made glories. Death is gain to those who are prepared to die. The rough ways of earth have been exchanged for the paths of peace over on that golden shore, if in her life she bore the fruit of righteousness, which we believe she did. The shadows are dark as we tread this way and we cannot see why the young are taken away from us, but God knows best. All things are in his hands. We have to submit to his will.

To the mother, husband, brothers and sisters I would say, "Weep not as those who have no hope," for in the bye and bye we shall see her and know her. Her bark has glided past ours, and she now passes beneath the shadows and darkness, but will sometime drift to a sunkissed sea where soft winds shall gently push her bark to the realm and beauty of that paradise of God, our infinite Father, and there walk with angels in that glory world free from sorrow and the cares of a dreary world of sin.

She has crossed the sea of life and treads the valley of death, and will sometime reach the shining strand of eternity's shore.

Death will come to us as sure as it has come to her. How will it find us? Let us get ready for the final summons that we may go in peace when we are called.

Note—See "Wedding Ceremony."

Sweethearts.

If there is one thing that is more common to all the world than anything else, that one thing is a sweetheart. Every one at some time in life has loved, or will love before they die. It is a something that can't be helped. The little fellow at five or six years old begins to love whether it be boy or girl. The human family was made to love and love they will. It is needless to tell children not to love or try to keep them from it. Begin early to teach them whom to love and whom not to love. The little boy at the age of six or eight years begins to love the classmate at school. He thinks if he don't get her, that little curly haired, brown eyed, fair faced, rosy cheeked girl, he never can or will be happy. He studies about her on the way to school, and on his way home again. He perhaps catches some glances that day that make him think she loves him, and his little heart is aflame with love, but of course he cannot afford to own it to any one. The years roll by on the swift chariot of time and he is twelve or fifteen. The little girl he once loved has grown larger and homelier and he has ceased to care for her. He now falls in love with almost every girl he sees, some younger, some older than himself. He is so backward and bashful that he will seldom speak to the one he loves the best. At school he only glances at her, not desiring that any one find out that he cares one thing for any girl. He knows that his mother would shame him if she had the least idea that he loved any one. His father has told him often that he never loved any one until he was twenty-five. The boy can hardly believe that, but really has to as his father told it. (The boy is not alone in unbelief, either.)

Time passes and he is sixteen or eighteen years old. He has now become brave enough to speak to the girls, if others do see him. He sees a little girl, and gets acquainted with her; her

name is Nellie. His heart flutters at the very thought of her. He sees her in his dreams, builds air castle homes in the day time. It is a vine wreathed cottage; sunflowers blossom by the garden way; sweet roses grow in the yard; flower beds guard the way along the walk from the gateway to the cottage. A half open door reveals a lovely face and form. He sees Nellie in that cottage home. She greets him at the door, and he is about to faint, just as his father steps up and says: "Son, be more interested in your work; plow a little closer to the corn." Nellie is forgotten for a short while, but the thoughts of her gradually steal upon him as shadows follow the clouds. His heart wells up in his throat, and he longs for the years to hasten on when Nellie will be his. Ah! could he but clasp her tender hand, look into her soft blue eyes, lay his arm gently around her and call her his own, earth would be heaven itself! He is sure that there would be no more long days of wintry gloom, nor scorching summer heat; time would fly and life be a treasure sublime. He walks beside the stream and sees her mirrored from the depths below; he sees her likeness in the lengthening shadows, thinks he reads her love in star beams, and discovers her form in the moonlight, hears her voice in the wind's soft murmur, sees her cheek blush in the rose bud, hears her footfall in the rain patter, her eye brighten in the dew drop, beholds her fairness in the cotton fleece or snow drift, her tresses in the waving moss, her spirit drift on the ocean waves, breathes her breath from orange blossoms, and feels the tender touch of her hand from downy feathers. His thoughts are snatched away again as his father calls once more: "Come, let's go home; it is late," thinking to himself, "my boy is sick or he would work better." We see him next by Nellie's side on Sunday afternoon. He longs to tell her that he loves her, but doesn't have the courage to do so. He says something about every five minutes. Her teeth are so white, even and pretty, her hands so beautiful, her form so neat, her eyes so bright, her

voice so clear he is almost afraid that she is divine. He gets so hot and she is so cool. He knows not where to place his hands, and his feet are so big and look so clumsy, and her feet so small. When he talks it seems that he is on the wrong subject. He wishes he had her by the hand, but would not touch her for the world. He is not close enough, for he is on one side of the room and she at the other. What will he do? What can he do? He wonders if others have the same troubles, or is he alone in this wide world? They walk out among the roses, and he plucks one fair rose, twirls it in his hand and finally, reaching his arm's length toward her, offers it to her. He says, "Well, I must go," and homeward he starts, humming softly to himself the old song, "Oh! My Darling Nellie Gray."

The years tread their stately rounds and he is twenty-five. Another young man won Nellie's heart while he lingered too long. He is now seeking a home. He is no longer fickle, but has come to know himself. One day as he drives a gentle bay down the road, cutting the leaves from the bushes by the roadside with his whip, thinking of days to come, he looks up and, there comes a beautiful maiden of eighteen summers riding a beautiful gray horse. He raises his hat, and as he passes her looks back, to find, to his humiliation, that she looked back at the same instant. "Who can she be?" passes through his mind. "Wonder why she comes this way!" He finds out that her father has just moved to the neighborhood. On the next Lord's Day he meets her at the church and her name is Maggie. She hardly looks to suit him, but he can't forget her. Some days pass and he strolls over to see the new neighbors. Maggie is gathering roses down the lane, and he walks home with her. She is mild and refined, her sentences clearly spoken, voice melody, eyes bright, hair dark, cheeks rosy, her lips red, happy at heart, loves nature, form queenly, and hands white. He gets acquainted with the family, visits now and then, and one day finds himself in love with Maggie. Dreams of a happy home.

Whispers love to Maggie and it is mutual. Asks her hand and heart as they stand beside the running stream over which willows lean and flowers bend. She gives her consent. The vow is made. They are soon made husband and wife at the old farm home before a few select friends. Their first and only home stands, in a heaven favored Southland, near a little crystal lake. Around it are the cypress trees, with the long gray moss waving from their limbs as gentle winds fan by. In the clear depths of the lake are seen the trout and the perch. Trees and flowers are mirrored in its glass-like waters. Orange trees grow close to the cottage, and in the early spring time the air is laden with rich perfume from their bloom. Magnolias rear their evergreen boughs skyward and ever present to the eye the beauty of springtime. Purple violets grow in the grass near their home. A little stream winds its way through grass and trees, where the horses and cows stop and lazily drink. Life is a treasure sublime in their beautiful cottage home. Their love is true, and to each other they will ever cling. Here we leave them to journey through fifty eventful years.

Fifty years soon pass when there is love. At the end of fifty years there is a feeble man and woman. Children have come and gone from that home. Their hairs have grown white like the ocean foam. They are aged, but they love each other still. They have been true and constant in their devotion one to the other. They love each other as they did when they made their vows at the marriage altar. He seems to see her in his dreams, the same sweet girl, as when she gathered roses in the lane, where he learned to love her, and walked home with her.

Life is passing and they soon must separate, for the journey will be over. They sit in the twilight and think of the days gone by. Her eyes are not so bright, her steps are not so gay, her raven tresses have turned to white, but she is to him as fair as in days gone and hidden in the long look back. They read the Bible and he holds Maggie's hand. They talk of life to

come, and smile at the hope of the glory world. They are sweethearts still, time has not changed them. They have never forgotten their vows. The shadows are lengthening, for the sun of life must soon set. They are not afraid of death, for they honor God. They talk over early days and the friends they knew who have gone before. So many changes have taken place. A tear dims their eyes; he bends forward and kisses her rough and wrinkled cheek.

She grows feebler and weaker. An aged man kneels by her bed, kisses her hand and prays; he whispers to her that he loves her still. One deep sigh and life is over. She is borne to the old cemetery and laid to rest. He often goes and places flowers on her grave. How often he thinks of her, and the sweet happy years they spent together. He grows more restless every day, and feels that there are none who love him. The days lengthen into years and the shadows are fast falling toward the east. He dreams of the days that are past and gone when he was young and when life was such a joy. He has no fear of death, for he gave his heart to Jesus in the long ago, and has ever lived to honor Christ. He has hope of life eternal on the shores of everlasting beauty, where there are no sorrows and no tears. He longs for his life to close, for he cannot be happy without Maggie; and, not long after she has gone, he sits down to rest and dream, falls asleep, and wakes no more. On the other side they will meet to part no more. They were sweethearts.

Music.

There is a charm in music. "It soothes the savage breast." Since the world was made there has been music. To the one who has attuned his heart to nature there is music in the wailing wind, in the voice of the running stream, in the ocean's roar as the storm sweeps its bosom and in its murmur soft when storms are lulled to rest. There is music in the bird song. The little wren can charm the heart of the one who loves nature. There is music in the ring of the bell, in the soft notes of the harpstrings, or the deep voice of the organ. Music is of divine origin. It is spoken of in Gen. 4:21. Music was used in worship among the ancients, and especially with God's chosen people. Music can be used wrong, or it can be used right, just as anything else can be. It drove the evil spirit from Saul as we find in I Sam. 16:23, "David took a harp and played with his hand, so Saul was refreshed and well, and the evil spirit departed from him." If it drove the evil spirit from Saul, it will drive evil thoughts from our minds today, if religious songs are played. Musical instruments were used in worship, 2 Sam. 6:5. If it was right then it is now, for Jesus found the instrument used in worship when he came and he did not condemn it. He condemned all sin, but he did not condemn the musical instrument. You can put music to the wrong use. Man can use his voice wrong or right just as he desires. He can sing for the devil or he can sing for God. Yet no one has ever questioned the right of man to sing and worship God in song.

It is not only permissible to have instruments of music in the church, but it is right to have them, for many have been brought to Christ through music. If the organs and other instruments are to be eliminated from worship, then the tuning fork and note book must go, for they are as much of an innovation in worship as the organ is. We find in Isa. 5:12 that

music is spoken of as being in their feasts. Here the music is not condemned, but the use they made of it. It is also mentioned in Amos 6:5, and again we find that it is the evil that they made out of it. It can be changed and made to serve God as easy as it was made to serve the devil. Instruments of music were used in the early church, for Paul in speaking to the brethren at Corinth refers to the instrument as giving distinction in the sound. "And even things without life giving sound, whether pipe or harp, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?" (I Cor. 14:7.) Now it does not seem that Paul would have made reference to these things unless they were in the church, where they were continually used. He used an illustration that they could understand and something that they had continually in use. Christ did not condemn instruments of music in worship, and yet we know he found them in the Jewish worship. David in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Psalm, says, "Praise the Lord upon the instrument and the high sounding instrument." If there is never anything brought into the church worse than instrumental music we may rest assured that the church will never suffer from innovation. There is to be music in Heaven, as we find in Rev. 5:8-14, also 14:2. If we are to appreciate the music on the other side let us train our minds on this for the more glorious songs and harps when we reach that land of pleasure and of song. "Musical instruments of God" are mentioned in I Chron. 16:42; again we have Neh. 12:36, "With the musical instruments of David the man of God." Surely with these passages before us no one would dare say aught against instrumental music. God sanctions music, and I believe would have his children use it in worship. If it is good for our homes, it is good for the church, for the home should be just as pure as the church. The church can never hope to be better than are the homes of these that go to make up the church. If music is not

right in the church, it is not right in the home. Many who condemn music in the church have it in the home.

The heart of a sinner cannot be touched and moved quicker to obedience than by sweet music. It drives out the lurking evil, malice, envy and wrath from the heart and implants in their stead love, joy, peace and gentleness. The worn and weary on life's dusty pathway are cheered by some old song that was played and sung in the days of the long ago. It is restful to the soul. It lifts one to a better element and surrounds him with a better influence.

Music can never grow old. It is the same yesterday, today and forever. The first thing that will greet the ear of those redeemed from earth when they reach the other side will be the "harpers harping on their harps." It will be one of the joys throughout endless ages. Music is appropriate at birth, at marriage and at death, on the street, in the home and in the church. Let us, then, so train our minds here that in heaven we may be better prepared to enjoy the song the angels sing and play on the golden harps in the New Jerusalem.

Funeral of an Aged Minister.

The body of B. F. Manire was brought to Hampton, Fla., for burial Feb. 13, 1911. He had lived for some years at Palmetto, Fla. The body arrived at about sundown and a short service was held in the twilight at the grave. B. F. Manire was known nationally. Mr. White officiated. The scripture was read from Rev. 14:13. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

As the sun that has just set has sent back its golden streaks of light athwart the heavens, and its influence is felt all through the dark night on flowers and shrub and clambering vine, so will be the life of this aged veteran and soldier of the cross of Christ. His life will live in the lives and hearts of those he leaves behind. Teacher, father, friend and brother was he to the thousands with whom he met and lived. In generations yet to come his influence and life will be felt. His life was not like a brilliant meteor that dazzles the world awhile with splendor and then goes out to shine no more, but it was like a shining sun; though it goes down it will rise again on the morrow, amidst circling clouds of glory. His body sinks to rest tonight into the cold embrace of the tomb, just as the night shades are falling and starbeams shine, but when the eternal morning breaks this tomb will cease to hold its victim, and like one who has slept in the shadow wakes when the sun kisses the brow, he will awake when the Sun of Righteousness flashes in glory splendor upon him.

He sat in council with the great and learned, yet he was humble enough to extend always to the low and unlearned a helping hand. His ministry was one of love. Though he was great, he was always humble and meek. He preached to exalt Christ and not to bring honor to himself. He felt a great re-

sponsibility rested upon him, and that the only way for him to relieve his conscience was to carry the glad tidings of salvation to others' souls. Though he had passed threescore years and ten by several milestones, he, to the very close of life, sought to have a field of labor. Wherever he walked among men, his very presence demanded attention, for he stood erect. To the close of life he was the same. He sleeps now in his narrow home. No more struggles will be his. No more anxious waiting and longing for souls to come to Christ. No more anxiety for the church and its spread among the children of men, no more sorrow over the sins of the race. He has passed silently, calmly, quietly and peacefully to the prison house of death only for a while. Some day the winding-sheet will be exchanged for a robe of glory, and the grave for mansions of delight. He will then reap the harvest of his labor and toils. A crown awaits him on the other side, judging by the fruit his life bore.

As the sun sets this evening so his body sinks into earth at the close of this day. We expect that the sun will shine tomorrow, so we also hope to meet our aged and beloved brother on the other side of the river, there where the sun never sets, and where the aged become young and the young never grow old.

The mists and shadows of twilight gather round us, so also the shadows of sorrow fall upon our hearts as we see the body of this one consigned to the tomb, but as these shadows are to break away when the morning dawns, so do the shadows of sorrow flee, in the bright hope that after a few more brief years we shall meet in that cloudless clime around the great white throne of our Father and our God. His name may be forgotten by those who are to live after him. The stone set to mark his resting place may crumble and fall by the weight of years, the mound be leveled by the heavy tread of time. The grass seeks his grave in the spring time as nature opens

her glad hand to the love glance of the sun. The stranger walks over the place where now his body rests and unconsciously stands above where now he sleeps, not knowing that beneath him are the ashes of the honored and saintly dead. His body may be consumed by the blushing flower and waving tree, and not one know where he sleeps, but the influence of his life can never be destroyed, let time and corruption do their worst. His work will follow him through all future generations and until time shall cease to be. His greatness will never be known until we assemble at the judgment bar of God, and we see the souls who have found the Christ through his influence. Then and not until then, shall we know the greatness of his life.

Let his body now be consigned to the earth while his spirit is in God's keeping. Let each one in this presence so live that when the time comes we may depart in peace and let it truthfully be said of us, as it can of this one, that he served as best he could. May the blessings of God be upon all those who sorrow here.

Let earth receive his body.

The Yellowstone National Park.

I have had the pleasure of visiting the Yellowstone National Park. It had been my desire from early boyhood to visit this place and look upon its wonders. I entered the park at Gardener, Mont., about 6:30 o'clock in the evening in company with many others on the same mission. We entered through the Roosevelt arch at Gardener. I had read and heard so much about what nature had done for this place that I could hardly wait for everyone to get ready. I wanted to get started on the trip through this wonderland. I noticed that most of the crowd was about as restless as I was.

The ascent is very great, being from four thousand feet to nine thousand feet above sea level. We were the guests of the Wylie Permanent Camping Company. The park is fifty-four miles wide and sixty-two miles in length. We entered the park on the eighth day of July. All along the route was the Gardener River, to be seen with its waters churned into foam. The Mammoth Hot Springs was the first interesting point where we stopped. These springs are at an elevation of six thousand feet. They are in basins and the substance deposited by the water is much like soft white rock or lime. Almost every color is seen in the deposits. At some distance one would think these deposits from the water were icicles, and with every color of the rainbow. A little ways from these springs we came to the tents, about one hundred in number and four beds to each tent. Snow could be seen in the distance. The night was cool.

Morning came and all were up early and anxious to know what the day would bring forth. We left the camp and on the way came to many interesting things. The first was the Devil's Frying Pan, a little pool where the water blubbered as it boiled. We next saw the Twin Lakes, one as blue as indigo and the other as green as the leaves of the forest. These were within

twenty yards of each other. The next place of interest was the Roaring Mountain, where steam issues from it in a thousand places and roars continually. Then we came to Norris Geyser Basin. This included a basin of four or five hundred acres, where there were all kinds of hot geysers, some playing every half minute and some every half hour. There were thousands of places where the water boiled. There was a board walk laid through this basin. On one side of this basin was a place where steam issued, called "Old Black Growler." The opening in the earth was about two feet square and steam perfectly white issued over a hundred feet high. Above this was the Devil's Bathtub and the Paint Pots. From here we next went to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and camped for the night. All along on our drive were to be seen deer, elk, bear, beavers, wild sheep, buffalo and all kinds of animals common to the Rocky Mountains. When morning came again we went down to see the canyon. It is eighteen hundred feet deep. On crags beneath could be seen eagles building their nests and feeding their young, and as we looked up the canyon could be seen the falls of the Yellowstone River. It is a 308 foot fall—so much greater than Niagara. The falls are wonderful to look upon. There are two falls of the river, one eighty-five feet high and the other one three hundred and eight. Old Faithful Geyser is a thing of beauty as well as wonder, throwing the water over one hundred feet high every sixty-five minutes. The great Yellowstone Lake lies like a great reservoir in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, from which the Yellowstone river flows. This lake is a thing of beauty, surrounded by mountains, its shores of sand with every now and then a projecting crag.

It is too much to ever try to describe all there is to be seen in the park. It would require a book to tell all that nature has revealed to the eye and ear in this splendid retreat. I had not the least idea that nature exhibited such scenery anywhere. Language cannot describe what here is seen. Here you behold na-

ture in her maddest form. We see bubbling and boiling as it bursts from the earth the hot geyser, and only a short distance clear, cold waters break from the mountainside for the weary traveler. Yonder is a geyser in action, bursting with its white spray in the upper air, cooled and returned to the fountain from whence it came, to be heated and shot forth again at the command of an unseen force beneath the crust of the earth, where no human hand can be thrust and where no eye can behold the wonder-workings of God in nature. Only the mind of man has been allowed to descend into the bowels of the globe, to where the molten, burning lava is seething and consuming the materials of the solid earth, and one may well believe it was kindled by a spark from an almighty hand. Around you are eternal snows on the face of the earth and beneath you are consuming fires. Yonder is a mountain with its towering summit lifted into the inky blue, where the flowers grow and lean their cheeks on the soft bosom of the snow, and on the other hand the canyon reaches down as if to compare wonder and glory with the mountain above. Here is Old Faithful Geyser shooting up its spray every sixty-five minutes as if to sprinkle the clouds or add beauty to the earth by arching rainbows over your head. Yonder are the foaming, plunging floods of the Yellowstone River as it leaps over a cliff eighty-five feet in height as if practicing for a greater plunge, which it takes only a few hundred yards below, when it leaps over a fall three hundred and eight feet high. The water is broken into spray and is white and frothy when it reaches the awful depth below. As I stood by this I felt that I was near to nature and nature's God. I saw the gloomy canyon below, and could hear the thud and moan of the waters as the majestic stream plunged to the embrace of the narrow bed of the canyon. It lingers yet in memory like a dream in a summer night. I had not time to linger here. I know that the scenes in this wonderland tell of God. He has written with his fingers on the walls of the

canyon and left his footprints in its depth. The great lake is like a bath pool for celestial beings, and the surrounding mountains like guardian sentinels of its purity. He who does not believe in God, let him go to this park and look upon its beauty and sublimity, and before he can realize it thoughts of a Creator will steal upon him. It can never be thrust from the mind and soul of one who has once wandered amid its scenes of grandeur.

Eulogy on Florida.

I am not partial to any state in the Union. I believe they are all great and that they go to make up a great union. This union is not complete without every state occupying its place. Every state has its advantage to which it can point with pride. There is one state I wish to speak of, as I know it so well. I refer to Florida, with her flower crown, her fruits and vintage. Here the breezes blow. Here the myrtle, the palmetto, and the pine rustle in the gentle, soft summer winds. Here birds of strange, bright plumage sport in leafy bowers that wither not. Here the orange trees scent the breeze in springtime with sweet perfume and yield their golden fruit in the autumn hours. Twelve hundred miles of her sandy shores are washed by the rolling billows of the sea. Land of refuge for the sick and infirm; land where gentle rivers flow without murmur in their beds, beside which willows grow and where sweet scented vines clamber. Land where skies are always fair, where no dark, gloomy days of winter come. Land where the bird song is always heard. Land where the flowers bloom all the season through. Land where the moonbeams are the mildest, and where the stars shine the brightest. Land where the raindrops fall in melody and where dewdrops sparkle under the brightest sunlight of earth's skies. Land where snowy fields of cotton wave. Land where lakes abound and where fish sport in their clear waters. Land where the watermelons are the largest and the sweetest, land where the grapes cluster and where they turn to empurpled blood beneath the summer sun's caress. Land of gentlest breezes and purest water. It is the home of the brave and the cradle of love. Her children are polite.

When you look upon the forests you think that God has hung curtains upon the trees, the moss is the veil for the pines and oak. To be in this beautiful land is like being in dream-

land. You can roam through woodlands or down beside quiet streams where willows weep and where wild roses grow. You can sit beside the ocean and look out upon her waves crested with foam or behold her as the sun in the morning comes, mounted on crimson and gold, kissing her waters of blue, and you are carried away to realms of ecstasy and bliss.

The citizenship of this great state is as true to the American flag as the hero sons of the colder clime. The blood in the veins of Floridians is as warm and pulses with as much patriotism as in any state in this great union. It would be as hard to tear Florida from the cluster of stars as it would be to tear Massachusetts away. The greatness of her citizenship is seen in her willingness to forget the strife of the bloody sixties. No lurking evil hides itself in the bosom of the sons of Florida. The American flag must not be insulted. The sons of Florida stand ever ready to guard the life of America, and champion her rights at home or abroad. They believe this republic to be the garden of liberty, and as such they are duty bound to strike with gleaming, fiery blade at the heart of him who tries to pluck one flower cherished and loved by the American people.

The daughters of this state will compare with any in the Union. They are beautiful and virtuous. They are educated and refined. They do not assume to know more than they do know, but they are conservative. They are fair and they are modest at all times.

All honor to Florida! The breezes from the Southland will ever float the American flag, and flaunt the Stars and Stripes in the face of every foe. I love Florida for her beauty, for her sunny skies and for her blooming roses all the year long. I love her for her balmy winds. I love her sandy shores, for her lakes, her rivers, her pines, her moss, her fruits and for her noble sons and daughters, for what she has been, for what she is, and what she will be in the future. The United States is destined to lead the world and Florida to lead the states.

Mammoth Cave.

There is perhaps no spot in the world more interesting than the Mammoth Cave in old Kentucky. It has one hundred and fifty miles of explored cave. The cave has two branches or routes, a short route four miles in length and a long route eight miles in length. There are numerous side routes. As you approach this great cavern, if it is summer, when you come to the small door the air rushing out will almost remove the hat. The mercury stands about 54 degrees in the cave winter and summer. As you enter this cave it seems that a new world is opening up. You pass through large apartments, some twenty by sixty feet. It is almost impossible to describe all that is seen in one short article, so we will notice only the most interesting. The great Star Chamber is perhaps one of the greatest wonders. Look up while the torches are burning but feebly and the stars appear as natural as if you were looking up at the midnight heavens, yet you are then two hundred feet and over under the earth's surface. What strange feelings fill the soul! The same hand that set the stars in the sky gave to the cave its great beauty. He who dwells in the heavens above has also descended to the bowels of the globe and written his name in gilded wonders.

As the writer, together with a friend, was gazing at all the strange wonders, the guide took our torches and left us in the darkness—darkness that could almost be felt. We were in a narrow path; on either side was a yawning chasm. In a few moments we heard some one calling, "Come this way," but it was still dark and we feared to move. The guide was calling us to come to him, but he did not realize that a large stone shut the light from us; he came closer and the light fell in faint streaks down the narrow path and we could see how to go. The thought came to my mind, "How like the church is

this!" The church may call for sinners as long as it will, but if there is no light to shine from the church the sinner will not be moved. There are pitfalls all around those in sin, and there must be light before they will move. The light must shine through the lives of men and women who make the church. When those who claim to be Christians live what they claim, the sinner can see the path before him, and then he will start for the kingdom of Jesus.

The next great wonder was the bottomless pit. As we stood trying to peer down into this chasm that was perhaps not more than fifteen feet in diameter, the guide threw lights down into it. They fell on and on, it seemed for hundreds of feet, and finally struck water. Over this awful pit there was a narrow bridge. It looked so gloomy and dark beneath us! The walls were perpendicular. If man was groping his way in the dark and lost his foothold, it would mean certain destruction, but if he found the bridge he could pass over in safety. When man was driven from the garden of Eden, his first home, and he had passed beyond its gates, a chasm opened between him and Eden, over which he could not pass. It was sin and death. For four thousand years man wandered in darkness. The Christ came and threw a narrow bridge across the dark and gloomy abyss. If man wanders in darkness and loses his foothold in the pit of sin and death, he falls in darkness on and on down to the realm of everlasting sorrow, but if he accepts the Christ he will pass over in safety. Jesus is that narrow way, and he who holds to his hand is absolutely sure that he will not fall.

Again, on my second trip through this wonderful underground way, in the long route, we came to Echo River. We could make any kind of a sound, and it floated out in darkness and seemed to grow louder and louder for a moment, as if mocking us, and then die away into whispers. The waters were muddy and deep. We took a boat and rowed down the river for several hundred yards. On the way some one on the other side

sounded a trumpet, and how sweet was that sound to the ear! The blast from that trumpet will never be forgotten; it still rings in my ears as fresh and sweet as when it was sounding. The music seems to float with the years. The ride down the river made me think of the river of death, so gloomy and dark. Without a guide we could not have passed in safety, but our guide had been that way before. If Jesus is our guide, he will take care of our frail bark on death's black and turbid stream. If we forsake him not in life, he will not forsake us in death, and when on the other side we shall awake in his likeness, the music will be sweet, for it will then be life forever with him who guided us through death's dark valley and awoke us for realms of joy and life forever.

Tobacco.

Tobacco is one of the greatest evils of this age. The time has come when we feel that we must speak out against this great sin. People have thought for a long while that it is a filthy habit, but no sin of any consequence. But we have come to know that which is filthy is surely a sin. It corrupts the morals of the young man and woman. It impairs the memory, wrecks the nervous system and unfits men and women, to a great measure, for the sober realities of life. It is one of the filthiest habits that any person ever took up with. I have never met a person who denied its filth. They acknowledge that it is not decent and yet they continue to use it.

The cuspidor half filled with tobacco spittle is certainly one of the most repulsive things we have to contend with. A decent lady doesn't want her skirts mopping up amber on the streets, in trains and in the home. When you mention its use to men they invariably say, "It don't hurt me." But it is gradually tearing down their constitution and weakening their power. There is but one sin that may be classed as being greater than the tobacco sin, and that is whiskey.

For a long while the cigarette fiend has been looked upon as a weakling among men. But the use of tobacco in other forms has been winked at. Every little cross-roads merchant and grocery man thinks that his store is not complete until he is equipped with a full supply of tobacco and cigarette books. It is a disgrace for a man claiming to serve God to sell such filthy stuff to men and women. The merchant who will cut out the sale of tobacco will become the most popular in town when people learn that he intends to run a decent business and cease to corrupt the young boys' morals.

There is no question about the use of tobacco. A man who uses tobacco carries the scent with him, and it is equally true

with the woman. Every decent girl should put her foot down on the use of tobacco in any form. Every young man who wants a clean, happy home should resolve never to keep company with a girl who dips snuff. It is a shame to see people defile themselves with such a filthy habit. It costs money to use tobacco. There are many people who give a dollar a year to the Lord's work, and then give from $25 to $50 for tobacco and say, "I am so poor I can't help the church."

Those who use tobacco will have to answer before God for their sin. There is no excuse for the use of such a weed. It is high time that the pulpit was speaking out against this sin. Many preachers use it, but those who do should quit preaching or quit tobacco. They are certainly not an example to any young man or woman. It is a disgrace to the ministry for a man who preaches the Gospel to use tobacco in any form. Those who use tobacco can well be classed with the dope fiends. It is more decent to use drugs, but the sin is the same. Many teachers of the schools use tobacco. What kind of an example are teachers setting before boys and girls when they use tobacco themselves? Parents, look well as to whom you employ as teachers, for the teacher deals with the young life and moulds it more by his or her life than by words.

If the money spent today for tobacco was spent in church work the world would soon be converted. Missionaries could and would be sent to all parts of the earth. The amount of money spent each year for tobacco is enormous. Poor people who hardly have enough to eat use it. There are families which spend almost as much for tobacco as they do for bread.

It cripples the energies of those who use it, whether they are old or young, but it harms the child more than it does those who are older. If the child is to be broken from the use of such a filthy weed the older people must first set the example. There is no wonder that there are so many murders, thefts and suicides at the present time when the minds of the children are

corrupted and poisoned in early life by the tobacco habit. It is a shame that the man made in the image of God will allow himself to be marred and stained by such a filthy and sinful habit. Every man and woman who uses tobacco ought to go out in some silent, quiet spot and sit down and think for an hour about themselves. Ask the questions: Who am I? What was I made for? Am I decent? Am I master of myself? Did a filthy habit ever help anyone? Can I quit it? Do I injure my brain? Do I injure my body? Do I injure my children, or my neighbor's children? Those who will thus think will arise from such thoughts saying, "I have resolved to no longer be a slave but a decent human being." God will bless those who try to help themselves.

To My Father.

If there is anything that I have given to the world that is worth receiving, I owe a great portion of that worth to my father. To him I can never be grateful enough for the example he gave to me by his true life. His character was above reproach; his word was his bond. He knew no sacrifice too great for him, if by that sacrifice he could enlarge the usefulness of his children. His lips spoke no words that would corrupt any human being, nor did they ever use the name of God in vain. He loved home and made it a place where the pure would grow purer, and the unclean and the vile be reconciled to God. He honored my mother above all others, and gave to her the honor that is due a helpmeet. He worshiped God and gave him his service at home and abroad. He sought but little honor at the hands of the public, but was interested in the uplift of his country. He was willing to serve in the least. He wore no royal robes nor sat in the councils of the great. He was willing to feed the hungry and give shelter to the poor. He believed in God and his Son Jesus Christ. He loved the house of the Lord. He believed that Christ was his dearest friend and was often found at the altar of devotion. The songs that were spiritual were his greatest delight. He loved the Gospel story of the cross. He spent seventy-three years in humble service. He made no great pretensions to Christianity, but served as best he could. He seldom expressed a hope of the life beyond, save by a godly life here below. In old age he lived as in youth, close to God. His life sweetly and gently glided out into the great sea of eternity. His death came as softly and quietly as the shadows of the night. Life gradually ebbed out. He knew that the end was fast approaching and the curtain gently falling, but, without a murmur or a sigh, he moved down to the dark river of death to where its black waves washed the shores

of time. The sands beneath his feet were crumbling and falling into the onrushing tide day by day, and moment by moment. There was a quiet and a calm, when God kissed him and he slept. He went to the grave with the same friend whom he had honored in life, and that was Jesus the Christ. As the sun sets behind dark clouds in the evening, but the farewell beams kiss evening stars goodnight, so his life went out, but left a sweet remembrance on hearts left behind. The shadows may overcast the skies and darkness be our portion for a while, but the sun will some day break through and gladden our hearts. He has gone, and cannot return, but the greatest joy is in the promise that if I live close to God in the days that are yet to be I shall meet him face to face in that great reunion over yonder with the saints of other days, there to praise God forever.

To My Mother.

Often, in a quiet hour, I sit and think of mother. The memory of her is dear to me. I cannot if I would forget the happy days of the long ago, when at her knee I learned many sweet lessons of life. I remember that she taught me my letters from an old, worn Bible. I remember the old songs she used to sing, and the words of comfort she used to speak. Often in life when I was about to drift into sin I have thought of my mother and the beautiful lessons she taught, and they guided my feet back to the paths of righteousness. If there be one to whom my mind will ever return in sweet remembrance, that one is mother. I can never repay her for all that she has done for me. She taught me to love the Bible and influenced me in early life to give my heart to Jesus. I now love to return to the old home and be a child again at her side. Old home is rickety, the family circle is broken and children separated, but mother is the same. Her hair is silvered, her step feeble, her voice shackled, her eyes are dim, her face wrinkled, but she is just as sweet as she ever was, for she is mother.

As the years pass and mother and I move on toward the setting sun I seem to love her more and more. I love to go home and talk over the scenes of other days. It makes me a better man and draws me closer to mother and to God. Her life is like a sweet rose, ever shedding fragrance on my pathway. I can never repay her for all that she has done for me, but I can in some measure or degree lift the burdens from her who so often lifted them from me in my childhood hours. I know that I must have caused her some grief and heart aches in my young life. I would give all the world, if it were mine to give, could I bless mother as she has blessed me.

I must love her more as the years steal on, to compensate for what old age has caused her to cease to enjoy. Then when her

summons comes to join the angel band I shall have the sweet assurance of knowing that I did the best that I could. Her life has been a sweet influence in my life all the way from childhood to manhood, and I am sure that as I tread my way down the mountain side toward the sunset sea, she will influence me still, and on the other side, as I climb the golden stairway with my eyes fixed on a heavenly city and my hands clasped by angel fingers, if mother shall have gone before to that realm of life, she will welcome me and greet me as her boy on earth, whom she baptized with blessings. I believe it is the duty of every child to love mother. There is no earthly friend who loves the child more than the mother. Sweet peace comes to the one who loves and obeys mother. A godly mother is one of the greatest blessings of earth. The best way to honor mother is to give the life to the service of the Lord.

I am sure that no one but a parent knows the pangs and sorrows that come when the loved ones at home begin to go out into the busy world. Children may think lightly of it, but I am confident that it is a sad hour for mother. Then it is a duty I owe my mother to make her happy by going often to see her and telling her of the joy it gives me to be with her. If I thus spend my life, I can have a hope that in the afterwhile I shall live in a land blessed by my sainted mother.

Silver Springs.

I believe that it was Harriett Beecher Stowe who called the Silver Springs the eighth wonder of the world, and well might they be called that, for they are equally as great as Niagara Falls or the Mammoth Cave. These springs are about six miles from Ocala, a beautiful city of seven or eight thousand people, in Florida.

When one approaches the edge of the springs for the first time and looks down into the clear water, there is a look of disappointment in his expression. But when he stands for a while he begins to see the beauty. Bright spots come to view far beneath the surface of the water. The depth of the water is said to be from ten to seventy-five feet. The real beauty of the springs is not seen until one rides on the surface and looks through the glass bottom boat. Sometimes it seems that one looked on mountain peaks and then sometimes on valleys of living green. The mind is lost in wonder at the sight of such beautiful, undulating surface. At a certain point as one looks through the glass bottom boat and sees the water bursting up beneath and throwing up thousands of bright silvery particles, he has to almost stop and think to know whether he is looking down into the water or standing out under the heavens in the midst of a snow storm.

The grass grows green under the water. Sometimes it almost reaches the surface and then at another point it is far below. Then there is a barren plain. The water is perfectly transparent. Where the depth is sixty-five or seventy feet it does not seem to be more than ten or twelve feet deep.

There are none who visit these wonderful springs who are prepared for such beauty. They do not dream of such a place. Nature seems to have tried her hand on painting the richest

beauty to the eye, in the clear water, green grass, and silvery sand.

There is a fable story connected with these springs. In one of the springs at a depth of about sixty-five feet there appears to be a stone projecting and underneath there is a small opening. The story is "that once upon a time two lovers were riding on these waters in a bark canoe, when the maiden fell overboard, and, sinking in the clear crystal waters, disappeared in the small opening under the projecting rock. Her lover, watching her as she disappeared and thinking that perhaps he might rescue her, and even if he could not he was willing to perish if need be in an attempt to save her, and plunging in, finally succeeded in reaching the opening under the rock, and there was met by his lover, who had not perished but only waited for his coming. They joined each other and have ever since lived in the waters, and by their continual activities the silvery substance is always rising from the bottom, being disturbed by them in their love retreat."

This story was related to the writer by one of the men who had charge of a boat some years ago on that stream. The Silver Springs of Florida are surely to be considered among the world's greatest wonders. Eye hath not seen anywhere more enchanting retreats. They are so unexpected. Around these Springs are dense swamps and boggy woods, and it is not expected that in the midst of such dark gloomy abodes there lies a crystal wonder. These Springs afford such a vast stream of water that large steamboats from Jacksonville and Palatka come into the head of them.

Fish can be seen gliding about in the waters sometimes sixty feet under the surface. A bright dime can be seen plainly on the bottom at a depth of seventy feet. At some points, especially at the edges, these Springs are turned into a mirror. They reflect the beauty of heaven.

As one stands by these waters or glides over their surface he almost fancies himself in dreamland. By his side seem to stand sweet spirits and whisper their tales of love. Joy fills the soul to overflowing. Life is a treasure sublime. Angels seem hovering near. The heavens seem to lower and earth has become a paradise. Sweet sounds greet the ear through imagination, and harpstrings of divine harmony seem to vibrate near by. The world of sweet spirits appears to have opened and the love and joy therein circles round. Lovers, hand in hand, walk by in one's day dreams, roses seem to bloom by the pathway, and home is all aglow with the spirit of peace and happiness. Hand in hand one walks with the companion of other days, and drinks in the innocence of first love from dreamy love-lit eyes. The soul responds to all this fancy of the spirit, and the one thus fortunate to stand by this stream is lifted, as it were, into the third heaven; and when he wakes from such glorious thoughts wants to exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer Liveth." For he has seen the handwriting of God in the waters at his feet as on the skies overhead.

Cheerfulness.

If we would that our days be happy and full of sunshine, then let us start with cheerfulness written on our face and brow. A day may be spent and no good accomplished from the fact that we started with a heavy heart and scowl on the brow. Much depends on a cheerful start for the day or for life. The man who leaves home with cross words for his children and wife rather than goodbye kisses warmed by the heart within is not likely to be pleasant company for anyone whom he meets during the day. We like to see others cheerful. They always leave sunshine behind them. They make homes happy wherever they go. What a blessing it is to be able to carry happiness to the hearts of others! No one wants to be around a quarreling person or one that is mad and fussy all the time.

We were not made for what we can get out of life ourselves, but what we can lead others to enjoy. That person is happy who has carried one ray of comfort to some weary heart during the day. The conscience feels free and there is the full assurance of having done what is right. Sometimes the duties of life press so hard upon us and seem too great for us to even show our good will to others, and yet we have no duties that are so great but that we can crowd another duty of the same nature in and feel that we are able to attend to it. It is as necessary for one to be happy as it is to be wise.

Cheerfulness is a duty as much as anything else. The busy world is rapidly driving the humanity out of people. Stand in the crowded marts and see how little attention is paid to human life. They are passing on and repassing each other like ants at our feet, and seem to care as little for each other's lives. If a man falls dead on the crowded street, there are a few who stop a moment for idle curiosity and pass on, only to forget in a little

while. They are too busy to read the paper, only the large headlines. Friend passes friend only to bow the head; both are too busy to stop one minute for conversation. Would not we be happier if we thought more of cheerfulness than we do of gold? What is a man or woman worth to the world who does not have time to smile? Take time to be happy and smile a little bit. Smiles dispel dark clouds from the life. Cheerfulness is something to be cultivated in every life. Some can be pleasant more easily than others can but all can train themselves to be happy and pleasant. We should remember that all happiness comes from duty. Duty first and happiness follows. No one can be happy who fails to do what his conscience calls upon him to do, and every conscience must be taught the truth by a standard. We have but one standard and that is the word of God. Your conscience cannot know the right unless it has been taught by the standard. So where man has been taught his mind is free to act because he has knowledge. How happy is he who has knowledge that he has performed his duty! Jesus came on earth to bring happiness to the family of man, and if we are happy then we are cheerful. Make up your mind to be cheerful and never to leave a home without leaving it happier because of your having been there. The world needs cheer. There are too many sad hearts and not enough happy ones. Religion was brought or made possible to man that he might be happy. The long faced man is not welcome anywhere. God don't need him. He wants smiling faces, happy hearts, merry dispositions, and cheerful natures. We are in the world to help make it better and not worse. It needs our help. "Let sorrow be ended, the friendless befriended, Oh! help somebody today."

Let us lift up our heads and turn our faces to the sunlight of truth. Let each one carry in his own heart a balm for another heart, wealth for a poor soul, and cheerfulness for all the world. Some people have an idea that to be religious you must look

sad. The slow, "poke easy," sad-countenanced fellow is considered a good man by a great many folk. But if some one holds his head up, smiles and is always cheerful, he is looked upon as not being quite so good, while in his heart he is more than likely to be the better of the two. If you are a Christian, you are sure to be happy and cheerful. You can't help being. Christianity not only insures you happiness here, but it gives promise of pleasure when the fitful dream of life is over. Beyond the pulse's fevered beating with the millions gone on, you will there join in the chorus with the angels.

Jesus said he would give rest, and in that rest you will be happy. Happy to know that through sins and temptations you kept your eye on Christ; happy because when tribulations and persecutions came upon you you faltered not. Happy that sorrow's clouds did not cause you to drift from Jesus; happy because the evil one did not catch away the seed that was sown in your heart. Happy because when the road seemed long you clung to the hand of Jesus; happy because you fainted not along the long and slippery way. Happy because you clung to the cross of Christ; happy because you got under the blood. Happy because you heeded not the luring voice of pleasure; happy because you prayed and worshiped God. Happy because you believed in him and gave your heart to him. Happy because you read his word day after day and let it lead you into all truth. Happy because you clung to the cross and rested your hope in Christ Jesus. Happy that you were permitted to enter the pearly gates and join the snow white band. Happy because you can praise him forever and ever as King of kings and Lord of lords.

Death and Funeral of Moses.

In Imagination.

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan. So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth of his sepulcher until this day. And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."—Deut. 34:1, 5, 6, 7.

Moses was cradled in a bulrush basket on the rising and sinking of a river's tide by a hand unseen that drives the soft summer winds and plays with the destiny of men. He stood on Nebo's summit after one hundred and twenty years of labor and toil. He climbed Pisgah's lofty pinnacle and there viewed the landscape o'er. He gazed upon the land of promise, for his eyes had not grown dim and he was yet strong as in days of his youth. He saw the land promised to the seed of Abraham, but God said, "Thou shalt not go over." On that mountain, swept by the tempest and kissed by sunshine, he beheld the land that "flowed with milk and honey." God called him to the mountain top for his last look at earth's scenes. The sun was fast moving on his westward course, and Moses started down the mountain side as evening shadows began to lengthen.

There was a stillness and silence as he thoughtfully and quietly moved on. Scarcely does a leaf move or a bird sing, but now and then the lonely chirp of a cricket breaks the almost oppressive silence. Moses is accompanied by the Infinite down the mountain side; he is aware that his journey is about over. He feels the presence of God and angels. He must soon relinquish his hold on the things of earth. He is an aged man, but strong and stalwart as in early life. He knew that he could never go over to

the land toward which he had so long been traveling. He hears a soft voice and the rustle of wings, and around him are bright angel forms. God had been with him on the mountain top and then down its slope. Now angels join them. They gather in a circle around Moses. An angel with a bright robe stands behind him, while God smiles upon him, and Moses slept in an angel's arms. The Infinite Father leads that procession in the land of Moab to a flower carpeted and rose crowned valley. Angels are pall-bearers of the saint of God. Their robes are white, set with jewels of dazzling splendor. In that valley is a grave dug by the hand of God. The casket is made of flower wreaths twined by angel fingers. Music floats out upon the stillness of the air, for the angels sing. The body of Moses is lowered by the white hands of sweet angel forms. God closes the earth above him, but he did not set a tombstone to mark his resting place, for he alone was to watch and keep it. No mortal being ever knew the spot where Moses slept. The flowers cast upon the grave of the leader of God's people were roses gathered from the garden of immortal beauty and borne by the hands of those who walk with him in robes of white. The evening shades gather and the sun goes down. God commands that retinue of sainted spirit forms as they are circled upon bended knee around the flower mound, with crowns of glittering gold, sandals of silver, and garments of snowy whiteness set with pearls. They rise to no more visit that spot, where sleeps the man of God until death is swallowed up in victory. They mount upward toward the skies, and their wings rustle in the soft evening breezes while their trailing robes wave good-bye to earth as they travel homeward with the spirit of Moses and at last escort it to the throne of an infinite God, amidst bowers of sunlit beauties waved by breezes laden with perfume from the roses of Eden's beauty. There God hides that spirit in the secret of his love and will in that great day "give it a body as it has pleased him."

In a lonely and far away land of Moab, in a silent valley, there rests the honored dust of Israel's leader. If his epitaph was written it was written by a Divine Hand, on a lofty summit of the great mountain, where none but angel's eyes can read and where none but the hand of God can erase. In that valley flowers may grow and the little bird sing its sweet song. The spider may weave its silken threads from spires of grass and from leaves of the trees, but the ears of that one who sleeps in a tomb made by an infinite God are insensible to the song of the bird, the laughing of the stream, the odor of the flower, the artistic workmanship of the spider or the voice of man. But God knows where he sleeps, and in that great day will awake him to the joy and gladness of the eternal world, and then and there will Moses go over to possess the land, which is not an earthly land, but a heavenly place of joy and gladness beyond the river of death.

The Snow Storm.

A snow storm is probably one of the most interesting things, to a devout student of nature. It is a thing of beauty as well as wonder. On some bright January morning up in Kentucky the sun may rise clear and beautiful. The air is still and the mercury stands just a degree or two below freezing. At about nine or ten o'clock the sky has become hazy and gradually grows denser and denser until at noon the sun is entirely hid. Now and then a flake of snow is seen to fall slowly down to earth. The atmosphere seems different from what it does at any other time.

In an hour or so longer the flakes are beginning to fall very fast and the earth is growing white. The showering of the snowflakes makes a soft rustling noise, when there is no air stirring. They are soft, fleecy and white, yet millions upon millions, and they grow deep even to the stopping of great engines. The flakes fall so thick and fast that you can scarcely see any distance. They are blinding to travelers. When the clouds are a little light and the snow is not falling so rapidly it is one of the most beautiful sights to stand out and look toward the clouds and watch the flakes of snow chase each other down. It seems as though you can see them for miles and miles above you and they fall so gently and evenly. One thus watching imagines that they are in dreamland. Thoughts of God fill the soul. The imagination takes to itself wings and leaps out into the realms of new beauty. The wondering soul is lost in thought and amazement. Every flake carries with it the handwriting of God.

As one watches the clouds as they shower the flakes upon earth and robe it in spotless white, he feels that he is standing in the presence of Him who by the word of his power made heaven and earth. They who have not seen cannot imagine the real beauty of the snowstorm. The millions of downy flakes

are perfect in their construction, and yet there are scarcely two to be found just alike. What must be the mind of him who made the snow? How could there be so many and none alike? "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!" How quiet and serene all the world seems when its bosom is covered with snow. Every tree and shrub stands up like a white sentinel; the grass and cedar trees weep under the heavy load. The beauty of the snow is not fully realized until the sun rises in a clear sky. Every little bright flake turns, as it were, into a sparkling diamond, and at every step one takes changes its sparkle. Sometimes it sleets and on the snow the ice forms. Then all the world seems to have turned into a bright sparkling mirror.

The mind of man is filled with serious reflections and yet with joy divine when the eye sees such beauty on earth. Language cannot describe the feelings of the devout soul as it contemplates his riches and goodness. If God so robes earth, what must be the beauty of that eternal home that he has made for his children after they have fought life's battles here below? We can catch but an imperfect vision of what is in store over yonder. Heaven with its treasures has not yet been revealed, for the infinite mind cannot comprehend. If we spend our life in this world for him, then the vision will be enlarged for the things which are for his children inside the gates of pearl. The one who gives the mind to God to use will appreciate more and more the works of God's hands here on earth, and he will fit it for eternal enjoyment in the glory world.

Halley's Comet.

I arose from my slumber at about three o'clock in the morning of April 30, 1909, and stepped out to see this strange wonder of the skies. As I gazed upon this rambler of the universe I thought of the speed of this fiery body, plunging through space at a rate inconceivable to the mind of man. In its race through the heavens it may have blotted out worlds greater than the one upon which we tread and call our own. It has never told a secret. It comes and goes and that is all we know. It leaves its trail of light in the heavens that reveals its brilliancy. Far beyond the confines of world systems it may blaze and flash and glimmer and sweep with fiery tail through zones unknown to man, burn and brand strange worlds as it rides through the milky way, sometimes dodging worlds to avoid anarchy in the skies. At last when the circle of worlds and systems has been reached and dark, dim immensity, in which only God is and moves, it begins its dash again toward the center of the universe.

As I gazed at this strange wanderer I thought, Who hung it in space? Who taught it a path in the sky, and if it has no path who protects us poor mortals here below? Who gave it its fiery glow? Who first watched it as it dashed past worlds? Who gave it speed? Who holds it from attraction to other spheres? The answer came from the stillness of the night; He who rides on the wings of the tempest. He who holds the lightning in his fists. Whose voice is the thunder and whose tread is the earthquake. That power that crowned this earth with beauty, lighted up immensity with stars and worlds, carpeted creation with emerald, roofed it with azure and lit it up with a thousand suns—that same power threw Haley's comet from his hand to wander in space and commune with worlds above and below.

As I looked at this strange star and thought of its flight I was made to ask, Where are the boundaries of God's great empire? I shall never again see this star of strange beauty. When seventy-five years shall have elapsed and it returns with its burning fire and dazzling splendor it will have no message for me, for I shall be sleeping beneath the sod and its glories will be watched by another eye.

The child that looks up to this strange star in the skies will have grown up, fought life's battle, grown old and died before it will have made another circuit in the heavens. The lovers who watch it and build air castles of future happiness, of wealth, of honor, of goodness and virtue, will have forgotten the tale of love told in the springtime of life and the two hearts who stood at the gate and vowed affection and devotion through the journey of life will, when this messenger shall have returned from its flight through the home of the stars, have lain in the grave for nearly a quarter of a century.

What thoughts it summons from every contemplative mind! What grandeur to the eye of man! What is it? Where is it traveling? For what end was it made? What shall be its destiny? The child wonders at it; the middle aged are struck with awe and admiration; the aged and feeble pause for awhile to behold it as a mystery. It is not appointed unto men to know. It is the product of an infinite hand, and its mystery shall never be known until on the other side, "when we shall know, even also as we are known." Then and there, amid the splendor of that glory world, we shall know perhaps why this strange star of beauty and splendor roamed the heavens. To the devout mind it is something pleasant to think upon. It says to them that God is all and by him were all things made.

Old Kentucky.

Kentucky, the land of my birth and childhood, I cannot forget. It is a land of beauty. Her hills rearing skyward are majestic, and her valleys of smiling beauty will always be remembered with joy. Her flowing rivers winding among the hills and then into open fields of smiling beauty are love retreats where the mind cannot cease to roam. Kentucky has had stain upon stain on her fair name. She has been called the land of feuds, but her glory and honor still remain. She has ever smiled through her tears. The finest horses the world has ever seen are raised in old Kentucky. It seems to be a fit place to give them the bone and sinew. Kentucky can boast of having more beautiful women than almost any state in this great Union. The atmosphere and water seem to be well fitted to give rosy complexion. Kentucky has sent out as many or more preachers than any other State. The influence of the men of Kentucky has been felt nation wide. She can boast of being the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis; the home of Henry Clay; the tomb of Menifee and Crittendon. She has furnished some of the most gifted men of our nation. In the great civil conflict between the States, Kentucky furnished some of the bravest men who ever marched to the front of battle to the North and South. You can depend on a Kentuckian for fun or for work. They are courteous and refined. The tables of Kentuckians are spread with luxuries of which scarcely any other State can boast. The women of Kentucky are among the world's best cooks.

Kentucky, I cannot forget thee. There I first saw the dawn of human life; there I first learned to love; there was the first place I ever called home. There I first learned who mother was and in childish glee played on thy hills of beauty and in thy

dells plucked the wild flowers. Memory takes me by the hand and I walk beside thy murmuring streams and gaze upon thy giant forests. I love to think of thy meadow lands, the clover in bloom and the goldenrods that waved by the roadside. It is truly a land that "flows with milk and honey."

When winter comes and the hills and valleys are covered with a spotless mantle of white, then it is a joy to coast down the hillsides. He who writes the history of Old Kentucky in the future will surely give her a place among the great. She has contributed her part in the making of this great government. Let prejudice do her worst—Kentucky has written her name in golden letters on fame's scroll, never to be erased by time nor corroded by flying years. Her future is brighter than her past. The mistakes of the past only serve to make her future freer from them. Thousands of her noble sons far from her lap of plenty look with pride upon Old Kentucky as their birthplace.

Glorious Kentucky! Sweet peace, dovelike, has settled upon thee after years of strife and bloodshed. Long may be thy years of happiness and rich may be thy hills of beauty.

Niagara Falls.

The Niagara Falls are sublime from every point of view. Stand above them and behold the dashing floods as they leap downward to roar and foam on the granite boulders below. See the frothy waters, like carded wool. Hear the thud of fast falling waters plunging to the awful depths to boil, and rush wildly back against the perpendicular stone wall, break into white spray and again join the raging floods. The mists rise hundreds of feet high from the awful force of the ocean-like floods as they leap downward, and rainbows span the gorge when kissed by sunshine. It is equally grand to ride below upon the little boat (Maid of the Mist). Here the vessel is tossed hither and thither by the maddened waters. The spray falls upon one like pleasant rain until the boat is almost under the mighty floods. It forces itself forward against the violence of the determined, heaving waves, and they resist its intrusion. The boat is hurled back by the force of the water, like a giant. The flood moves quietly down the great gorge under the bridge thrown across the river by human skill. On they go, three hundred feet below the surface of the earth, until all at once, again they are torn and churned into white foam in the whirlpool rapids. The waters whirl, turn over, lash the shore and rush back into the bosom of the mighty river, to be thrashed and beat into frothy foam. At last the whirlpool is reached, and the waters, like children playing, are roaring from bank to bank, tossing sticks and timbers from one wave to the other.

Above the great falls one or two miles the river is as calm and quiet as a lake. In the early morning sunlight the waters are tranquil and smooth as a sea of glass. No one who has not seen the falls can imagine that in so short a distance such a change could be wrought or take place, but as you near where the waters

take a leap downward you come to where the river grows swift, then where it rises and falls, then still more rapid and over rocks eight or ten feet in height and finally to the great plunge. It is dangerous to ride upon the Niagara above the falls, for before you realize it you are beyond control. Those who launch upon the Niagara of dissipation and permit themselves to drift are soon beyond control in the rapids of sin. They pass over little falls at first, they are then in the rapids, and on down they go, tossed here and there by temptation, and rescue or safety is impossible then.

The great fall to eternal destruction is just a little ahead, and they hasten to the last fatal plunge to the great vortex of death and hell. It is necessary that young men and women call a halt before they reach the rapids, or they can never hope to be rescued. The one in sin and gradually going on may be nearing the great Niagara in life that means everlasting destruction. Take hold of the life line now, and suffer not yourself to go further into sin. If you go over the falls, you will then be in the gorge and darkness of eternity, to be tossed and dashed against the rocky crags of a guilty conscience in the whirlpool of unmitigated and ceaseless woe. Bright rainbows may span the gorge, but they will be high above the mists and darkness of the night of eternity. Stop now and think before you drift farther into sin and crime. You may escape the pangs of endless woe if you stop, but soon it will be too late, and your frail bark will be whirled over the Niagara of sin into darkness forever and ever.

Funeral of a Little Boy.

This funeral was preached by Mr. White, on February 4, 1910, in the Ocala Christian Church. The evangelist began a meeting January 30, 1910, at Ocala, Fla., for W. H. Coleman, then pastor of the Christian Church. The little nine-year-old son (Carl) of the pastor died five days after the meeting began. Mr. White said:

The clouds of gloom hang heavy over our hearts. We come to pay our last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of little Carl Coleman. His life, like a sunbeam, has been pressed on by the darkening shades of death. He was but nine years old, yet the joy of the home. His laughter will be heard no more. He came, lived and died. We know not why the rosebud often withers before it blooms. We know not why the little lamb dies. We know not the mysteries of life and death; we shall know perhaps in the bye and bye. We shall not see this little form any more on earth, but we shall meet Carl in that land where there are no sorrows.

Only a few short years and we shall follow to that shadow land from where no traveler has ever returned. We sorrow not as others who have no hope. Hope kindles a star in our hearts, and its radiant light flashes on to the farther shore. Through the rifts of black billows and storm clouds, the sunlight of God's love will break and gladden our hearts tomorrow.

The wreckage along life's pathway is truly great. The aged and the young, the low and the high, are lost on the boundless wilderness of time. The sting of death touches all about us, and they are gathered to the grave. Earth is not our only home. There is a place eternal beyond these rocky shores where no death enters. We submit to God's will, for he gave and he can take away. He will clothe the body of this little boy with robes

of white. If God gives the little bird its plumage, and power to flit from tree to tree, will he refuse to robe his children, made in his image, when they are gathered home? If he clothes the sheep with snowy fleece feeding on pastures green, will he be less mindful of his children, as they walk beside the river of life? If he touches the seed dropped into the soil today and tomorrow it yields a golden fruit, will he be less mindful of the spirit of this little boy? If he kisses the dewdrops with sunshine that hangs on the blade of corn, and causes it to rise on the white hands of the mists to the Heaven above, will he refuse to kiss the lips of the child whom he has said is made in his own image? If he touches with his fingers of love the little worm and clothes it with silken threads, will he not give to his children garments of spotless purity on the other side of the River of Death? If the little caterpillar, with rugged form, is changed and rises in the form of a beautiful butterfly sporting from flower to flower, is the body of a human being less capable of changing into that of an angel form, when it feels upon it the dew of his breath divine? If he prepares for the little ant, who toils through the heat of the summer in the mole-hill at our feet, a home, will he not prepare a more splendid home amid the stars of glory for his children? If the busy bee, sipping sweets from a thousand roses, lays up its treasure that it may live until another spring-time, will not the spirit of more perfect beings, if they feast upon the treasures of God's word, live in an eternal spring amid the flower gardens of God? If the little fountain bursting from the hillside, flows ever on to the bosom of the sea, will not the stream of life, made clean by Jesus' blood, at last flow into the eternal sea of peace and joy?

I believe as much that the spirit and body of this child will be reunited as I do that God sent his Son to redeem us. At the last trump the dead shall rise. Death will be conquered. No more sorrows then, no more pain, no more sickness, no more

tears to be shed, no more homes to be broken, no more farewells, no more caskets, no more winding sheets, no more speechless lips, no more half closed eyelids, no more death, no more newly made graves, no more crying for loved ones departed. No more tombs, no more epitaphs to be written. Let us prepare so that, when the summons comes, we may enter into home, sweet home, made glad by the presence of him who redeemed us. There we may then clasp the hand of Carl to part never more.

Grand Canyon.

Some time ago I was in Los Angeles, California, and decided that while I was in the West I would go to see the great canyon. I arrived at the Grand Canyon station, in Arizona, about ten o'clock July 23, and from the station I walked only about two hundred yards until the canyon was reached. I cannot describe my feelings as I stepped from the train and started toward this great scene. I was expecting something great and wonderful, but I did not expect to see as great a something as it is. The canyon is seven thousand feet deep and thirteen miles across it at the top. As I looked down into this great chasm, in whose depth the Colorado river flows, I felt the presence of an Almighty being. What unearthly grandeur met my eyes! My knees quaked and my breath came fast. What glorious colors! It seemed that a thousand rainbows had been thrown against the other side. The under world seemed to be revealed. All measurement was lost to the mind, for it could not comprehend the depth, height and length. It was real, yet seemed like a dream. It was a thousand square miles extent, that was entirely beneath me and out of reach. It seemed a labyrinth whose walls were decorated with pictures of rarest beauty from the artist's skillful hand. It had a marvelous delicacy, and yet of sublimity beyond the mind of man.

It has great rocks reaching up like towers, only four times the height man ever built. No painter ever painted a more perfect picture, no sculptor ever cut out of stone a more perfect form, and never was there a rose more exquisitely beautiful. You seem to stand upon a mountain peak instead of a level brink. The one who visits this great gash in earth's bosom can loiter for days on its brink, unable to shake the spell off. The chasm is something that holds on to one. When at sunset the canyon sinks

into purple and the higher peaks are tipped with gold an indescribable beauty holds the attention while the colors riot gloriously with each other. The mists sometimes form like clouds in the canyon and play into the side canyons or arms of the great canyon. They rush up and down the canyon when currents of air are pushing them strongly. They play like children. Sometimes they rush away and return quickly and then rise into the upper air.

Men who visit this canyon, many of whom are worldly, yet weep over it. Some stand bewildered, some in ecstasy, but it is something wholly unexpected to any traveler. You walk along in a comparatively level woods and all at once you stand on the brink of a chasm that overwhelms the mind. There are some people who visit it who do not seem to be affected in the least, but there are some also who do not appreciate music or poetry or the rainbow or a sunset or the ocean's wonders or the stars' midnight revel. But he who has attuned his life to any extent to nature sees in the canyon evidences of a hand divine. Stand at the bottom of the canyon and listen to the floods of the roaring Colorado, as it plunges on its way to the sea. It is a great stream, but its wild roar and cry is lost to the ear before you climb half way to the top or brink of the great chasm. Look up and see the floating, fleece-like clouds. As they chase each other through the blue sky their form is changed every moment by the various hues and colors from the canyon sides. The last lingering glances in the evening as the sun sinks to rest call forth the profoundest thoughts of reverence in the devout mind. A halo of glory seems to play around you and settle as the streaks of light travel up the canyon sides and the sun goes to rest. Little stars peep out as the clouds give way and then the moonbeams softly fall around and wake sweet thoughts of other days. Life is grand amid nature's scenes, and happy is he who can have time to revel in its glory and feast upon its treasure.

As I climbed the sides of the canyon I asked the question to myself, Who made it? Who scooped it out of the earth's bosom? Who threw the tints on its sides? Who taught the Colorado its way to the great sea through such rugged cliffs? Who cut the perpendicular stone? Is it all by chance, or was there a God who by the word of his power formed and fashioned it? Surely the finger prints of an almighty God are seen upon every boulder and rocky crag. Man feels his littleness when he stands before such a wonder. He realizes that he is small and occupies only a little place in this great world. God is all and in all and is seen in all the works of his hand.

Superstition.

It is appalling to note just how much superstition there is in the world. There are thousands who fear that which never did exist. Some people are afraid of one thing and some are afraid of another. One man will not begin a piece of work on Friday unless he can finish it the same day for fear of bad luck. Others believe that they lose their luck if they give certain things away. Some have horseshoes hung up over the door of the home for good luck. There are many who wear the rabbit foot, and especially the colored people, that it may give them good luck.

Many folks look for the new moon over the right shoulder. Some are afraid of ghosts and hear strange sounds in the night time and see lights and visions. There are numbers who believe in dreams, but never stop to count how many of their dreams ever come true. The chances are that not one in a hundred or even a thousand ever came true, and yet people believe in dreams. Thirteen is considered an unlucky number by a great portion of the world. How many ever stop to think that every number above thirteen has to contain thirteen? There are seven thirteens on a quarter of a dollar, but folks don't seem to be afraid of money. If thirteen is not unlucky on money, it is not anywhere else. Let us count the thirteens on a quarter. On the side of the eagle there are thirteen stars, thirteen spears grasped by one talon and thirteen leaves on the olive branch held by the other one. There are thirteen letters in the words "E Pluribus Unum," thirteen letters in quarter dollar, thirteen stripes on the flag on the eagle's breast and thirteen stars on the other side of the quarter, making seven thirteens.

There is nothing in such signs. Superstition only manifests ignorance. It is next to witchcraft. There are a few who be-

lieve in witchcraft yet, and it is the grossest form of superstition.

If you are superstitious, don't tell it, for you certainly display your ignorance when you do. This government had thirteen original states and the motto of this country is "E Pluribus Unum," containing thirteen letters. Those who are superstitious are always looking for evil and sadness to happen to them. An unusual sound frightens them, and they are seldom content. If you are superstitious, cultivate it out of you. Don't allow yourself to be misled by such ideas. It is injurious to the mind and body to believe in such things. To say the least of it, it never did help any one. You need not wait for something to happen to you to make you rich, successful or even famous, for it will never happen in this wide world.

Men have to work to attain to an end. Every man or woman who has attained to greatness has done so at a great cost and sacrifice. There have been hardships and difficulties in their pathway, but they had courage to overcome. Every one has to work out his destiny and do it bravely if he attains to distinction. Those who work are sure to win in the end of life's journey if they work to the right end. Don't wait and sigh, but go to work, and victory will crown your efforts at last.

Farewell.

This is probably one of the saddest words of the English language. It has wrung tears from the hardest hearts. It has been spoken through all the ages when friends had to part. It rings with a note of sadness when heard. We speak it when the veil is about to drop between us and our dearest friends, and we are about to be separated by earthly boundaries. The embrace, the hand grasp, and the kiss, may all be given as a token of friendship and love, the fondest words spoken to show and express appreciation, but the last and most effective word our lips can speak is "Farewell." It rings in the ears and lives in memory longer than all other parting words. The mother, when about to part from her boy whom she may no more see on earth, after she has given him every assurance of her love and prayers, presses him to her heart, lays her head upon his manly breast, sobs, weeps, clings still closer to him, tells him of her grief at parting, asks him to pledge his fidelity to all her teachings, in his early life, commends him to God and his keeping, and last of all says, "Farewell."

The child does not know the sorrow this word brings to the parent. It almost rends the heart. The young man or woman leaves home not knowing the sadness it brings to the father and mother. The child may speak the word "Farewell" and not realize its real, true meaning. But the parent knows its depth, length and breadth. When we leave home we may think that tomorrow we will return, but so many obstacles may arise that it is impossible for us to go home at the appointed time. There are so many duties of life and so many things press upon us that we are led farther and farther away, until finally miles upon miles separate us from those we love and hold most dear to our heart. Time brings its changes, and we know not what life has

in store for us. Those from whom we separate today and say farewell we may never see again on earth. The saddest farewell ever spoken is when one dies without hope in Christ. It is then farewell forever. Those who pass out of this life without hope will never meet the redeemed of earth. It brings remorse to those who are left behind when one goes with no hope in God. The hand stretched out to loved ones for the last time on earth or eternity, washes the cheeks with scalding tears, for those who are thus bid good-bye know that it is forever. The grave is dark and gloomy to the one who has not served God or gotten acquainted with Jesus here below. An arid plain rises before them where perpetual and everlasting desolation holds sway. There where the soul is isolated from God and where it will forever chase the mirage in that wasted land of sorrow, where ghost-like ships ride in and out on seeming sea billows but where no ship has ever landed with a treasure.

Farewell loses its sting of remorse when spoken by one of God's servants. It is farewell only until there is a meeting on the hills of God. Time may strew in wild confusion our fondest hopes and lay waste the treasures of dull mortality. Bleak winds may wither the forest flowers and chill the warmest hearts; dark clouds of sorrow hover over our lives and vials of poisoned dew be emptied upon the affections and heart strings of young souls. Hurricanes of wildest discord may sweep the flower gardens of earth and level the temples of love. The life may be saddened and disease with its marring hand touch the flesh and let corruption do its worst. But through all this wreck and ruin there is a bright star that gleams through the darkness, and that star is the hope of heaven. There are no partings in that land of love, no goodbyes, no separations and no sad farewells.

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